THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ated Weekly
:8 by Benj. Franklin

Vol. 194, No. 43. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

APRIL 22, 1922

Alice Duer Miller – Wilbur Hall – Julian Street – C. E. Scoggins
Richard D. Wyckoff – Mary Brecht Pulver – Nina Wilcox Putnam

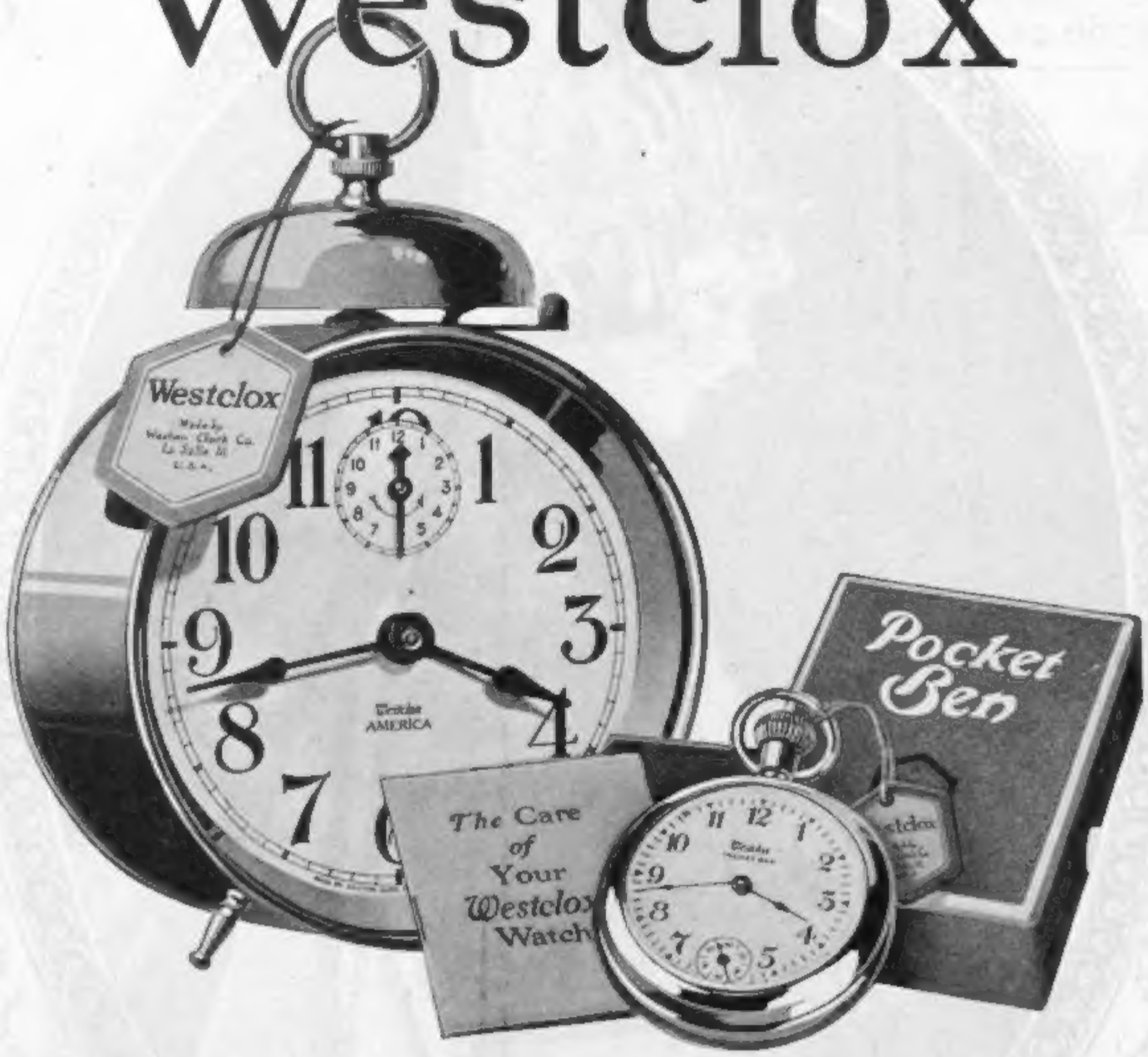
Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

An Investment
in Good Appearance

© B. K. & Co.

Westclox



Partners in success

TIME! There's never enough for all you want to do. But if you say the word, your Westclox will gladly tuck an extra hour on your morning. Or time your day to help get more things done.

Westclox go out into the world—thousands of them every day—with a full appreciation of their duty to you. That's drilled into them at the factory. They can't get into the shipping room until they're competent to merit your trust.

They're built to be partners with you in success. Friendly, helpful assistants—metal, it is true, but with steady heartbeats that let you know they're with you, watching, working every minute.

America is a Westclox that has been helping folks get up in the world for thirty-six years. A competent alarm that rings and runs on time—$1.50.

Pocket Ben is a sturdy, long-lived watch built for men and boys who want a dependable timepiece for the pocket—$1.50. Like America it wears the trade mark, Westclox, on its dial and six-sided orange-bordered tag.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Big Ben, $3.50 · Baby Ben, $3.50 · America, $1.50 · Sleep-Meter, $2.00 · Jack o' Lantern, $3.00 · Pocket Ben, $1.50 · Glo-Ben, $2.50

In Canada: Big Ben, $5.00; Baby Ben, $5.00; America, $2.00; Sleep-Meter, $3.00; Jack o' Lantern, $4.50; Pocket Ben, $2.00; Glo-Ben, $3.50

COMMUNITY PLATE

Teaspoons $3.75
Set of Six

At your service for 50 years

"'How lily pale, yet proud she stands.'

Some of those old poets, Bess, could decidedly flip a phrase. But they'd need new adjectives—a whole army of 'molten golden words'—if they saw *you* as a bride. Speaking of superlatives, you'll 'adore' the chest of COMMUNITY Barbara picked out for you. A symphony in silver, she calls it.

Bob.

P. S.—You were surely a beautiful bride."

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1922, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL 22, 1922 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 43

THE RETURN TO NORMALCY

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

STRANGE, unnatural conventions were growing up about divorce, Cora reflected. The world expected you to appear as completely indifferent to a man when once your decree was granted as it had assumed you to be uniquely devoted to him as long as the marriage tie held. Here she was, sitting at ease in her little apartment; she had bitten her toast, poured out her coffee, opened her mail—a dinner invitation, a letter from her architect about the plans for her new house, a bill for her brocade slippers, an announcement of a picture exhibition, and —— As she moved the last envelope from its position on the morning newspaper her eye fell for the first time on the account of Valentine Bing's illness.

"It was said at the Unitarian Hospital, where Mr. Bing was taken late last night, that his condition was serious."

A sketch—almost an obituary—of him followed: "Valentine Bing was born in 1880 at St. Albans, a small town on Lake Erie. He began life as a printer. At twenty-one he became editor of the St. Albans Courier. In 1907 he came to New York." She glanced along rapidly. "Great consolidation of newspaper syndicate features — large fortune — three times married—the last time to Miss Cora Enderby, of the prominent New York family, from whom he was divorced in Paris in October of this year." Nothing was said about the two other wives; that seemed natural enough to Cora. But it did not seem natural that this man, who for two years had made or marred every instant of her life, was ill—dying, perhaps; and that she like any other stranger should read of it casually in her morning paper.

She did not often think kindly of Valentine—she tried not to think of him at all—but now her thoughts went back to their first romance. In those days—she was barely twenty—she had been in conflict with her family, who represented all that was conservative in old New York. She had wanted work, a career. She had gone to see Valentine in his office, armed with a letter of introduction. He was a tall red-haired man, long armed and large fisted, with intense blue eyes, clouded like lapis lazuli; he was either ugly or rather beautiful, according as you liked a sleek or a rugged masculinity. For an instant she had had an impression—the only time she ever did have it—that he was a silent being.

She had told her little story. "And as I really don't know much about writing," she ended, "I thought ——"

"You thought you'd like to do newspaper work," he interrupted with a sort of shout.

He explained to her how newspaper writing was the most difficult of all—the only kind that mattered. What was the object of writing anyhow? To tell something, wasn't it? Well, in newspaper work —— On and on he went, the torrent of his ideas sparkling and leaping like a mountain brook. She was aware that she stimulated him. She learned later that he was grateful for stimulation, particularly from women.

Almost immediately afterward, it seemed to her, he was insisting that she should marry him. At first she refused, and when her own resistance had been broken down her family's stood out all the more firmly.

He Had Come for the Photograph, Which He Now Took Gently Out of Margaret's Unresisting Hand

They regarded two divorces and a vulgar newspaper syndicate as insurmountable obstacles. But a family had very little chance against Bing, and he and Cora were married within a few months of their first meeting.

On looking back at it she felt that she soon lost not his love but his interest. He would always, she thought, have retained a sincere affection for her if she had been content to remain the patient springboard from which he leaped off into space. But she wasn't content with any such rôle. She wanted to be the stimulus—the excitement of his life. And so they had quarreled and quarreled and quarreled for the two horrible years which had just ended in their divorce.

And now he, so vital, so egotistical, so dominating, was dying; and she, the pale slim girl whose charm to him had been the joy of conquering her, was alive and well and happy. It would annoy Valentine to know that she was happy—fairly happy—without him.

She wondered whether she should call up the hospital, or go there herself to inquire about him. Wasn't it possible that he would send for her? After all, it was only the other day that she was his wife. And at that instant the telephone rang.

She heard a suave voice saying, "Is that Mrs. Bing? Mrs. Enderby-Bing? This is Doctor Creighton, at the Unitarian."

Half an hour later she was at the hospital. She had expected to be hurried at once to Valentine's bedside. Instead a little reception room was indicated. At the door a figure was standing, head raised, hands clasped behind the back. It was Thorpe, Valentine's servant.

"In here, madam," he said, opened the door for her, and closed it, shutting her in.

The sight of him destroyed the last remnant of Cora's self-control. He seemed like a little bit of Valentine himself. Thorpe had been with them on their honeymoon; she could see him waiting at the gate under the turquoise dome of the Grand Central Station, with their bags about his feet, and their tickets in his hand—so cool and competent in contrast to their own excitement that first day.

She hurried into the room. It is not to be expected that a hospital should waste sun and air on mere visitors, and yet the reception room, painted a cold gray, and dimly lighted by a shaft, was depressing. Some logical interior decorator had hung one large

brown photograph on the wall. It was a copy of the Lesson in Anatomy.

Cora sat down and covering her face with her hands began to cry. A kind voice said in her ear, "I'm afraid you've had bad news."

Looking up Cora saw that a middle-aged woman was sitting beside her, a woman with comfortably flowing lines and large soft brown eyes and hair beginning to turn gray.

"I'm afraid my husband is dying," answered Cora simply. She thought it better not to mention divorce to a person who seemed like the very genius of the family.

"Why, you poor child," said the other, "you don't look old enough to have a husband."

"I'm twenty-four," replied Cora. "It's almost three years since I was married."

"Of course," said the other. "It's just because I'm getting old that everyone seems so young to me."

She smiled and Cora found herself smiling too. There was something comforting in the presence of the older woman; Cora felt assured that she knew her way about in all simple human crises like birth and illness and death.

Suddenly as they talked Cora saw the face of her companion stiffen; Thorpe was ushering in another woman, sleek headed, with a skin like white satin, wrapped in a mink cloak. Evidently the newcomer was painfully known to Cora's friend, though the mink-clad lady gave no sign. She sat down, holding the blank beauty of her face unruffled by the least expression; and as she did so Doctor Creighton entered.

"Mrs. Bing," he said. All three women rose. The doctor glanced at a paper held in the palm of his hand. "Mrs. Johnson-Bing, Mrs. Moore-Bing, Mrs. Enderby-Bing."

Even in her wild eagerness to know what the doctor had to tell them of Valentine's condition Cora was aware of the excitement of at last seeing those two others. Phrases that Valentine had used about them came back to her: "A cold-hearted unfaithful Juno"—she in the mink coat. "She was so relentlessly domestic"—Cora glanced at her new friend. Yes, she was domestic—almost motherly. Cora's friendly feeling toward her remained intact; but toward Hermione—Mrs. Moore-Bing—who had so deceived and embittered Valentine, her hatred flamed as it had flamed when Valentine first told her the story.

How could she stand there, so calm, drooping her thick white eyelids and moving her shoulders about in a way that made you aware that under the mink cloak they were as white as blanc mange. "She must know," Cora thought, "that I know everything there is to know about her. Valentine had no reserves about it. And Margaret, from whom she took him; and Thorpe, whose testimony in the divorce case ——" Instinctively she took a step nearer to Margaret, as if wishing to form an alliance against Hermione.

Meantime the doctor was speaking rapidly, apologetically: "You must forgive me, ladies. I might have arranged this better, but time is short. You must help me. Mr. Bing's condition is serious—very serious. He keeps demanding that his wife come and nurse him. He believes we are keeping her from him. His temperature is going up, he is exciting himself more and more. We must give him what he wants, but ——" The doctor paused and looked inquiringly from one to the other.

Mrs. Johnson-Bing smiled her quiet maternal smile. "Poor Valentine," she said; "he was always like that when he was ill."

There was a pause.

"But you don't help," said the doctor. "You don't tell me which one it is that he wants."

"Well," said Mrs. Moore-Bing in her cool drawl, "as I'm the only one who left him against his will I'm probably the only one he wants back again."

Cora would not even glance in the direction of such a woman. She had been kept silent heretofore by the trembling of her chin, but now she managed to enunciate: "Mr. Bing and I were divorced only a few months ago. Until October, you see, I was his wife."

The logic of this, or perhaps his own individual preference for a slim elegant young woman, evidently influenced the doctor. He nodded quickly.

"If you'll come with me, then ——" he began, and turned toward the door, but there Thorpe was standing, and he did not move.

"If you'd excuse me, sir," he said, "am I right in thinking it will be bad for Mr. Bing if we mistake his wish in this matter?"

"Yes, I'd like to get it right," said the doctor.

"Then, sir, may I say it's not Mrs. Enderby-Bing that he wants, sir?"

"What makes you think that?" said Doctor Creighton.

"I could hardly explain it, sir. Twenty years of being with Mr. Bing ——"

There was an awkward pause. The obvious thing to do was to ask Thorpe who it was Bing did want, and something in the poise of Thorpe's head suggested that he was just waiting to set the whole matter straight, when hurried footsteps were heard in the hall, and a nurse entered—an eager panting young woman. She beckoned to Creighton and they spoke a few seconds apart. Then he turned back to the group with brightened face.

"At last," he said, "Mr. Bing has spoken the first name. It is Margaret."

Cora caught a glimpse of Thorpe quietly bowing to himself—as much as to say, "Just what I had expected."

Mrs. Johnson-Bing rose.

"My name is Margaret," she said, and left the room with the doctor.

Hermione rose, too, hunching her cape into place. "Well," she said without taking the least notice of Thorpe, who was opening the door for her, "that's one chore you and I don't have to do. He was bad enough healthy—sick he must be the limit."

Cora did not so much ignore Hermione as she conveyed in her manner as she turned to Thorpe that everyone must know that whoever might be the object of Mrs. Moore-Bing's conversation it could not be herself.

"Tell me, Thorpe," she said, "what do you think of Mr. Bing's condition?"

"Mr. Bing is ill, madam—very ill," Thorpe answered immediately; "but not so ill as the doctors think."

"No?" said Cora in some surprise.

"No, madam. Mr. Bing, if I might use the expression, yields himself up to illness; this assists him to recover."

He opened the door for her at this point, and she went out of it.

She returned home not so emotionally upset but more depressed than before. There was a core of bitterness in her feeling that had not been there when she went to the hospital, and at first she found it difficult to discover the reason for this. Was it anxiety at Valentine's illness? No, for he was a little better than she had feared. Was it the realization that those two former wives, who had always seemed to her like shadows, were, in fact, living beings like herself? No, for they had turned out to be more unattractive, more utterly unsuitable to Valentine than she had imagined. It was true that her taste, her sheltered selectiveness—a passion which many well-brought-up women mistake for morality—was outraged at being in the same room with Hermione, but there was a certain satisfaction in finding her to be worse even than Valentine's highly colored descriptions of her. And as for Margaret, she felt no jealousy of her, even though she had been chosen. No one could be jealous of any woman so kind, so old and so badly dressed.

It came to her gradually as she moved about her room, unable to look at her plans, unable to read, unable to do anything but encourage the toothache at her heart, which was like a memory of all her later relations with Valentine. The reason was Thorpe—Thorpe's instant conviction that it was not she whom Valentine wanted. Why was he so sure? He had been right; Thorpe was always right. For twenty years he had made it his business to know what Valentine wanted. That was Thorpe's idea of the function of a good servant. He had always quietly and consistently followed this line, while the wives had followed others. Margaret had been concerned with what was best for Valentine; Hermione had thought entirely of what was most agreeable to herself; Cora had cared only to preserve the romance of her love. Thorpe's specialty was knowing what at the moment Valentine wished for, and then in getting it. Thorpe had survived all three.

Cora could understand a sick man having a fancy to be nursed by Margaret, but Thorpe's conviction that she, Cora, could not be the wife called for had a deeper and more lasting significance. That was the thought that made her heart ache.

She tried to take up her life where she had left it that morning, but everything had paled in interest—even her new house. She had bought a little corner of land, within the city limits but near the river, surrounded by trees. She saw wonderful possibilities—a walled garden and a river view within twenty minutes of the theaters. She recognized certain disadvantages—the proximity of a railroad track, and the fact that the neighborhood was still unkempt; she enjoyed the idea of being a pioneer. But now, though the plans were lying on the table, she did not open them. It was as if that hour in the hospital had married her again to Valentine, and there was no vividness left in the rest of life.

For ten days the bulletins continued to be increasingly favorable, and then—a sign that convalescence had set in—they ceased entirely.

Cora found the silence trying. With the great question of life or death answered there was so much else that she wanted to know—whether he had been permanently weakened by his illness; whether he would now be starting on one of his long-projected trips—to China or the South Seas. China had always fired his imagination. Twice during her short marriage they had had their trunks packed for China. Had he been softened, or frightened, or in any way changed by the great adventure of almost dying?

There was one person who could tell her all these things, and that was Margaret. Without exactly formulating a plan Cora went to the hospital one day and inquired about him. The girl at the desk answered as if Valentine were already a personage in the hospital.

"He's getting along splendidly now. His wife's with him."

"I wonder," Cora heard herself saying, "whether Mrs. Bing would see me for a minute."

She retired, rather frightened at her temerity, to the reception room, where the Lesson in Anatomy still dominated the wall. "Margaret won't mind," she kept telling herself. "She's so kind, and, anyhow, she's more like his mother than his wife." It was on this maternal quality that Cora depended.

There was a footstep in the hall. A statuesque figure molded into blue serge stood in the doorway—bare-headed with shiny bronze-colored hair elaborately looped and curled. It was Hermione.

"You wanted to see me?" she asked in her drawling, reconstructed voice. She did not at once recognize Cora.

"No," said Cora, "I certainly did not want to see you. I thought it was Mrs. Johnson-Bing who was here."

(Continued on Page 74)

It Was the Picture of a Terrible and Fascinating Woman

MEN WHO FAIL

By Albert W. Atwood

AT A TIME when business effort is still concentrated to a notable degree upon the elimination of superfluous human factors it may be pertinent to inquire why so many men fail to get ahead or make good. It is purposed not so much to ask why the few succeed as why the many fail. This may be merely turning about a very old subject. But it is rarely looked at in such a way; and, besides, when men are in or even toward the end of a period of retrenchment and reorganization, which means the survival of the fittest, they are more interested naturally in not slipping than in the pleasurable but perhaps untimely and impractical occupation of dreaming about the heights of success.

It is difficult to deal with the subject of individual success and failure without platitudinous preaching. Even if the topic does not carry one to mystic excesses or along the road of a cheap charlatanism it lends itself all too readily to a tone of pious, solemn warning and exhortation. Everyone loves to give other people advice, and those who have a sense of humor admit at once that it is the cheapest thing they have to offer as well as the easiest of indoor sports.

Although a vast literature, composed of books, correspondence courses and magazine and newspaper articles, has grown up in the last twenty years on the subject of success, there is exceedingly little that is or can be new therein. For there is a copy-book wisdom of the ages. Most of the wise sayings, saws, precepts, rules, principles, theories and practices on which a successful life is supposed to be built have come down to us from the past. In the same way the reasons for failure are just as old. No one can improve on William James, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Benjamin Franklin, and back of them the Bible and the ancient philosophies.

It is doubtful if the most famous of modern captains of industry can hand out to a reading public of eager and ambitious youth, through the skillful medium of a sympathetic interviewer and feature writer, any wise bit of advice that has not been anticipated by poets, philosophers and prophets, men who speak eternal truths in words of living fire.

But the vocabulary changes somewhat; the form of expression and the vernacular even more. Men use different expressions and different symbols. The illustrations, the cases, of one age mean comparatively little to another, although the underlying thought may be the same.

He Promptly Lost a Small Fortune

Formidable Specifications

THE young man who has just been fired from a bank or other business corporation may find that the Hebrew prophets really said more of a mouthful concerning his qualifications and shortcomings than did even the employment manager who gave him his walking papers the day before yesterday. But naturally the remarks of the latter seem to have more immediate application than those of the former. The boss upon whom one depends for a living, and perhaps fears, is a much more imposing figure than the dim, vague name of a seer who lived several thousand years ago, even though the remarks of the boss are perhaps a rather poor imitation of the wisdom of greater men.

Thus the ideas that run through this article may not be new. They have been gathered in the last few weeks from interviews with twelve individuals: The president and also the personnel director of one of the largest financial institutions in the country, which employs several thousand workers; the director of an employment agency or bureau dealing with the highest class of workers only; the vice president in charge of personnel of one of the chief public-service corporations in the country; the assistant to the president of the same concern; the vice president of a nation-wide chain-store organization; the vice president of a New York bank, who has had extensive experience as well with a large government organization and with great bodies of college men; an experienced industrial-plant manager; the assistant to the president of an industrial corporation of world-wide scope; a partner in an international banking firm, who is also a director in several of the country's great industrial corporations; the head of a most successful and enterprising advertising agency; and an author whose world-wide travels have brought him into intimate personal contact with many thousands of men all the way from doughboys in the trenches to kings and prime ministers.

The ideas gleaned from these sources depend for their justification upon no impossible originality. If they are worth relating it is solely because they come first-hand from active participants in the business game, and because they are based upon individual cases and individual experience.

Now it is sometimes said that there are as many reasons why people fail as there are individuals. But such a remark, though natural enough and a wholesome antidote against too sweeping a simplification of the subject, is both misleading and careless. Ordinary common sense and experience, as well as science, point toward the classification of men as well as natural objects. Exceptions pop up to most rules, but there are rules, and the world would be a chaos without them. It is a poor teacher who does not soon learn to recognize a few well-defined types among the pupils in a class at school.

But there is danger also as soon as we begin to build up rules. Many articles and books have been written about success which mention anywhere from twenty to thirty essential qualities, the secrets of success, corner stones, keys, alphabets, and all that sort of thing. Anyone who reads such articles and books, or who pursues courses and systems of home education, character building, memory training, self-analysis, concentration, and the like, cannot but envisage a paragon, a creature of unattainable perfection. Such advice is very often too confusing and baffling to be of much help. No one can be a paragon, or wants to be.

An excellent book on the training and handling of employes says that the essential qualifications of a successful business executive and leader must be: "Character; creative, sober imagination; sound judgment; courage; a sense of humor; ability to cooperate, to understand men, and to organize; receptivity; courtesy; expert technical knowledge."

To put it mildly, this is a tall order, but it is almost literally nothing as compared with many other lists of necessary qualities or qualifications. To succeed, one is told that he must have honesty, character, health, industry, will power, energy, initiative, imagination, self-control, common sense, judgment, confidence, dependability, reliability, ambition, loyalty, courage, a good memory, application, knowledge, reasoning power, concentration, alacrity, accuracy, power of observation, tactfulness, courtesy, perseverance, thrift, resourcefulness, enthusiasm, cheerfulness, a good disposition, a good appearance and personality, and that he must be able and willing to assume responsibility. Personally, I should think a young man would simply curl up and die when confronted with these lists, or advice made up of such ingredients, and that he would admit he was defeated before he began.

No, men cannot be shown where they are weak or failing to make the most of their opportunities by hurling at their teeth great long schedules of an impossible perfectibility. Such methods lack the necessary light and shade. There is no contrast. It is like a continuous diet of maple-nut sundaes. Few human beings can take in so many ideas all at once. If you tell a man that he needs to change his life in twenty different respects it means nothing to him. One is quite enough. Unless experience can be boiled down to a few, a very few ideas, and unless the individual cases to be related in this article drive home a few, and only a few points, it might better have been unwritten.

Measures of Success

IN REAL life men are made or undone by the way in which they meet the concrete situations which arise. A firm but wise and tactful employer in a single flash of criticism may enable an employe to climb from failure to success. There can be only discouragement in a lengthy schedule of defects. A producer of goods, whether he be a manufacturer of silk stockings or a short-story writer, can usually be told in a few words what is wrong with his product.

Besides, though it is misleading to say that there are as many reasons for success and failure as there are individuals, yet there is danger always in stressing any list of qualities, because all sorts and conditions of men prove to have the qualities needed for success, "the cautious and the daring, those given to detail and those negligent of detail." As one impartial and experienced observer has said:

"Some heads of large organizations keep every thread in their own hands, and not only plan the large outlines of their ventures but look to every detail. Others intrust almost all administration to subordinates, and keep themselves free to think, plan, confer. There are those who keep strictly to 'their business,' the particular branch of industry in which they have embarked; and again there are those who launch freely into new and varied enterprises. No one key opens the doors of success."

First, of course, it is necessary to define success and failure. This is no place to discuss such fundamental questions as to whether success should be measured by money, position, reputation or by such tests as happiness and contentment. But it may be pointed out that, even considering only what is called business success, men are sometimes superficially classed as failures merely because their heads have not risen above the crowd.

The small country merchant, provided he gives good service, extends his business and makes a comfortable living, may by any sane standard be just as successful as the

(Continued on Page 96)

'TAIN'T RIGHT

By George Pattullo

BY goodness, but Fortune often plays scurvy tricks, sir! She will shower her favors on a worthless fellow, raising a beggar from the dust to set him among princes, and at the same time watch with a coldness the striving efforts of a patriot to better his condition. 'Tain't right!

In my opinion this Benito Servin was nothing short a bum, yet to-day he is rich and powerful, whilst you see before you a penniless exile, devoid of everything but honor. Just luck, sir—nothing else—the Ruler of the Universe, who cares for fools, had him in his keeping. How else can you explain it?

This Servin possessed what we call crazy courage, which often led him to attempt things he was in no way fitted to do. "I am the pluckiest one of the whole bunch," he would say. "See for yourselves!" And then he would prove it sure enough.

He even dared to raise his eyes to the haughty Señora Adela Tostado, a lady in the saloon business at El Sauc who also owned a great plantation thereabouts known as Tres Hermanos. My, it was an earthly paradise, that hacienda, where fat cattle dozed pleasantly in the afternoon shade and high-tailed calves romped across greenery of the pastures because everything looked nice to them. In the cool of the evening, when the perfume of flowers mingled with the soft breezes, the pretty little girls from the village would promenade on front of the house, with their hair down and glancing sidewise at you out of their violet eyes. I think violet eyes are very beautiful. What is your opinion, sir? Yes, those shy creatures seemed to say "The night is very agreeable, is it not? Wel-l-l?"

Tres Hermanos seemed like heaven to poor tired soldiers, exhausted by fighting the treacherous enemy and going hungry half the time, and many officers in the army of Dario Pez would willingly have terminated the sad bereavement of the Widow Tostado. But the lady was of a cold, imperious nature, sir, who suspected they were after her lovely money, and they made little progress. And from the day this Benito Servin arrived on the scene the unlucky fellows lost every liking for the job, for Servin knew nothing of the ways of civilization. No, he was a tough guy.

Such was the selfishness of his disposition that he endeavored to run off anyone he considered might have the same intention he did. What do you know about that! And he did this with a ferocity also.

"*Para el saliente se hizo la belleza,*" he would say. "None but the brave deserves the fair. So keep out of my way, or I will cut off somebody's ears."

Worse still, he treated the object of his attentions with a roughness. Instead of serenading the lady, or expressing to her by ardent glances and sighs and moans how sweet her image made the scenery appear to him to be, this *hombre* displayed the instincts of the brutes the very first time he set eyes on the Señora Tostado. That was in the saloon at El Sauc, and Servin was strutting up and down the place like he owned it, staring at everybody with insolent eyes, when Adela espied him. Seeing him thus, she muttered, gloomy, "Well, I like that! Huh!" and began to wonder who this son-of-a-gun thought he was, anyhow, and where did he get that stuff.

"Hi, you! Who made you *jefe* of this town?" she cried. "Hey? How do you get that way, *hombrecito?*"

Benito turned and eyed her from head to toe while she stared at him the same. It was exactly like a couple of dogs glaring at each other and waiting for a chance to get a hold. The instant their glances crossed, it was as though two swords crossed, sir, or two currents of electricity. Everybody in the saloon could feel it and we all paused to watch the pair.

The widow was breathing short and leaning a little forward; a smile of contempt for this bum curled her lips, and she emitted a sniff of derision. It seemed to anger this Benito Servin.

"You look at me that way again," he said between his teeth, "and I will sock you on the nose."

The Señora Tostado, she only laughed. Seemingly gratified by the effect she had produced, she walked up close to Servin and snapped her fingers in his face like this, turning her shoulder against him.

"That for you, you miserable runt!" she exclaimed queenly.

Everybody expected the *pelado* would now make good his threat and sock the señora on the nose, sir, but he did not. Instead he turned around and inquired of the room in general, "Has this nagging crow got a husband? I would deal with him. Men are my meat."

Somebody spoke up and told Servin the lady was a widow.

"She needs a man," he said; "one who will learn her not to get too fresh."

To which the señora retorted displeasingly, "Listen at him! What does he know about a man? In these parts, *muchachito*, men don't make such big talk, but let their actions speak. You may be cock of your own back yard, but you'd best not crow around here."

"Is that so?" said Benito. "Well, a good rooster crows everywhere. And I am one. Go fetch me a mescal, woman. And be quick about it."

"You're drunk already. I verily believe you have been taking *marihuana*, rascal! My, but aren't you the tough guy!"

"Yes, I am," admitted this Servin. "I am a tough guy—Benito Servin, the black cloud of his enemies. I am a tiger of the mountains. Where I come from they grow fighters—not scented stiffnecks. Do you know what they do when a child is born in my country?"

"I know what they ought to have done in your case—sure—yes. Ha, ha!"

"Well, when a child is born in my country the mother throws him up against the wall, and if he doesn't dig his nails in and stick there—why, that child is unworthy and is tossed to the hawks. Go fetch that drink, woman. I am thirsty."

The Señora Adela, she informed him of a suitable destination without no intermediate stops.

"That will do," answered Servin, very severe. "That will be about all from you. Try to act like a lady. If I was your husband it would be my pleasure to beat you every morning."

"If—if—if!" jeered the señora, angered by the laughter of the guests, but unable to think up any answer.

"Well," continued the fellow, and he grinned, "I may do it some day if I take the notion."

"Ha!" cried the widow. "That is a good one. Any time I want a husband ——"

"And any time I want a wife," cut in Benito Servin, his eyes doing lightnings, "I'll send for you. You'll come too!"

In my opinion Servin went too far on a first acquaintance. What do you think, sir?

The Señora Tostado was evidently of that mind, because at this juncture she entirely lost patience and attacked Benito with a furiosity. To protect himself and prevent her scratching out his eyes he seized her by the wrists and they struggled body to body like two wrestlers, and while thus locked in a tight embrace, who should enter the saloon but Col. Maclovio Zapien, of Dario Pez's staff. Now Zapien fancied himself the favored one of all Adela's admirers, and when he beheld his adored one in the squeeze of another he let out a bellow of rage and set upon Servin.

But the delicately muscled dandy was no match for the wildcat of the wilderness, and Benito soon had him helpless on the floor, in which position he was preparing to finish the business with a knife thrust where it would accomplish the most good, when I sprang to the colonel's rescue. At the same moment a squad of soldiers engaged in patrolling the street burst in and arrested all of us. That's what a peacemaker usually gets, sir.

"What!" cried Dario Pez when we lined up before him next morning. "You amaze me, Don Francisco! This runt was getting the better of the colonel? It is impossible! Colonel Zapien is twice his size and a fine fighter—he has told me so himself."

"Nevertheless, the colonel would not now be among us, Excellency, had I not intervened in his behalf."

The general kept silent a moment, eying Benito Servin. And Benito Servin, sir, gave him back look for look.

"H'm," said Dario Pez at last. "What was the trouble about?"

"I am planning to marry the Señora Tostado, *mi general,*" spoke up Servin, "and we were discussing the matter of the betrothal when this criminal crow made an attack on me with suddenness."

By goodness, what a lie!

"What? You marry the Widow Tostado! Why, she would have to shake the blankets every morning to find you."

"And," I added, "the prisoner has neglected to mention that the lady does not yet know of his intentions."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dario Pez. "You interest me, Don Francisco. The fellow seems to be —— Where do you come from, rascal?"

"From the mountains."

"And what are you doing here?"

"I came to help your army. In my country they grow fighting men, Excellency. And I am the best fighter in the whole bunch."

"Sure—I used to drink mescal, also," said Dario Pez, "but I don't judge a mule by its bray, *hombre*. We will see about you. How do I know that you are not lying? You may be a spy, or a Red Flagger, for all I know."

"No, Excellency, you wrong me. See—here is a letter from your ally, General Urbina. In it he tells what sort of a guy I am."

The general took the letter, turned it around and around, and scrutinized the writing very carefully.

"Well, that seems to be all right," he admitted. "Urbina must think a lot of you. It seems to be a long piece. But one is a fool to believe in recommendations. They are either given by prejudiced friends or with the purpose of getting rid of importunities. A man should recommend himself by his behavior, *compañero*. Remember that. Here, Don Francisco, put this away among your papers."

Well, I glanced at the letter, sir, and by goodness, it was nothing but a bill of sale for a goat!

"General," I cried, "you have been deceived! This is not from Urbina. It concerns the fate of a goat only, and means nothing." At that, Dario Pez's eyes began to roll and the veins in his neck swelled up.

"What!" he thundered. "The son-of-a-gun has tricked me? Order a firing squad to be made ready, Don Francisco. I will give him a pill of my making."

"But, Mister General, I am innocent! Hear me, I beg! What does it all mean? I was led to believe the paper was a commendation, sir; yes, I paid Captain Azacarote, of General Urbina's staff, seven pesos for same. He told me ——"

"Silence, viper!" roared Dario Pez. "Prepare yourself, for you are going on a long journey, a journey without any stops."

At this point I ventured to whisper to the general, for I feared that he might do an injustice because of a misunderstanding. Also I did not wish this Zapien to be rid of his rival so easily.

"What is that you say, Don Francisco?" he demanded with an irritation. "Well, what of it? The scoundrel as good as said I could not read, did he not? He deserves to die."

"We need men, General. And this fellow has come a long way to serve you. Perhaps—it is apparent he did not know the contents of the letter, or he would never have been booby enough to present it."

"All right. All right. Have it your own way. I will not have nobody saying Dario Pez ever did an injustice to the poor and ignorant. But wait—let us get to the bottom of this business. What right had you to interfere in this affair, Colonel Zapien?"

"None but the duty every man of honor owes to a woman in distress, General. This rascal had attacked the señora."

"Is that true, accursed one?"

"No. She attacked me."

Dario Pez gazed from one to the other of them with a comical expression of dismay. He scratched his head.

"It is clear to me that somebody lies," he remarked. "These brawls are very annoying. What do you wish me to do, Colonel Zapien?"

"Only justice, Excellency. I wish to have this villain shot."

"And for what, precisely?"

"He threatened to kill me if I ever showed up in the señora's saloon again."

The general turned to Servin and asked, "Is this so?"

"Only partly, Mister General. My exact words were that I would smear this stiffneck all over the floor if I caught him pestering the señora with his unwelcome attentions."

"So! You, a *pelado* from the hills, dare to threaten a member of my staff!"

"He is a *cientifico*, Excellency; yes. It is apparent in his manner. Moreover, I think he is a traitor."

"Traitor? What do you mean?"

"I can read treachery in his eyes."

That angered Dario Pez, sir. "Hold your tongue, fool!" he shouted, banging the table with his fist.

"Were I to listen to all the idle gossip in my army the firing squad would run out of ammunition. Silence!"

This Benito Servin had never seen Dario Pez except at a distance, sir, and his terrible anger daunted him.

"Don Francisco," said the general to me, "what is the official complaint against this man?"

"That he attacked Colonel Zapien."

"But Zapien attacked him—he admits it. Has the Señora Tostado lodged a complaint?"

"She refuses to prosecute."

"H'm—then it is just as I thought—a lovers' brawl. Turn him loose, Don Francisco, and put him in Captain Banda's command. We will soon see the color of his stripes, this tiger of the mountains. And listen to me, *amigo*—a close mouth catches no flies. Understand?"

"Sure."

"As for you, Colonel Zapien, I don't expect members of my staff to mix in saloon rows or get into fights with peons; but if they do, it's up to them to take care of themselves. Enough of this childish business—you are like two cake sellers, quarreling for a position on a corner. And another thing, Zapien—don't try to hide behind your rank in affairs of the heart. Do you hear?"

"But, Excellency ——" began the colonel, a pale green with fright.

"If a soldier is insubordinate have him arrested, and if guilty he will be shot. But in love, Zapien, it is every man for himself. And I will not have my officers taking advantage of their rank with the pretty girls." By goodness, we were afraid to look at one another, sir, for we could all remember numerous occasions on which the general had ranked us out of the pretty girls.

When they had been led away—"Tell me, Don Francisco, is not this Señora Tostado very beautiful?"

"Very beautiful."

"But I have heard it said also that she is disagreeably virtuous and possessed of a shrewish temper. Is it not so?"

"She has been a widow three years, *mi general*."

"And with all that property! Wow! She must be a devil, Don Francisco. It is very strange. Did not her late husband come to a bad end? It seems to me I heard something to that effect."

"Señor Tostado perished with a suddenness."

"Yes?"

"She stabbed him."

"But probably Señor Tostado deserved it? He had done something to displease her, yes?"

"The señora surprised him with another lady, sir."

"Still ——" murmured Dario Pez, pursing his lips, and he rubbed his hands thoughtfully. I knew what he was thinking about, sir—that this was a sad ending for so trifling a matter.

Well, we remained at El Sauc several weeks while Dario Pez sent couriers throughout all the surrounding country, gathering his forces for a great blow he purposed delivering against the enemy in the North. Ah, sir, those days at El Sauc and Tres Hermanos! We had to work hard, yes; but every afternoon we had horse racing and cockfights, and the band played in the *kiosco*, and the young girls would promenade with their hair down and decorated with flowers. And when they passed a handsome officer they would blush. By goodness, I like to see a girl blush. Do you not, sir?

For a while I did not see nothing more of Benito Servin, because the general kept me so busy. We were growing very much in need of money, sir. He wanted dollars with which to pay his boys, and the question of where to raise them occupied his mind day and night. Often I have seen him pause in a game of cooncan with Captain Banda to stare at the floor, even when he was winning; and at such times Dario Pez would run his fingers through his hair and murmur, very thoughtful, "Ah, ah! *poderoso caballero es Don Dinero, hey, amigos?*" A powerful gentleman is Mister Money. And then in his absent-mindedness he would cheat, and Banda feared to draw his attention to this remissness.

The captain reported that Servin was an excellent soldier and had already beaten up the best fighters in his command, and he planned to promote the fellow to be a sergeant. One day I dropped in at the Señora Tostado's saloon for a bottle of beer, she having received a shipment of same. And who should come clinking in behind me, with bells on his spurs, but Benito, as bold as a yearling bull. He sat down at a table in a corner, and then Adela espied him.

"Oho, little boy, so here you are again! I thought you were in jail. What! They have made you a soldier? Dario Pez is sure enough getting hard up for men!"

"Yes, I am a soldier. Listen to me, woman—you see before you a poor *pelado*, a man without education or graces, but who aims to climb the ladder of fame. Yes; one of these days the name of Benito Servin will ring throughout Mexico. So fetch me a drink. It is very hot."

"Listen at him!" retorted the lady sneeringly. "Well, let me tell you this, *hombrecito*—somebody else can serve you—not me."

And she walked queenly away. Servin, he did not say nothing and he did not endeavor to reason with the woman. What is the use? No; he just sat there and smoked his cigarette and rolled his eyes around, and drank mescal until he was perspiring very nice.

As for Señora Adela she kept her distance, but maintained a close watch on her unwelcome guest. As she walked around and around among the tables every little while she would mutter "Huh!" very gloomy, and the looks she darted at this Benito Servin ought to have burned him like fire.

"Ah-h-h!" she exclaimed, with a hissing, seating herself beside me, "I could kill that man—yes."

"Is it permitted to inquire why, señora?"

"Because," said Adela, "I hate him. Is it not enough?"

"More than enough. But what makes you hate him so? In my opinion he does not deserve a thought from you. He is too insignificant."

"Insignificant? Why, you are crazy, Don Francisco! Have you not seen his eyes? Look at him now—just look at him! You might think I was dirt under his feet—the son-of-a-gun!"

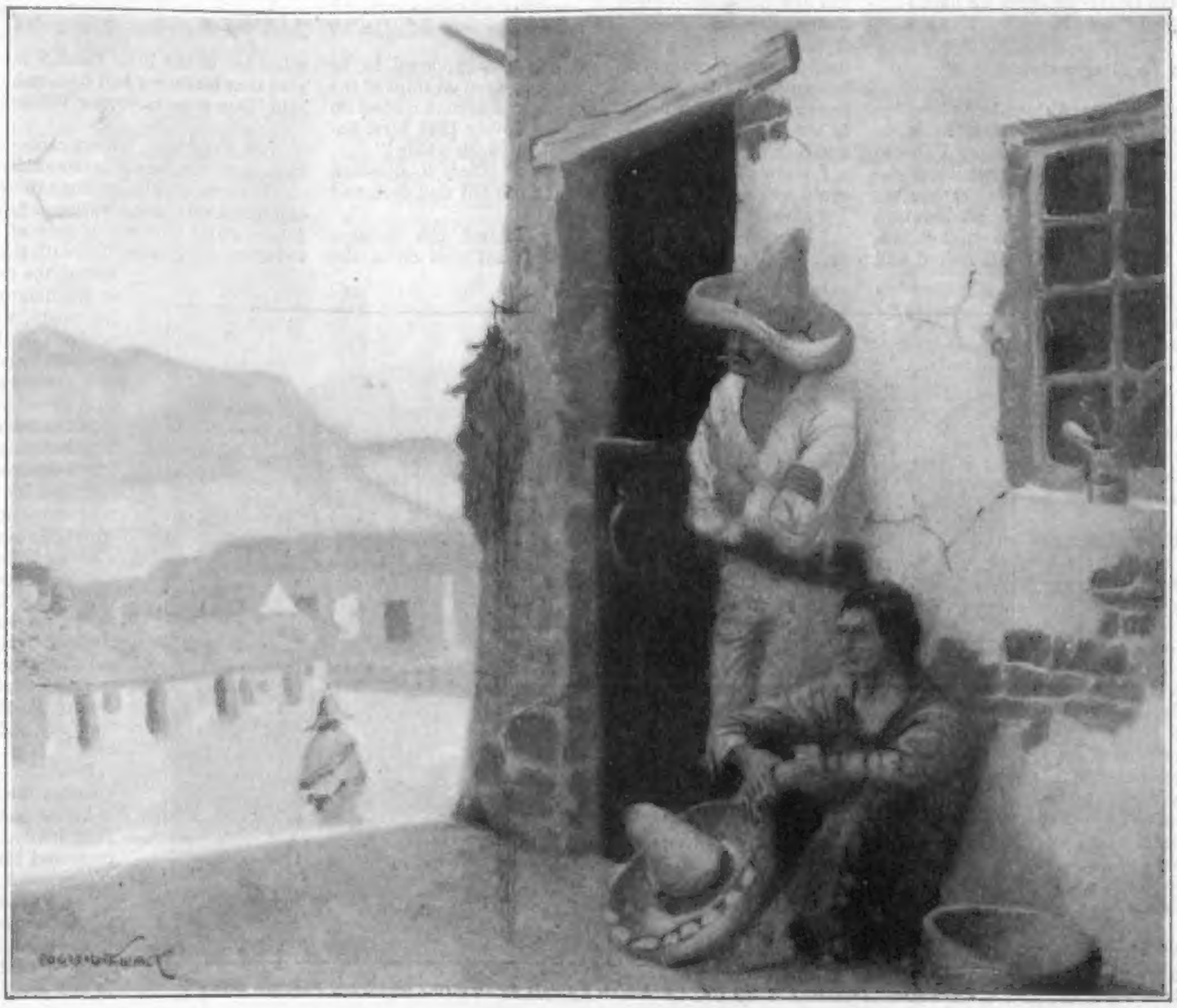
Servin was leering at her across the room as though the woman amused him, sir.

"He is nothing short a bum," continued Señora Tostado. "That is what he is. He is not worth that!" And she snapped her fingers. "I would have him thrown out, only it would start a fight and hurt business. This rooster is not afraid of nobody."

"Why do you not drop a hint to Colonel Zapien to remove him from annoying you, señora?"

"Who? Zapien? This *pelado* would assuredly kill him, Don Francisco. Yes, indeed; he is a tough guy. Why, do you know what he has done? He has succeeded in driving

(Continued on Page 114)



OUR OFFICIAL FAMILY

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CABINET MINISTER'S WIFE

By Mrs. Josephus Daniels

GOVERNOR WILSON is going to ask Mr. Daniels to be Secretary of the Navy." The news was plumped at me by a caller in Washington, a man who said that for reasons of conscience he himself was declining the appointment as Secretary of War.

Was I overcome by joy, or tears, or anticipation of the days to come? Not at all. My very first thought was of Mr. Daniels clasping a high silk hat over his heart and standing on a ship, the American flag waving over his head. I knew that, deep-seated in his heart, there was patriotism, but a patriotism that had in it too much of reverence and sacredness to lend itself easily to those formalities which are demanded of a Secretary of the Navy.

A little later my mother, whom I was visiting, came to my room and wanted to know whether I was laughing or crying. Laughing, I said. The picture of Mr. Daniels and the tall silk hat was still in my mind, and with it a knowledge born of twenty-six years of being comrade to my husband. I realized that there were breakers ahead. Precedent might make its demands. But I knew that there would be a breaking of precedents.

There came to me also the memory of that night a quarter of a century before. As a young bride I had gone to hear my husband, then editor of a weekly newspaper in Raleigh, North Carolina, speak at a little school in a neighboring community. The presiding officer at the meeting was the school principal, an old Confederate soldier.

His introduction of Mr. Daniels ran like this: "The greatest honor for an Englishman is to introduce his Wellington. The greatest honor for a Frenchman is to introduce his Napoleon. The greatest honor for a Northerner is to introduce his Ulysses S. Grant. The greatest honor for a Southerner is to introduce his Robert E. Lee. But a greater honor than any of these is mine to-night, that of presenting to you the young statesman, Josephus Daniels, who is known on two hemispheres." Just then the old soldier apparently realized that the fervency of his oratory had carried him too far, for he threw his hands out in a wide gesture and added, "Or will be."

Lessons in Discretion

LITTLE did I think that night that I should ever be going to Washington with that "young statesman" as Secretary of the Navy; or that for eight years there I should be called upon to decide such problems as I shall now describe: What to reply when a queen says that her clothes closets are dusty. How to feed fifteen hundred women at a reception when eight hundred have been expected. Where to find the time to make from two hundred and fifty to four hundred calls every week. What to do when a lady blurts out a government secret at a tea. How to act when a vase of flowers tips over upon the guests at a very special dinner. What to reply when ladies ask for one's husband's shirt tails to make into aprons for a bazaar. How to act at the embassy of a country which is at war, when spies are being discussed and suddenly all the lights go out.

Least of all was I thinking that night of what it would mean every minute of every waking hour of every day for eight years to be a woman in public life.

It was months later, on a ship in the Pacific Ocean, when in my honor the band played Dixie and I applauded only moderately, that the President of the United States put into words what the woman in public life must never for an instant forget.

"You see, Mister President, I try not to be too enthusiastic," I explained, and Mr. Wilson leaned across the table and said: "You are right. It is the little things like that which count most in the estimate which people form of us."

I had another bit of advice which I remembered all through the years in Washington. There once lived in my state of North Carolina a man who had been governor of the state, a United States senator, and ambassador to a foreign country. He had been known to me from childhood, for he served in the same company with my father in the Civil War. His wife has tasted the joys of public life to the fullest. And it is characteristic of her that in all the years no one has ever heard her make an unkind remark about another person.

When she came to my home in Raleigh to bid me good-by she said, "I can trust you not to do anything wrong; try not to say anything wrong."

I made up my mind that day that though the wife of a public man must run the risk of seeming inane she must guard her tongue more dearly than her life, and be like a Halloween pumpkin, just eyes, nose, mouth, with the light shining through.

Many times the wisdom of this course was brought home to me. Once in particular I remember during the days of the war when many of us had to keep secrets, secrets which I am now privileged to reveal. It was not supposed to be known that armed guards were to be placed on ships of the merchant marine, when at a reception a woman rushed up to me and said, "Isn't it perfectly lovely that Mrs. So-and-So's husband is to be on such-and-such a ship!"

I knew that the wife of the naval officer in question could not have been so indiscreet as to tell that fact, and I professed ignorance for myself.

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed the woman, and I replied, "I try not to know what goes on in the Navy Department, and then I am not tempted to say what I shouldn't."

But all this came after the day when we gathered in the living room of our home in Raleigh to say good-by to the years we had known there—my husband, myself, our four boys, and the mammy who had been in my nursery for many years. We had had a picture taken, my boys and I, in the big chair in which we had been accustomed to gather for long talks in the firelight. That was to go with us as one of our dearest memories. But now for the boys any glamour of going was blotted out by the fact that Sophy, the old black mammy, through the decision of her own relatives, was to be left behind.

COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Josephus Daniels

Secrets

WE HAD a little prayer together, and as we rose a sniffing small boy blurted out, "Dog-gone Governor Wilson!"

That small boy was later to be quoted at a dinner where men to whom President Wilson had given everything in their personal careers were criticizing him bitterly. One of the gentlemen present remarked, "You all remind me of the little Daniels boy, who, instead of being glad that his father had been made Secretary of the Navy, said 'Dog-gone Governor Wilson!'"

How President Wilson came to abolish the inaugural ball, how the carefully concealed personnel of the new cabinet was revealed through the invitations to a luncheon, and how a small boy slept peacefully through a presidential garden party—these are some of the incidents that come to my mind in connection with the White House festivities during the first few years of my stay in Washington. Those of the following years, when there was another mistress in the White House, I shall describe later.

When the announcement was made that President Wilson would not accept the usual ball on the night of his first inauguration, in 1913, the country wondered and speculated and searched for the reason. Those of us who knew something of the strong, quiet figure in the background, Eleanor Wilson, and of the ambitions she had cherished for her husband, understood that to her this was a dream reverently come true, and that she could not bear to have its sacredness tarnished by the fripperies and frivolity, the new dances just then coming in, the selling of invitations, the folly and empty heartaches of a ball.

President Wilson had carefully guarded the secret of who was to be in his cabinet, and each man who had been invited to take a portfolio had respected his wish and aided in the concealment. To the wife of an editor, who knew the signs of the times among those with printer's ink on their fingers, it was interesting on the morning of the inauguration to watch in the press gallery those men who

The Former Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels at an Army and Navy Football Game

for months had been making up possible slates, as they looked down into the United States Senate Chamber and beheld the little covey of ten men that Woodrow Wilson had brought there.

No less excited was the atmosphere in the senators' private gallery, where the wives of those ten men sat in a row of seats reserved for them by Mr. Wilson. Many of them did not know one another, and to the other women in the gallery the identity of the ten was also a puzzle. Whispers went along the aisles, "Who is she?"

The center of attention to the ten of us was the aisle seat in the front row, where sat the wife of the new President, she who was to be our chief, even as her husband was to preside over our husbands. I shall always remember her as she sat there that day, it seemed to me the embodiment of a golden pheasant, aristocratic in figure, and golden—golden not only in hair and costume but in the soul which shone out of her eyes.

After the inauguration ceremony Mr. Daniels and I went out to find our carriage, and there for the first time I met the new Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison, and Mrs. Garrison. In some way our carriage or theirs had gotten lost, and so together we drove down Pennsylvania Avenue, beginning a friendship that has continued ever since.

The presence of the ten men and their wives at the inauguration luncheon that day at the White House was the first official announcement to Washington of the personnel of the new cabinet. It was a large party and the luncheon was served buffet. Almost before luncheon was finished President Wilson went out to the reviewing stand, followed by the members of the cabinet and their wives. To me it was a keen disappointment to learn that the midshipmen, who are especially dear to me always, since two of my brothers have been midshipmen, had already passed in review. As newcomers we were the objects of interest to people gathered there that day, and we ourselves were much concerned in our first glimpse of those rules of precedence which give rise to many of the most amusing stories connected with Washington and which I shall describe later. Especially were we interested in watching the diplomats and United States senators who had witnessed many of these processions and were in consequence rather bored.

The White House Gardens

THAT morning the late Lord Bryce, then ambassador to this country from Great Britain, had made Mr. Daniels and myself very happy by a letter in which he recalled his acquaintance with Mr. Daniels and expressed his pleasure that they were to be brought into still closer association in Washington.

Another incident of the day was a telephone call from Mr. Page, when a nine-year-old boy jumped up and down at my elbow and cried:

"Is it Thomas Nelson Page? Is it Thomas Nelson Page?"

The effort to quiet him and to conduct an intelligent conversation with Mr. Page finally became too great to be borne, and I asked Mr. Page if he would speak to the boy. Eagerly clutching the receiver the boy called, "Mr. Page, have you ever written anything else as good as the Two Little Confederates?"

"No, I never have," declared Mr. Page, whereupon the boy went away appeased. After that inauguration-day luncheon there were many informal entertainments to which we were bidden at the White House, as well as the official affairs which are a regular feature of every year.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniels and Three of Their Boys at the Reception Given in Honor of Admiral and Mrs. Dewey in the Garden at Jingle Oak

Mrs. Wilson was very fond of music and often the invitation was for some unexpected treat of singing or playing. Once I recall that it was a surprise concert by a Russian choir, the first I had heard, and there will ever linger in my memory the great united note of harmony in which it was well-nigh impossible to distinguish the individual voices. She also had great love for art and flowers, and it was her pride and joy to make the appropriation for the improvement of the White House grounds go as far as possible. She built two new gardens, one a rose arbor, the other a pool of water lilies. She frequently invited callers to go with her into the gardens and see how the flowers were progressing. I remember one particular occasion, after a meeting of the women of the cabinet, when she asked me to remain and took me all over the grounds. It was after Mrs. Wilson's illness had started, but long before any of us realized that it was to have a fatal termination, that we were invited for moving pictures in the White House garden one June night. Cabinet children were not bidden on this night, we understood, but something happened which had taken place on other occasions. Just as on the late afternoon of the day of the marriage of Miss Jessie Wilson to Francis Bowes Sayre, when there came a message from the White House that Miss Wilson wanted the boys at her wedding, so this afternoon there came a telephone that Mrs. Wilson desired our sons with the other children of the cabinet to see the pictures. We had with us a very young guest from North Carolina, and we asked permission to include him in our party.

Eleanor Wilson McAdoo

Mrs. Wilson's Thought for Others

THE cinema was very long, the garden was dark and fragrant, and the small guest went fast asleep. The next morning one of his young hosts very much embarrassed him by remarking, "No one can say after you grow up to be a man that you have never slept at the White House."

It was not only in social affairs that Mrs. Wilson made herself felt. She was deeply interested in the welfare of the crowded portions of Washington City, and she wanted very much to have the alleys cleared out and the filth replaced with parks. Almost on the last day of her life President Wilson sat by her bed and wrote a letter for her to Congress asking that an appropriation be made to establish a small park in the center of one of these blocks The money was given, and now when visitors go to Washington they find at the foot of Capitol Hill near B Street and Maryland Avenue a model alleyway with trees and flowers, where those whose houses face inside the square may still have a glimpse of the beauties which God intended for the enjoyment of all mankind.

One of my husband's predecessors as Secretary of the Navy paid more than his salary for the rent of the house in which he lived in Washington. Another former cabinet member, after weeks of weary hunting for a home for his family, found one that suited their needs and was also adequate for the social demands which, no matter how simple the desires of the Federal official, are imposed upon him by his office.

He asked the rent, and was told seventy-five hundred dollars. Whereupon he sank into a chair and looked off into the distance for some minutes. At last the real-estate agent became restless.

"Are you thinking that the house will do, Mister Secretary?" he ventured.

"I am wondering," was the response, "if out of my salary of eight thousand dollars I pay seventy-five hundred dollars in house rent, how shall I spend the other five hundred dollars?"

Of all the women who ever went house hunting I was probably the most ignorant. All my life I had lived in the same house in Raleigh, North Carolina. There they tell the story of a man with three daughters, two of whom married and brought their husbands to live at home. When the third daughter was asked in

(Continued on Page 109)

Single Oak, the Daniels Residence at Cleveland Park, D. C.

THE BOYS

By MARY BRECHT PULVER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE two letters and the little green book came in the same mail, and Helena could hardly contain herself in patience until James came. Directly she heard his ring she hurried down the broad flight of stairs, quite forgetting her usual last feminine glance into her mirror, as a vain female woman preparing for her very special man. She headed full tilt for the haven of James' arms, which not incapably and not at all automatically infolded her, sweeping her to an obbligato of mingled odors—tweed, tobacco, cold air and masculinity—quite out of contact with her temporary problems and her material setting into a wall-less garden of complete content. Infolded her so capably and with so little of the automaton that only the protesting crackle of the letters and an outraged squeal from the little book recalled her. She drew away with a sigh.

"My sweet girl! My dear love, what is it?" inquired James, a little flushed and not at all inexpertly.

"You're so lovely, Jamie—my precious old Jim! You surprise me every time. I don't blame 'em—some of these modern kittens, for liking 'em the way you are, I mean—an old relic like myself ——" And she reached up and touched James' kind brown face, which Nature had elevated nearly six inches above her own.

"But I can't linger over this, darling Jimmie. Not now. Because I've got a problem."

"A problem, is it! Well, and I'll bet a dollar dog I know what it's about. It's about the heaven-born. It's about your sons—one or both. The brats, I should say. I've listened to the saga of the brats, by heaven, until I know it backward. Only my great love for you, madam ——"

"You don't know this part of the saga—yet," she sighed. "Come in and sit by the fire and be kind to me. And I'll turn the light, so it's kind to me too."

"I might remark that kindness is unnecessary to a lady with a golf bogey of one-twenty and who can look in the evening like Melusina in that silver-colored dress."

"But who has two big handsome galumphs of sons to trouble her," sighed Helena. "Marry at eighteen and be Methuselah at forty-four."

It might be remarked that there was no trace of Methuselah in the lady who had pressed James Trulow into an enormous stuffed chair, and now, seated by him, was preparing a barrage made of the little green slender book and the two fat letters for him. In fact, James Trulow, who was as creditably and unashamedly in love with the wearer of the straight slim Melusina frock of silvery rough silk as though they were both twenty years younger, could have found nothing at the moment to please his eye better than Helena with this mounting pink in her cheek and her pretty profile with its classical twist of brown hair bent over her worry point.

And indeed there was something to be said for James' taste. For if a flapper may be represented by the opal—reacting in the exposure of the harshest sun, only to vivid hues and brilliant colors—there is something to be said for the moonstone also, which has a steady and very lovely light, and—in a setting of crushed silver—may be preferred by some.

Helena was James' moonstone; and the thing was not inappropriate, since James himself was not an opal. By no means.

He stretched out now, a brown grizzled man, his long legs thrust gracefully from the depths of a big blue chair, inhaling his cigarette smoke, blowing out fluffy rings, perfectly aware of the pretty woman he had lately kissed, half-minded to rise and repeat the performance only for the inhibitions imposed by her occupation.

"A Problem, is It! Well, and I'll Bet a Dollar Dog I Know What It's About. It's About the Heaven-Born"

About them Helena's living room offered an endless appeal of restful quiet and charm, made of walls of unobtrusive sand color with quiet mezzotints, more of the fat blue chairs, a Chinese rug of deeper azure, a white mantel with a witch's fire of thorns, low stands of books and plants, a piano with a harp leaf raised.

Just above their heads on the mantel was an excellent replica of the four bronze horses of the Quadriga, with their implication of the timeless, the superior, the utterly cognizant.

They offered in the cheerful mundane surroundings an arresting note like a stilling hand lifted above sudden clamor, dwarfing for the moment any petty material aspect that would assert itself before the experience they represented.

Helena momentarily catching this note, as she often did, forgot her perplexities for a fleet second, then, realizing the clutch of the material, sighed, straightened the first letter and laid it on Jim's knee. The horses of the Quadriga were all very well, but they represented the abstract; and there was still the concrete. There still remained—the boys.

"Beansy," she announced, "has been suspended. From the Bryarson School."

She paused with a sort of tragic sigh and James did his best.

"Well," he said, "but isn't it a rather usual thing? I, myself —— Once—we hazed a fellow. And for over three weeks I ——"

"This is entirely different," said Helena quickly. "You will see that by the letter. Read it."

Then after the fashion of woman she prevented his reading it by telling him what was in it.

It was, she explained, the account of Beansy's behavior at a dinner the faculty and trustees had given in honor of the heads and presidents of the school associations. Beansy as president of the athletic association—an honor at seventeen-and-a-half—had of course been invited, and all had gone well until Mr. John Anderson, one of the trustees, got up to speak.

"I've met him." Helena grew dejected. "Fat, fifty and pompous, and very rich. Fawn-colored vest and spats, bay window and gold seals, no children, but uses the Bryarson as a child, a protégé. Well, anyway, I've heard before how bored the boys get at the dinners when he speaks. That's not the point. The point is that Beansy got up before he was two-thirds through the speech at the dinner and insulted him. And the other boys—the heads of the associations—cheered. That was the awful part. No respect, Jim—you can see that. That's the awful thing about the children today. Not that you'd ever have expected Beansy—he's always been very conservative—and he hasn't a spark of humor. He gave me a Whistler's Mother on my last birthday because he said it always made him think of me, and every year for the last three, on Mother's Day, he's written me the most beautiful and terrible letters, all full of sentiments about his gratitude to me and the sacrifices I have made for him. Really, Beansy never gave me a bit of trouble—before. He was as good as an India-rubber baby. And I'm sure he gets the sentiments off cards and booklets, and of course he sends a white carnation in each one. Well—you wouldn't suppose ——" Helena paused, sighed again.

"And yet," she went on, "the child has certainly been changing. He's thinking queer things. Only at Christmas when he was home he went up to the wall motto in my room—Cousin Annie Edwards made it with her pyrography needle, oh, ages ago!—you know the thing of Browning's:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

"And he tore it right off my wall and when I asked him why, he said because it wasn't true. 'But,' I said, 'it is true. Morning does begin at seven, and hillsides do get pearled with dew, and I've seen plenty of snails sitting on thorns.' And he told me not to be facetious! He said of course it was the last two lines. He said anybody who had any brains or ever read anything knew the world was all wrong and it was no use bringing God into it. At seventeen, Jim. He said in the interest of freedom it was silly and unintelligent. And so he tore it off my wall. But I ask you is that freedom—mine, I mean—for Beansy to do that to my wall, to forcibly take away Cousin Annie Edwards' burnt-wood gift? Not that I hold a brief for snails. But Beansy! I might have seen it heading this way. And yet I'm so taken back. If it had been Henry! Henry was always reactionary and radical, and very determined. He used to cry for things and, when that didn't

work, hold his breath and beat his head on the carpet. I sent for the doctor once ——"

"I might point out, Helena, that you left off with telling me Beansy—er—Harold had insulted the trustee, Mr. Anderson, and if you don't object to switching back to the main track—just exactly what was it about?"

"It seems," said Helena, "that Mr. Anderson made a great deal of money during the war—war babies, you know—oh, in a perfectly legitimate way, but the thing got about. You know young people in a school—well, there's been a sort of undercurrent! Beansy told me about it before. Not that Mr. Anderson wasn't patriotic, and all that—er—well, the way lots of them were patriotic, you know. I mean he made lots of speeches and stood up for the national anthem, and bought Liberty Bonds, but—well, the war babies were there. And—that's the awful and terrible thing about young 'uns, Jim—you can't gloze anything over for them. They're so uncompromising and so deadly unforgetting. They'll look right into your eye, when you think you've got everything beautifully painted out, and say, 'Yes, but ——' In short, they're the hardest people in the world to fool. Well, the war babies have been boiling some time—and Mr. Anderson got up to speak and he spoke about the war. And it seems he got on a very high horse. Anyway, he made some gilt-edged remark about the boys. The beautiful boys, he called them, who went out into battle so gallantly, like young knights in golden armor, to fight for an imperishable ideal, their hearts aflame with righteousness. And Beansy

"Well, with his awful hero worship for Henry, and the fact of Henry's service, and Henry's book of poems about the truth about the war, and all Henry's friends and their frame of mind, since they got back, Beansy said 'Bah!' right out loud. And Mr. Anderson stopped and looked around and said, 'Do I hear someone speak?' and Beansy got up, clutching his napkin and said, 'Yes, sir, you do. I spoke, sir. I said, "Bah!" sir.'

"Then Mr. Anderson said, 'Will you explain your remark, young man?' And Beansy said, 'I will, sir. What I meant, sir, was that we went out to battle because you sent us, sir.' Jim, Beansy was twelve when we entered the war, but of course he was being Henry and Henry's friends for the time. 'We went to war because it was our duty to support you when you asked us to do a piece of dirty work. But I doubt if you can ever send us again, sir.'

"Can you imagine it, Jim? Well, there was a terrible uproar and a lot of talk. Beansy was asked to apologize, and he wouldn't. They were going to expel him, then Mr. Anderson interceded—that was galling to Beansy—and they've given him a month to reconsider and he swears he won't; and the top form swears he shan't; that if he's put out they go with him."

"And Beansy has written you his decision ——"

Helena faced James tragically.

"Beansy has written me nothing, Jim. He's written to Henry. The school—Mr. Paterson, the headmaster, has given me the story, and notice of Beansy's return. And I've got a letter from Henry. Beansy wrote to him at once. And Henry is coming home to talk it over. And he's bringing Moresby Girard. To talk it over with him! Fancy, as though it should need any talking over! For no matter about the war babies, nor how right Beansy may be, Mr. Anderson is his superior officer. He was his host, besides, and Beansy behaved like an ill-bred nasty little boy. That's all. If we are to have freedom, Jim, doesn't it work both ways? Hasn't Mr. Anderson the right to be cheaply forensic if he chooses—or even illogical? If one individual has a right to force his standard on another hasn't Mr. Anderson the right to express his, when he's invited to? Beansy doesn't have to believe what he said—any more than he has to believe in Cousin Annie Edwards' wall motto."

"Mostly, freedom's a one-way ticket when you're Beansy's age," Jim said dryly.

"And sending straight for Henry, Jim! What can we expect of Henry? And bringing Moresby Girard into it. As though it were a matter of sacred principle. Oh, of course, Moresby and Henry! Gaiety has their pictures this month with six others—a whole page of Our Young Modern Thinkers. Because of Henry's poems and Moresby's novels. I know it's remarkable—the things they write. I know it's remarkable for Moresby at twenty-two to have written Outlaw and Unafraid.

"They're amazing books, and full of horrible truths, as very young people see truth; in- -well, a sort of physiological way. Because, I suppose they've found out all about themselves so recently, and can't wear their knowledge lightly. Oh, beauty's in them too! A lot of beauty. Physiology and beauty and the plain names of things all mixed together. That's what strikes you so! They make me think—Moresby and Henry's kind—of little boys with their eyes full of dreams throwing mud balls at the teacher."

"The teacher!" snorted Jim. "They'll tell you about the teacher!"

"Oh, I just meant life, Jim; and some of the rules. I know you can't teach 'em anything. If you point out that you've lived longer they only jeer and ask you what you made of your living. They'll say, 'See the mess you turned over to us!' As if one didn't learn more from one's messes than one's successes. Still, what can you expect from children?"

"Youth," quoted James, "is a disease that cures itself."

"It's tough now and then on the nurse while they're healing," sighed Helena.

"You, yourself," Jim continued, "at Henry's age—twenty-four—were married; the mother of a child."

"I wasn't trying to fix the world; I had a job and I attended to it."

"But that"—James opened his case and selected carefully a new cigarette—"is what they claim they're doing—isn't it? Fixing the world—isn't that what they're going to make their job?"

"Oh, yes. And they've begun well enough. The world's listening to them. That's a great deal. They don't get snubbed the way we did. And I know they're clever. Henry's A. E. F. book has been called the truest war verse we had, and the Post Digest has made him a literary editor. He has a new book of verse just out. This is my copy. I got it to-day. I'll read you something." Helena opened it at random. "This is what may be expected of our Henry just now:

"*COCOTTE*

"She came—white poppies in a shaking wind,
All silver chalices on their gracile stems,
I thought of this when first she spoke to me,
There on the road to Ems,
The long, long road with shadows dropping, bending
From poplars tipped with gold—and night descending.

"Oh, there was in her face her whole young being
Dark pools her eyes, dim now with sweet unseeing;
Like blood, her mouth, in her white blanchèd face.
Oh, bitter blood, steeped from her heart's young grace.
She had a wisdom, from the Sphinx's day—
She hailed me on my way."

(Continued on Page 44)

"You're a Pretty Old Thing, Mom. But I Can't Go Back to Anderson. I'd be Going Back on Everything—On All the Fellows Too"

THE GENTLE CRIMINAL

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

"When I Learn to Shoot the New Revolver I Have Bought by Mail Order I am Going to Hold Up the Overland"

THE time came when Gideon Worrick chortled to think what the people of Derbyville would do and say if they could only know what was in his mind. Suppose, for example, that he should stand up in the Young People's League meeting on any Sunday night and remark: "When I learn to shoot the new revolver I have bought by mail order I am going to hold up the Overland."

Or, again, if he should lean close to the grille in the cashier's window and say to one of the State Bank's leading customers: "Better draw your money out of here, my friend, for on one night soon I am going to embezzle and abscond with every penny in the vault."

Of course no one would believe him. Of the twelve hundred and odd souls comprising Derbyville, Gideon was exactly the last anyone could have suspected of possible faithlessness. This careless acceptance of him, by unanimous consent, as so trustworthy and honest that he could not do wrong, no matter how much he might want to, coupled with the common conclusion that he would never want to at all, was the trouble. Gid resented being taken for a machinelike man of probity, as old Bije Linder in his rare moments of sobriety might have resented the offhand finality with which he was awarded a life position as the village drunkard. The sensitive man may crave recognition of his human frailties as insistently as of his attributes of divine strength.

The cashier had been born on the river below Derbyville, and had lived in and around the mountain town all his thirty-eight years. He was the community's most trusted man, but far from being its most popular. He was a pattern of respectability, but not respected. Instead of being influential and a leading citizen he was a born treasurer. His application to duty was noteworthy, so they did not look to him for brains. His willingness was notorious, wherefore they gave him no opportunity to use initiative. His morals were unassailable, and they supposed that he lacked spirit. No one ever thought of him as a chairman, a president, an orator of the day, a marshal of the parade, or even as a committeeman on ways and means. But whenever there were moneys to be paid in, kept, paid out and accounted for Worrick was your man. As a treasurer Worrick was a Derbyville institution.

In his younger days this confidence in him had pleased Worrick, but when he found it unaccompanied by any of the more flattering and warming sentiments it began to pall. He revived somewhat when, at thirty-four, he was made cashier of the State Bank, after twelve years of unremittingly faithful service; but he found that the promotion made no change in his status in the community. He was not such a fool as to think old Warren Selfridge, the president and principal owner, had made him cashier for any reason save that he would work harder for less money than anyone to be had who could be as safely trusted. Selfridge, while always the despot of the bank's affairs, had been in the habit of consulting Brown, the former cashier, more or less freely, and had often taken his advice. Not so with Worrick. He was never consulted at all; merely trusted. Selfridge considered him—and found him—as faithful as an adding machine; as safe as the time lock. He was given ten dollars more a month and treated exactly like a bookkeeper. The iron began to eat into his soul.

At first his rebellion was in the form of dark thoughts hastily banished. Later he entertained these malignant mental visitors—gradually came to inviting them. He contemplated high and dreadful crimes, not as possibilities, but as dreams. He liked to imagine tying Warren Selfridge, against whom he had not the slightest animosity, hand and foot and locking him in the vault, taking the money in the cash box, swaggering down Main Street and up Mendocino with a revolver in each hand, blazing away; or setting the library afire some time when there was a strong west wind which would carry the flames thundering through the business section, gutting it; or getting drunk at the pool room—where it could be done, he heard—and staggering through the town, shouting profanity. He could work himself into quite a state by thinking such thoughts.

Quite abruptly this random and frankly impracticable cogitation—meaningless and harmless in itself—was crystallized, and began to harden into planning at the meeting held to wind up the affairs of the committee in charge of Derbyville's third annual home-coming-week celebration. Because of attempting to outdo all previous committees, this one had exceeded its appropriation and had come out with a deficit. Now a deficit on the books of a committee charged with staging a public celebration is always a grievous thing, and there is no subscription list more difficult to explain and to obtain signatures on than one calling for contributions with which to pay for what we know colloquially and inelegantly as dead horse. Every committeeman in America knows that. The committeemen in Derbyville, after the third annual home-coming festival, knew it well. They had been a trifle apprehensive for weeks, but, as is characteristic of committees, they had hoped for the best. When Gideon Worrick presented the final statement of accounts and showed them, in his neat red figures, a shortage of $348.74, they looked at one another unhappily and then, as one, turned to look at their treasurer.

He was a very thin man, with a thin and somewhat melancholy face. His hair was thin and of a reddish hue, so that one might have been forgiven for thinking that what he displayed was a copper-colored scalp devoid of hair. He had slight, light eyebrows, and these, framing his light blue eyes, gave him a bald and vacant expression that did him less than justice. He had a thin, long neck and a very prominent Adam's apple, which moved up and down when he swallowed, as a turkey gobbler's head does when he gobbles. Gideon had a fancy for light clothes, and these made him look more thin than he was, and did not favorably affect the colorless character of his face. Most blond men redden easily; Gideon only got sunburn when exposed, and grew white when angry or embarrassed. He was impeccably neat, which may have tended to heighten the tedious monotony of his etiolation.

Perhaps it was partly because he was so neat and washed-out that he irritated the committeemen as they looked at him. He leaned back, furtively paring a finger nail, and waited for the chairman, Hugh Drury, to say briefly, "All right, Gid, we'll talk this thing over. Much obliged for coming."

Instead the chairman cleared his throat and observed, "That's funny."

"Your idea of funny maybe," Doc Neal, the town dentist, snapped acidly. He was notably sharp-tongued. "It's not mine."

Mrs. Gordon remarked, "Dear me, I wouldn't have been so shook up by a hundred or so short. But three hundred—how much did you say, Mr. Worrick?"

"Three hundred forty-eight seventy-four."

"My land!"

"But what for?" someone else demanded crossly.

"There are the vouchers," Gideon said, indicating the pile.

"Oh, drat the vouchers!" Doc Neal broke in. "If you think this committee is going to waste half the night looking through a stack of receipts and canceled checks you're crazy! Don't sit there like an eel and make faces! Give us some idea about this shortage, can't you?"

Gideon wanted to make an angry retort. But he could not think of one. Wearily he drew the sheaf of papers towards him and began to thumb them over.

"The fireworks cost more than Mr. Drury thought they would, in the first place," he remarked tonelessly.

"How's that?" the chairman interrupted. "Wait a minute, here! I never said anything about how much the fireworks would cost. I'm a dry-goods man, not a pinwheel expert. What do you mean—I thought?"

"I have your original estimate here," Gideon said with a little more spirit.

But they refused to examine it. They passed to the next item. Every item got under someone's skin. By a perfectly human process of thought the five members of the committee began to look on the man who exhibited their financial difficulties to them as the man responsible for them. In three minutes the treasurer was like a

Things Were Happening Too Rapidly for Him to

bankrupt on the stand, bullied by counsel for angry and importunate creditors. Worrick grew angrier and angrier, but he was not the sort of man to show it. Therefore they redoubled their faultfindings.

Doc Neal finally snatched at some of the books and papers and began to claw his way through them, sniffing and biting his lip. In a moment, interrupting someone else, he ejaculated:

"Now what the Sam Hill does this bill mean, Worrick? Curtin & Laird, San Francisco; stationery and supplies—nine fifty-five. What was that for?"

"The letterheads and envelopes the committee ordered," the treasurer replied monotonously. "And, oh, yes—ninety-five cents for this account book."

"Which account book?"

"The one I kept the accounts in—here."

The dentist took it snappishly. He ran it through. He leaned back, throwing the book to the table.

"Oh, very well," he said in a resigned tone of voice. "If our treasurer forgot that he wasn't a member of this committee and went out on his own hook without authority and spent money that way —"

"What way?" Gideon demanded.

"That way! Account books! Fancy fixings! Pretty covers! A hundred pages in the book and not twenty of them used. It's a wonder you didn't buy yourself a gold fountain pen to keep 'em with." He turned to the other committeemen. "This is what comes, I suppose, of having a man who can be a sort of treasurer suddenly imagining that he can be the chairman and the general manager and the committee itself all rolled into one. It's sickening!"

Gideon Worrick, for the first and last time in his life, leaped to his feet, overturning a chair and striking the table with his fist. He reached for his hat and slapped it on his long head defiantly.

"That's all I'm going to take from anybody here," he said in a thin voice that suggested tears. "I've worked nights and even Sundays on this festival business, and I've squeezed the pennies and cut down expenses and used my own things, and I've never had a word to say about raising the money or appropriating it or allowing it or spending it, although I could have done better than some of you did more than once; and I've been trod on like a doormat, and never thanked and never appreciated and never given a decent word or a decent job, and now I'm all through and done for. You can take your books and your deficit and your faultfindings and you can go to the grand jury with them, if you please; but I quit, now and forever. I've been the last treasurer of anything that I'm ever going to be in this town, and you can put that down to stay. Not ever again!"

The President's Glasses Fell Down on His Nose and His Mouth Opened. He Looked at His Cashier in Stupefied Amazement

He walked out, trying to slam the door. But he could not be dramatic, even in such a moment. The door knob caught in his coat pocket and tore it, and the door closed quietly and decently.

Gideon walked down Mendocino Avenue with tears of rage and impotence in his faded blue eyes, and for the first time began to wonder seriously how a man entered upon a life of crime. His speculation from that moment began to take tangible form. He began to consider practical ways in which to commit some startling felony, partly for revenge on the mean-minded people of the little town, partly to demonstrate to them that he was something more than a smoothly operating machine, and partly to startle them out of their complacent custom of classifying people and putting them into pigeonholes. He was sick and tired, he told himself, of finding himself labeled, and always summarily pushed back into his particular rut when others conceived that he was getting out of it.

Derbyville was a small town, with no particular present reason for being. Its genesis had been logical, for in the very early days two great sheep and cattle ranches had made a common boundary of the road of which Main Street was a piece. The Derby Ranch had long since passed with its founder, but the Van Lythe Ranch stretched for miles and miles in three directions from the town. The trouble was that old Frank Van Lythe, a headstrong and fiery gentleman, had never forgiven the first settlers for naming the town for his rival, Jesse Derby; and though the latter had been dead for years, and though the Derby Ranch was scarcely a memory any more, Van Lythe did his business in San Joaquin and in San Francisco, and avoided whenever he could entering Derbyville even to board a train or to load steers. If Van Lythe ever died - which some deemed doubtful—his sons might come to the village and help to make it quite a place. But until then Derbyville marked time.

Warren Selfridge, president of the State Bank and Gideon's employer, was a poor banker; but he was good enough for the town. He was easy-going, trustful, absent-minded and lazy. His father had founded the bank, and Warren had taken it over in time as a matter of course. For forty years he had been its head, and it had gone up and down with the country and the times, always making him and his wife a living, which was all he desired and more than he, on the rare occasions when he reviewed its condition and prospects, could reasonably expect. It was not what an economist would have called sound, many times, but no one worried about that. The state bank examiner's deputy disliked stopping at the Stratford Hotel, and therefore he always notified Warren Selfridge when he was going to call, and the banker would take him out to the comfortable family home two miles from town as his guest. It happened once or twice a year, therefore, that kindly, domineering, bustling little Mrs. Selfridge and fat, indolent, good-humored Warren Selfridge were both putting their houses in order at the same time and in honor of the same visitor.

Gideon Worrick and a bookkeeper were the sole employes of the State Bank. For a long time after Gideon's elevation to the cashier's desk old Henry Peacock had divided his time between the bank and Patterson's General Store; but the purchase of a small automobile and a tour or two had changed the Selfridges' habits materially. With a tent rolled up on the running board and a kit of miscellaneous cooking utensils and a box of easily portable foodstuffs in the tonneau, they had become gypsies almost as though by reversion to type, and for weeks at a time Gideon Worrick was left in charge; in charge, that is, to the extent only of being abandoned with the work of keeping the institution running. He had no authority, could use no discretion, could act positively on nothing. "If anything came up"—that was the phrase—he always had on his desk the itinerary of the wanderers and strict and inviolable instructions to wire the president and await orders from him.

Worrick had not resented this state of affairs actively until the incident of the deficit in the funds of the homecoming committee. This incident pointed the subordinacy of his position and he began to chafe, brooding over the lack of confidence shown in his ability—if not in his honesty—by Selfridge. His troubles assumed unduly large proportions in his mind. Very definitely he made up his mind to revolt, and gradually his rebellious inclinations took the form of a criminal program. He only wondered whether or not he had the spirit actually to carry out his plans. If he did have there would be amazement and consternation in Derbyville, for he would strip the bank clean, and with its funds take every penny belonging to half a

(Continued on Page 66.)

Keep More Than a Rough Account of Balances

Charles Frederic Goes Easy

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

"Step Up, Gentlemen! First Come—Ugh!—First Served!"

SUDDENLY, though the pale and chilly moon had not yet faded in the dusk of dawn, the gangs on Tiscua Fill were electrified into amazing energy. Tiburcio bounded from gang to gang, visibly and vocally the diligent foreman; and rasp and clatter and thump, rattle and crash and bang; the cañon rang to industry redoubled. For two mounted figures had appeared on the cañon trail, and the fat one in white breeches, who rode with knees hunched high, would be J. C. Bailey himself, lord of the Bailey Construction Company.

The checker cocked a cynical eye and yawned and went on making marks on a sheet of paper. He, the checker, held J. C. Bailey in the mild contempt that is due a tenderfoot—witness those tight white breeches, that ridiculous postage stamp of an English saddle, as if the mountains were a city park! He, the checker, had been in Mexico three years already, and knew the country. Yes, even as Jonah knew the whale.

He sat at the high exposed end of the great fill muffled to the ears in a red blanket—it is cold in Tiscua Cañon at dawn, and seems colder because you know how much hotter it will be when the sun blazes up; and a checker's work is not so violent as to heat the blood. Nor is it complicated. On a dozen tracks, from either side of the cañon, dump cars shuttled, tilting their contents roaring down the dumps, and for each car he made one mark on his sheet of paper. Almost anybody with a civil engineer's degree can make marks on a sheet of paper.

Tiburcio, the diligent foreman, paused beside him with stern admonitions.

"You, *checador, alerta!* On the job now!" said he in effect. He further addressed the checker as Charley, which is more cutting than it sounds—meaning, humorously, a Chinaman. The checker didn't mind. A checker has no dignity; and his name, though Tiburcio neither knew nor cared, was Charley.

Tiburcio bounded away. A diligent foreman cannot waste all his time on a checker. The horses, scrambling up, topped the fill and turned toward the dump, but the checker did not rise. On the contrary he pulled his battered hat over his face and hunched the blanket closer about his ears. A civil engineer is perfectly competent to hold a checker's job, but he is not necessarily proud of it.

"How many cars go already?" demanded J. C. Bailey in his tenderfoot Spanish.

"Fifty-two," reported the checker in a slightly better variety of the same language.

"What!"

A checker, you understand, is paid to be honest. He is paid a whole peso and a half a day, which is seventy-five cents in money, though he has nothing to do but sit all day on a comfortable rock and make marks on a sheet of paper.

"Tiburcio!" bawled J. C. Bailey, and Tiburcio galloped out, hat in hand. "Tiburcio, this *checador*, he *dice* that they've got out *cincuenta y dos* cars already, before day. 'Taint possible!"

Tiburcio, ever so anxious to please, was baffled by the fact that the great man's Spanish was somewhat diluted with English.

Spoke the voice of the second horseman:

"Father, don't be silly, talking Spanish at that man. Don't you see he's an American?"

"Which man?" said J. C. Bailey. "Oh, um!"

See now how habit betrays you into humiliation. The checker was apprised by the voice of the second horseman that she was not, accurately speaking, a horseman at all; wherefore his legs mechanically hoisted him to his feet and his hand on its own responsibility pulled off his hat. The blanket slipped from his shoulders. He snatched at it too late.

"Um!" said J. C. Bailey, seeing what the blanket had covered.

"Hello, Mr. Bailey!" said the checker brightly. "Have a good trip in the States?"

And right at his elbow a car dumped and a virtuously industrious voice bawled "Number Two!" But the checker did not move. Across the cañon floated a musical howl of "Eleven!" But the checker, his tally sheet forgotten in his hand, the wind of dawn frisking unimpeded through his calamitous raiment, stood simmering in shame, his eyes helpless on the sweet, grave face of the girl who gazed so curiously on him.

It is bad enough to go on your uppers, to come down to a checker's job and be caught at it by a fat, sleek, offensively wealthy tenderfoot like J. C. Bailey; but to have a girl, an American girl, a girl like that, see you there and pity you ——

"Um," said J. C. Bailey. "Haven't I seen you before?"

"I shouldn't wonder," admitted the checker. "I have boned you for a job as often as I could get to you. My name is Gray."

"Um. I remember. Engineer, ain't you? What you doin' here?"

"Checking," explained the checker.

"I mean, how come? What for?"

"A peso and a half a day."

"Um," said J. C., and thrust an impulsive hand into his pocket. "Here! For the love of Pete, buy yourself a new shirt anyway!"

"Will you kindly go to thunder?" said the checker in cold fury, and sat down and fished vaguely for his blanket.

"You impudent pup!" said J. C. Bailey.

Now Tiburcio, looking from one to the other, caught his cue. Beyond a doubt the great *jefe* was rebuking that checker, who, all unheeding of the frantic voices of car dumpers, sat gazing at the lovely señorita who wore pants. Tiburcio knew and treasured a few explosive words in English. "Pup" was a new one, a good one.

"You, *checador*," cried he, as one who chimes virtuously with the voice of authority, "are you then hired to sleep? Have you no ears? Loafer! Blockhead! Pup!" But unjustly the voice of authority turned on him, the diligent foreman.

"Hey, you!" sputtered J. C. Bailey. "*Donde—donde*—say, where the blinkety-blank blazes do you get off, talking to a white man that way? Huh?"

Tiburcio missed a priceless opportunity to enrich his vocabulary with English words; he was stunned.

"Gray," said J. C. Bailey, "give this fool your tally. Tell him to put another checker on the job and be damned to him. You come on to town and see me. I'll give you a job that's fit for a white man, by glory! if I have to invent one. Cl'k! Cl'k!"

With wrathful cluckings and thumping of the heels and breathing through the nostrils he hauled his horse about and set off. The girl followed. Over her shoulder she nodded and smiled as if that checker were anybody at all. The sun had popped up, dazzling, cheering, chasing the thin chill of dawn; and all about him righteously indignant voices were bawling "Two!" "Six!" "Eleven!" "Nine!"

II

THIS is how Ishmaelites are made. The original Ishmael, no doubt, coming to the notice of some impulsive monarch of that olden time, was given a job that was neither fish, flesh nor fowl, neither boss nor honest son of toil, so that men unjustly judged him. It is not down in the Book that a woman scorned him; but a woman finished the crown of poison ivy for Charles Frederic Gray.

The new job was so new that nobody, not even J. C. Bailey, who invented it after as much as twenty minutes' thought, knew the name of it.

"Here's the idea," he said in the important calm of his office in Tequila: "You're an engineer, and you got a certain amount of construction experience, haven't you?"

Charles Frederic felt this to be modest enough. He nodded.

"And you're young and husky. Now, me, I'm old and fat. Riding does me up."

"Ought to use a Texas saddle," said Charles Frederic.

"Use any kind you want to. Here's the idea: Why can't you ride down one end of the line while I go down the other, look over the work in each camp, meet me here every week or so and report? Save me half my riding."

"I can," said Charles Frederic, dazzled.

To be sure, there isn't any regular job called superintendent's eyes, and he wasn't assistant superintendent because he hadn't any authority; and the pay, it developed, was only fifty a month and found. But it was an important job anyway.

"You want to go easy," J. C. warned him. "Most of the camp foremen are hard-shells, old-timers that were building railroads when you were eating your dinner out of a bottle. You're young, you got to admit that. Don't make 'em sore. Don't swell around. Just get the dope and report."

You didn't need to tell Charles Frederic to go easy. Even fifty a month is wealth when you have been six months on your uppers, and the pride of a decent job is as tingling wine.

He went easy. He went superlatively easy—at first. He listened respectfully to the theories of the old-timers and offered none of his own, wherefore the old-timers found

him an entertaining and companionable youth; and concerning the work of building a railroad he saw what he looked at and reported that same, so that J. C. Bailey subjected his own avoirdupois less and less often to the indignities of the saddle. All, in short, was superlatively well with Charles Frederic Gray—for a while.

His credit was good at the company store, so that he blossomed early in new boots, laced very high, new corduroys, new hat and everything. His standing was good at the company office; but more and more often he reported at the house of J. C. Bailey, where his standing was better. There were attractions at J. C. Bailey's house—to wit, sweet, grave gray eyes whose gravity was denied by the mischievous quirk of their own dainty brows; a short, straight little nose that wrinkled in the most devastating fashion with laughter, like a baby's; a slender figure that seemed made for fluffy frocks until you saw it in mannish riding clothes; hands that were a delight to watch. Their name was Pat, which, if you will believe it, was short for Phyllis.

Yes, all was amazingly well. And inevitable chance brought four or five of the hard-shells together in Tequila on a Sunday evening, and they compared notes on Charles Frederic Gray.

"What about this guy Gray?" inquired Long Henry Hines, foreman of Camp Eight. "What's his graft anyway?"

"With the engineers, ain't he?" offered old Hub Franklin. Youth is excusable in engineers. They have education.

"Yeh; some kind of inspector," said Lon Dickey, of Camp Four, and signaled the bartender to repeat. They sat in the *cantina* of the Red Rose, which is like anything but a flower. "I recollect he had a note from Bailey sayin' show him the works."

"He wass a checker in my camp," said Joe Ribera, of Camp One.

Swede Oscar grunted morosely. Oscar was drinking mescal, which, for a white man, omits to cheer while it inebriates.

"He ban spotter, if you ask me," said he, "t'ats what. Spotter! Ol' man Bailey, he cuss me for trinkin' mescal. I swear he naver see me tak' a trink. T'is Gray, he tal him. T'ats what!"

"H'm," said Hub Franklin thoughtfully. "Mebbe that's why the old man was climbin' me about my powder requisitions. I've noticed that this kid always looks cross-eyed when he sees me loadin'."

"Spotter, I tal you!" insisted Oscar. "What you tal t'is Gray, he tal ol' man Bailey. T'at's what!"

And the door at the end of the room swung and the selfsame Gray walked in.

"Sh-h-h!" said Oscar, and set his bottle under the table.

"Hi, Henry!" cried Charles Frederic, all cheerily unsuspecting. "How's tricks out your way? Hello, Hub! I——"

"Mr. Franklin to you," said Hub, breathing through his nose.

"Aye, aye, Your Majesty!" agreed Charles Frederic, unrebuffed. Old Hub Franklin was everybody's friend. "What's the lay?"

"Run along, sonny. We was just goin' to have a drink."

"Queer!" laughed Charles Frederic. "I was just going to buy one. What'll you have, everybody?"

"Soda water," said the pious Oscar, nudging Lon Dickey.

"Licker!" declared Dickey. "And no spotter can make me say different!"

"Huh?" said Charles Frederic blankly.

"Yes, huh!" said Dickey, getting to his feet. "Git out of here before we throw you out!"

Plainly here was no merry jest. Charles Frederic's jaw went gently shut; a spot of white appeared over either cheek bone.

"You'll what?" he begged. "Say that over again—slow!"

"You heard me," said the sullen Dickey.

"Run along, sonny," repeated Hub Franklin. "We'll buy our own, thanks just the same."

And then Charles Frederic's hands relaxed and his face went from the white of anger to the red of misery. He had to keep the peace with these men. His job depended on it. And if J. C. fired him now there would be no other job; he would have to leave Tequila; and never again—never again would there be evenings in a peaceful courtyard where jasmine breathed its fragrance under the stars and the sweet slow voice of comradeship spoke of many things. He grinned, though the effort hurt him to his heels.

"Put up your battle-axes. I'm not on the warpath just now. Dickey, I was looking for you. Step over here a minute, will you?"

"If you got anything to say," said Dickey, "say it!"

"Have it your way. You're running high in both your rock cuts. Bailey says look out for that. It costs a lot of money to skin a hard-rock cut afterward."

"When was Bailey in my camp?"

"T'e ol' man, he ain't naver lef' t'is town t'is week," put in the helpful Oscar. "T'is kid, he ——"

"I'm telling you what Bailey said," snapped the kid, blinking to clear the atmosphere of red.

"All right, all right," said Hub Franklin; "we hear you. I reckon Lon'll tend to it. That all? Good night."

"Good night," said Charles Frederic through his teeth.

In those few seconds the street had changed. The moon still bathed romantic walls and barred windows, flooding the ancient cobblestones with liquid shadow; yonder the hills rose mysterious, challenging, lovely against eternal blue—a brave world, but all unfriendly now. A spotter, a spy, a bearer of dishonorable tales! That was what they thought. And what was he? A messenger boy!

He came to the street where J. C. Bailey lived and turned into it. His hobnailed boot heels woke furious echoes in that peaceful thoroughfare, but he strode unheeded and unheeding past the very elbow of a youth who worshiped at a lady's window bars. Across the street from J. C. Bailey's house yet another youth stood in the shadow against the wall, craning and murmuring sweet nothings to a maiden who leaned to him from the balcony above; and at Charles Frederic's shoulder a mirthful voice drawled, "Ah! Whither in such haste, industrious sir?"

III

YES, and the moon was high. The scent of night-blooming jasmine was in the air, and it was Pat herself who sat within the barred embrasure of the window, the shadow of the grating broken on her white dress, her clear eyes laughing under their tender, whimsical brows. His humiliating status had not changed, had it? Yet he was comforted. The lump of bitterness melted in his throat.

"I've been sitting here," she confided, "envying those damsels with the long-distance swains. There's devotion for you! They don't seem to mind us a bit, do they?"

"Envying them? 'Od's bodikins! By my halidom, but this shall not be!" he declared, and swept off his hat in a bow of courtliness. He placed one hand upon his heart and extended the other—the one that held the hat—as in ardent pleading. "Señorita," he begged with fine tremolo effect, *appassionato*, "one smile! One little tender thought! Thou knowest that without thee the sun is dark and the days are very long ——"

But he could not carry it off. His own words conjured up reality, the empty days that waited him if he must go away from her. For he was no immortal lover, facing heroic obstacles. He was a youth who lived in a world of too, too practical things; whose very bread depended on a job of humility and scorn. He choked—and grinned.

"How do you like my samples, lady? Will I do?"

"Encore!" she applauded softly; but he stood awkwardly before her, grinding his heel on the stone pavement and seeking vainly some safe and not too banal word. "Listen!" she said, nodding. "Can you hear what he says?"

"Yes," he admitted, and no more. For it was love that murmured there across the street, no less than in the ancient orchard of the Capulet, love, on this azure night, that whispered at a thousand windows; and he, Charles Frederic the unworthy, must be dumb. There were no fierce male relatives to fight, no dragons to kill. There was only the fat and kindly J. C. and a job that paid, precariously, fifty dollars a month and found.

"I—I liked your samples," she said.

Did she not know how beautiful she was? The darkness behind her made her clear face a cameo, gave her gray eyes a depth of tenderness in which Charles Frederic was lost. He meant to speak lightly, to play the game with her; but his voice was husky in his throat.

"*But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?*
It is the east, and Juliet ——"

And madness took him wholly. No poet was this Charles Frederic Gray, but the man who shaped those lines was so. He knew that his hand, which had gripped a cold window bar, held both of hers; very small they were to yield so much of strength and comfort. He heard his voice as though it were not his:

"*It is my lady, O, it is my love!*
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses ——"

And her eyes fell, and lifted bravely again to his. Her face was unaccountably very near the bars; it was with no sense of violence that he took her in his arms and kissed her. He had forgotten that he stood in a village street, forgotten that he was despised of men. It was as though he held the ineffable fragrance of jasmine in his arms. He released her and stood back, trembling.

Continued on Page 38

"Señorita, One Smile! Thou Knowest That Without Thee the Sun Is Dark ——"
But He Could Not Carry It Off

RITA COVENTRY

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

X

ARISING at nine the morning after Rita Coventry's party, Parrish felt that he had visited the boundaries of sleep but had not for a single moment crossed them. He had lain in his bed with eyes closed, his mind whirling in a wild but not unpleasant phantasmagoria, neither real nor dream. Having bathed, dressed and breakfasted he appraised his feelings. He was not fatigued, but felt upon the contrary a slight exhilaration, like that of one who in the morning continues to be buoyed up by last night's alcohol.

As he was about to leave his apartment the telephone rang. Of course it would be Alice. He did not want to talk with Alice now. His first impulse was to have Ito say he had left for the office. Yet somehow he did not want to do that either. It did not seem fair, and he wished to be as fair with Alice as the circumstances would permit. Besides, was there not a chance of its being Rita? Only the faintest shadow of a chance, to be sure, but —— He had a vision of her sitting in that pretty bed of hers with a telephone instrument in her hands. Suppose she had awakened thinking of him, and was calling up just to say good morning!

Quickly he turned back and answered.

"Good morning, dear."

Of course he had known it would be Alice. She wanted, as usual, to chat.

"I hope you had a good time last night?"

"Oh, good enough."

"The prints were nice?"

"Yes."

"A large collection?"

For some curious reason he thought of Busini.

"I'll tell you about it tonight," he said. "We'll go out to dinner. I must run now. I'm short of time."

"I'll see you about five?"

"No, I have an appointment late in the afternoon. I'll not get there much before seven."

"Earlier if you can," she said in that sweet voice with its faint note of wistfulness.

"Yes—of course." As quickly as he could he terminated the conversation.

Ah! Now he knew what had brought Busini into his mind. A phrase used by Alice had recalled the parting utterance of the Italian: "A large collection."

Last night he had sensed an indirection without grasping its significance. Stupid of him! Yet in fairness to himself, how could he have understood it then? Busini had, at that juncture, foreseen more than he himself would have dared to foresee, and had prophesied in sneering parable. Not very flattering, certainly, to be likened to one carelessly selected print out of a portfolio-full! And as to the double meaning in that reference to Rita's collection—that only showed how far a jealous man could stoop.

Jealousy! That clearly was at the bottom of it all. Doubtless there was a certain amount of truth in the gossip connecting Rita's name with that of the conductor. But however that might be, it was self-evident that she had discarded him. What other meaning could one read into her retort to him as he was leaving her house? She had answered his parable in kind, telling him that when she found an unworthy item in her collection she got rid of it at once, and she had pointed the shaft with a good night. That barb must have lacerated!

What if some of these tales were true? What if it were true that Rita had cruised the Mediterranean in the royal yacht? What if, as they said, she had used the private car of Tilghman Keppler? What of it? In one sense was not all that to her credit? By her gifts she had lifted herself from obscurity and made herself a personage, with the prerogatives of a personage. She was too big to play the game according to the rules laid down for ordinary women. She could make her own rules. Moreover these stories concerning her supposed love affairs were always based on rumor alone. It was "They say ——" "A friend of mine tells me ——" "I have heard ——" And it was not, upon the whole, harsh gossip, but rather amiable, or even hopeful. People talked about her, but they were proud to know her—prouder, it sometimes seemed, because of these very stories. She was sought after by the aristocracy of brains and achievement.

She herself was frank enough. What had she said to him last night? "I have had all the follies." A confession, surely, but one showing in what light she looked upon the past. No sentimental adventure, he took it, had ever seriously scarred her heart. Just affairs—follies. Busini, for instance. If she had ever cared deeply for Busini she could not have dismissed him last night so cavalierly. As for the king, it was policy for an opera singer to be gracious to a king; or for the matter of that, to any very rich man who was a patron of the arts—men like Hermann Krauss and Tilghman Keppler.

He Saw Himself With Rita in Foreign Places Amid Spectacular Surroundings

In his own case, praise heaven, there could be no such motive! He and Rita were merely man and woman. It was as a woman, not as a prima donna, that she had shown herself to him—a woman fearless, eager, glorious. More than that, they met as man and woman seldom meet, on an absolutely equal footing. There would be no raking up of bygones on either side. Let the dead past bury its dead. They had found each other. Life was all future, now, for both of them. With such radiant reflections his mind was filled as he headed for his office.

XI

THAT afternoon, as on the day before, he found spring seething on Fifth Avenue. Twice on his march uptown he stopped; first at a florist's, where he selected a great sheaf of roses for Rita; then at his haberdasher's—for at times the human, like the feathered male, is fain to celebrate with brilliant plumage.

Beyond the surging sidewalk mob he saw, as he left the shop, a green-and-yellow bus go lumbering down the street.

It was a new bus shining with fresh paint, looking for all the world like a huge double-decked flower box abloom with pretty faces under pretty hats.

A flash of blue and silver amid the swifter moving traffic near the center of the street drew his eye to a bright roadster which by the look of it might have emerged a moment since from behind a plate-glass show window. The unaccompanied young woman at the wheel, so consciously debonair, had also that appearance of fashionable, costly freshness.

"Behold us—spring models!" car and driver seemed to chorus.

There was something very nice about a roadster. It occupied a place in motordom not filled by any other type of car. He would have to get a roadster after things picked up a little in the Street.

"Taxi?" invited the chauffeur of a prowling public vehicle.

Glancing up, Parrish saw that the cab, though by no means new, was resplendent with varnish freshly put on.

Spring! And Rita! But he would not hear from Rita until six.

Half past five found him sitting in his library by the desk on which the telephone reposed. There wasn't any news in the papers any more. A weak market was no news certainly; and for the rest there was only the usual assortment of robberies, murders, fires, motor accidents, divorces. He dipped into several editorials, but found no interest in them. Even his favorite frivolous column, Peek-a-Boo, yielded him but a single smile.

He threw the paper aside. Now at any instant the telephone would ring. Was Rita sitting waiting, too, he wondered? Would she call him exactly at the appointed time?

Ah, six! The clock was striking. He reflected that women were sometimes peculiar in these matters. What was it about them that made them like to keep men waiting? Even Alice, least artful of her sex, had kept him

waiting once or twice when he first knew her. Woman stuff! Well, if it pleased Rita to make him wait a little, by all means let her do it. He could endure it, though punctuality was, in his eyes, one of the high virtues. It hadn't taken Alice long to find that out. Rita, too, would learn better when they had known each other for a while.

At brief intervals his eyes lifted to the face of the grandfather's clock which had for so many years told off the hours at Blenkinswood. The hands were bending to a new angle now. He wondered whether, on that sleepy old plantation, time had ever dragged itself away so slowly. Perhaps the clock was fast. He compared it with his watch. No, it was right.

He rose and paced the rug. Something must have happened to delay her. She was a busy woman. Innumerable things might have come up—unavoidable things. She might have callers and be waiting eagerly for them to go.

Or again it might be that she was one of those women who are by nature careless about time. He had heard it said that artistic people were oftentimes that way. To her, six might mean merely the general neighborhood of six. Perhaps she was now having tea. She had told him she never dined on evenings when she was to sing. Or perhaps she was adding the last touches to her toilet. She had to go to Frémecourt's birthday party afterwards. How lovely she would look! He wished that he might see her. He wished that he knew Frémecourt. He had never liked that big basso. He looked so gross.

Continuing to pace the rug he became engaged with the pattern, following it with his feet. There was a place in the corner where he had to take a short step or else go over into the border. In his present frame of mind this annoyed him. In the back of his mind was an incoherent wish that the rug had been a little shorter or a little longer to match the length of his stride.

Could she have misunderstood the arrangement? Could she have thought he was to call her? No, it had been her proposal. "I'll telephone"; those were her words.

A promise was a promise. What would become of business—his brokerage business, say—if everyone were careless about verbal agreements? A person's word ought to be as good as a promissory note. Here it was, seventeen minutes after six! Something must be the matter. If she did not telephone by half past six he would ring her up. He took the telephone directory and looked for her name. Three Coventrys were listed, but she was not among them.

As the half hour struck he called Information and asked for Rita's number. But he did not get it. It was a private wire, Information said; the number could not be divulged. When he tried to argue with the switchboard sibyl she cut him off.

Either Larry Merrick or Hermann Krauss would undoubtedly be able to tell him the number, but for some obscure self-conscious reason he did not wish to ask them. He would do it if he had to, but would try Mrs. Fernis first.

A maid answered. Mrs. Fernis was out, she said. He requested her to look up Rita's number on Mrs. Fernis' telephone list.

Well! At last he had found a girl who was obliging and intelligent! She gave him the number, whereupon he thanked her quickly and hung up the receiver before she had a chance to ask his name. Now he would find out what the matter was!

But he did not find out. Pierre the butler, who answered Rita's telephone, informed him blandly that mademoiselle was not at home.

"How long since she went out?" Parrish was ashamed of the question, but he burned to know.

"I really can't say, sir. Is there any message?"

"No," growled Parrish. "Or rather—yes. Ask mademoiselle to call me up whenever she gets in." For safety's sake he gave his number.

"Mademoiselle will be late, sir."

"I know she'll be late. It doesn't matter how late she is. Kindly give her my message."

"Yes, sir."

He disliked that blond young servant. Probably he did know when Rita went out. It stood to reason that he knew. But trust a butler not to tell you anything, whether there is anything to tell or not.

It was almost seven. He was due at Alice's, yet here he was, not even dressed for dinner. He went to his room. He did not feel like dressing. He did not feel like going out. He did not feel like seeing people. He did not feel like talking to anybody. But he must hurry. If he didn't get out of here pretty soon Alice would be calling up.

XII

ARRIVING at Alice's building he did not go to her apartment, but had the hall man telephone to her that he was waiting. Almost immediately she descended.

"Why didn't you come up?" she asked as they drove away.

He made his lateness the excuse.

"I was beginning to worry," she said.

"For heaven's sake, why?"

"You're usually so punctual."

"Well, I couldn't help it. I was delayed. I'm sorry."

His tone was almost brusque. He was gazing straight ahead through the front window, but was aware that she turned to look at him as she replied gently:

"Of course I know that."

"Why are you finding fault then?"

"Finding fault?" she repeated, astonished and hurt. "I'm not finding fault, dear. It's only that you mean so much to me, and with all these accidents they have in the streets ——"

She gave a little shudder and left the sentence unfinished. He was ashamed.

"I ought to have let you know I was delayed," he said in a kinder tone, still without looking at her, "but I didn't want to take the time to telephone. I was thinking we could have a quick dinner and go to a show. They say this new thing Gladys is pretty good."

"Oh—the theater?"

"I thought it would be pleasant, yes." Then he acknowledged the disappointment he detected in her voice by adding, "but if you'd rather not we don't have to."

"No; I want to do whatever you want," she put in quickly. "I just thought—you've been away, and all—I thought we could go back after dinner, and you could smoke and we'd talk. I got such a lovely present to-day too. I want to show it to you. Margaret sent me the sweetest picture of herself and the children. You know the little girl is named for me."

"Yes," he said.

"And it's getting on towards eight," she continued. "We'd be late for the theater. But if you ——"

"Doesn't matter how late you are for a musical show."

"No, certainly not; and we needn't eat much."

"Still," he said, "if you really don't want to go ——"

"No, no! I'm glad to, honestly. Just so we're together, I don't care." She touched his hand. "Oh, Dick, you don't know how nice it is to see you!"

"It's nice to see you too," he returned, pressing her fingers. Then, grateful to her for giving him his way, as

(Continued on Page 60)

He Stood Horror-Stricken, Rooted to the Spot. He Heard Her Pleading With Them. He Tried to Shout and Stop Them, But Was Dumb

THE COVERED WAGON

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

MOLLY WINGATE was grumbling over her fire when at length her husband and son returned to their wagon. Jed was vastly proud over a bullet crease he had got in a shoulder. After his mother's alarm had taken the form of first aid he was all for showing his battle scars to a certain damsel in Caleb Price's wagon. Wingate remained dour and silent as was now his wont, and cursing his luck that he had had no horse to carry him up in the late pursuit of the Sioux. He also was bitter over the delay in making a burial trench.

"Some ways, Jess," commented his spouse, "I'd a'most guess you ain't got much use for Will Banion."

"Why should I have? Hasn't he done all he could to shoulder me out of my place as captain of this train? And wasn't I elected at Westport before we started?"

"Mostly, a man has to stay elected, Jess."

"Well, I'm going to! I had it out with that young man right now. I told him I knew why he wanted in our train—it was Molly."

"What did he say?"

"What could he say? He admitted it. And he had the gall, to say I'd see it his way some day. Huh! That's a long day off, before I do. Well, at least he said he was going back to his own men, and they'd fall behind again. That suits me."

"Did he say anything about finding Sam Woodhull?"

"Yes. He said that would take its time too."

"Didn't say he wouldn't?"

"No. I don't know as he did."

"Didn't act scared of it?"

"He didn't say much about it."

"Sam does."

"I reckon—and why shouldn't he? He'll play evens some day, of course. But now, Molly," he went on, with heat, "what's the use talking? We both know that Molly's made up her mind. She loves Sam and don't love this other man any more than I do. He's only a driftabout back from the war, and wandering out to Oregon. He'll maybe not have a cent when he gets there. He's got one horse and his clothes and one or two wagons, maybe not paid for. Sam's got five wagons of goods to start a store with, and three thousand gold—so he says—as much as we have. The families are equal, and that's always a good thing. This man Banion can't offer Molly nothing, but Sam Woodhull can give her her place right from the start, out in Oregon. We got to think of all them things.

"And I've got to think of a lot of other things too. It's our girl. It's all right to say a man can go out to Oregon and live down his past, but it's a lot better not to have no past to live down. You know what Major Banion done, and how he left the Army—even if it wasn't why, it was how, and that's bad enough. Sam Woodhull has told us both all about Banion's record."

"You didn't ever get so far along as to talk about that!"

"We certainly did—right now, him and me, not half an hour ago, while we was riding back."

"I shouldn't have thought he'd of stood it," said his wife, "him sort of fiery-like."

"Well, it did gravel him. He got white, but wouldn't talk. Asked if Sam Woodhull had the proof, and I told him he had. That was when he said he'd go back to his own wagons. I could see he was avoiding Sam. But I don't see how, away out here, and no law nor nothing, we're ever going to keep the two apart."

"They wasn't."

"Here, Miss Molly," Said He, "This Thing Is Somethin' Major Banion Sent In ter Ye by Me. We Find a Hit Stuck in the Mud"

"No. They did have it out, like schoolboys behind a barn. Do you suppose that'll ever do for a man of spirit like Sam Woodhull? No, there's other ways. And as I said, it's a far ways from the law out here, and getting farther every day, and wilder and wilder every day. It's only putting it off, Molly, but on the whole I was glad when Banion said he'd give up looking for Sam Woodhull this morning and go on back to his own men."

"Did he say he'd give it up?"

"Yes, he did. He said if I'd wait I'd see different. Said he could wait—said he was good at waiting."

"But he didn't say he'd give it up?"

"I don't know as he did in so many words."

"He won't," said Molly Wingate.

XX

THE emigrants had now arrived at the eastern edge of the great region of free and abundant meat. They now might count on at least six or seven hundred miles of buffalo to subsist them on their way to Oregon. The cry of "Buffalo! Buffalo!" went joyously down the lines of wagons, and every man who could muster a horse and a gun made ready for the chase.

Of these hundreds of hunters, few had any experience on the Plains. It was arranged by the head men that the hunt should be strung out over several miles, the Missourians farthest down the river, the others to the westward, so that all might expect a fairer chance in an enterprise of so much importance.

Banion and Jackson, in accordance with the former's promise to Wingate, had retired to their own train shortly after the fight with the Sioux. The Wingate train leaders therefore looked to Bridger as their safest counsel in the matter of getting meat. That worthy headed a band of the best equipped men and played his own part in full character. A wild figure he made as he rode, hatless, naked to the waist, his legs in Indian leggings and his feet in moccasins. His mount, a compact cayuse from west of the Rockies, bore no saddle beyond a folded blanket cinched on with a rawhide band.

For weapons Bridger carried no firearms at all, but bore a short buffalo bow of the Pawnees—double-curved, sinew-backed, made of the resilient *bois d'arc*, beloved bow wood of all the Plains tribes. A thick sheaf of arrows, newly sharpened, swung in the beaver quiver at his back. Lean, swart, lank of hair, he had small look of the white man left about him as he rode now, guiding his horse with a jaw rope of twisted hair and playing his bow with half a dozen arrows held along it with the fingers of his left hand.

"For buffler the bow's the best," said he. "I'll show ye afore long."

They had not too far to go. At that time the short-grass country of the Platte Valley was the great center of the bison herds. The wallows lay in thousands, the white alkali showing in circles which almost touched edge to edge. The influx of emigrants had for the time driven the herds back from their ancient fords and watering places, to which their deep-cut trails led down, worn ineradicably into the soil. It was along one of the great buffalo trails that they now rode, breasting the line of hills that edged the Platte to the south. When they topped the flanking ridge a marvelous example of wild abundance greeted them. Bands of elk, yet more numerous bands of antelope, countless curious gray wolves, more than one grizzly bear made away before them, although by orders left unpursued. Of the feathered game they had now forgot all thought. The buffalo alone was of interest. The wild guide rode silent, save for a low Indian chant, his voice at times rising high, as though importunate.

"Ye got to pray to the Great Speret when-all ye hunt, men," he explained. "An' ye got to have someone that can call the buffler, as the Injuns calls that when they hunt on foot. I kin call 'em, too, good as ary Injun. Why shouldn't I?

"Thar now!" he exclaimed within the next quarter of an hour. "What did Jim Bridger tell ye? Look-ee yonder! Do-ee say Jim Bridger can't make buffler medicine? Do-ee see 'em over yan ridge—thousands?"

The others felt their nerves jump as they topped the ridge and saw fully the vast concourse of giant black-topped, beard-fronted creatures which covered the plateau in a body a mile and more across—a sight which never failed to thrill any who saw it.

It was a rolling carpet of brown, like the prairie's endless wave of green. Dust clouds of combat rose here and there. A low muttering rumble of hoarse dull bellowing became audible even at that distance. The spectacle was to the novice not only thrilling—it was terrifying.

The general movement of the great pack was toward the valley; closest to them a smaller body of some hundreds that stood, stupidly staring, not yet getting the wind of their assailants.

Suddenly rose the high-pitched yell of the scout, sounding the charge. Snorting, swerving, the horses of the others followed his, terror-smitten but driven in by men most of whom at least knew how to ride.

Smoothly as a bird in flight, Bridger's trained buffalo horse closed the gap between him and a plunging bunch of the buffalo. The white savage proved himself peer of any savage of the world. His teeth bared as he threw his body into the bow with a short, savage jab of the left arm as he loosed the sinew cord. One after another feather showed, clinging to a heaving flank; one after another muzzle dripped red with the white foam of running; then one after another great animal began to slow; to stand braced, legs apart; soon to begin slowly kneeling down. The living swept ahead, the dying lay in the wake.

The insatiate killer clung on, riding deep into the surging sea of rolling humps. At times, in savage sureness and cruelty, he did not ride abreast and drive the arrow into the lungs, but shot from the rear, quartering, into the thin hide back of the ribs, so that the shaft ranged forward into the intestines of the victim. If it did not bury, but hung free as the animal kicked at it convulsively, he rode up and with his hand pushed the shaft deeper, feeling for the life, as the Indians called it, with short jabs of the imbedded missile. Master of an old trade he was, and, stimulated by the proofs of his skill, his followers emulated him with their own weapons. The report of firearms, muffled by the rolling thunder of hoofs, was almost continuous so long as the horses could keep touch with the herd.

Bridger paused only when his arrows were out, and grumbled to himself that he had no more, so could count only a dozen fallen buffalo for his product. That others, wounded, carried off arrows, he called bad luck and bad shooting. When he trotted back on his reeking horse, his quiver dancing empty, he saw other black spots than his own on the short grass. His followers had picked up the art not so ill. There was meat in sight now, certainly—as well as a half dozen unhorsed riders and three or four wounded buffalo disposed to fight.

The old hunter showed his men how to butcher the buffalo, pulling them on their bellies, if they had not died thus, and splitting the hide down the back, to make a receptacle for the meat as it was dissected; showed them how to take out the tongue beneath the jaw, after slitting open the lower jaw. He besought them not to throw away the back fat, the hump, the boss ribs or the intestinal *boudins*; in short, gave them their essential buffalo-hunting lessons. Then he turned for camp, having no relish for squaw's work, as he called it, and well assured the wagons would now have abundance.

Banion and Jackson, with their followers, held their hunt some miles below the scene of Bridger's chase, and had no greater difficulty in getting among the herds.

"How're ye ridin', Will?" asked Jackson before they mounted for the start from camp. Banion slapped the black stallion on the neck.

Kit Carson

"Not his first hunt!" said he.

"I don't mean yore hoss, but yore shootin' irons. Whar's yore guns?"

"I'll risk it with the dragoon revolvers," replied Banion. "Not the first time for them, either."

"No? Well, maybe so they'll do; but fer me, I want a hunk o' lead. Fer approachin' a buffler, still-huntin', the rifle's good, fer ye got time an' kin hold close. Plenty o' our men'll hunt thataway to-day, an' git meat; but fer me, give me a hunk o' lead. See here now, I got only a shotgun, cap an' ball, fourteen gauge, she is, an' many a hide she's stretched. I kerry my bullets in my mouth an' don't use no patchin'—ye hain't got time when ye're runnin' in the herd. I let go a charge o' powder out'n my horn, clos't as I kin guess hit, spit in a bullet, and roll her home on top the powder with a jar o' the butt on top my saddle horn. That sots her down, an' she holds good enough to stay in till I ram the muzzle inter ha'r an' let go. She's the same as meat on the fire."

"Well," laughed Banion, "you've another case of *de gustibus*, I suppose."

"You're another, an' I call it back!" exclaimed the old man so truculently that his friend hastened to explain.

"Well, I speak Blackfoot, Crow, Bannock, Grow Vaw, Snake an' Ute," grumbled the scout, "but I never run acrost no Latins out here. I allowed maybe so ye was allowin' I couldn't kill buffler with Ole Sal. That's what I keep her fer—just buffler. I'll show ye afore long."

And even as Bridger had promised for his favorite weapon, he did prove beyond cavil the efficiency of Old Sal. Time after time the roar or the double roar of his fusee was heard, audible even over the thunder of the hoofs; and quite usually the hunk of lead, driven into heart or lights, low down, soon brought down the game, stumbling in its stride. The old half-breed style of loading, too, was rapid enough to give Jackson as many buffalo as Bridger's bow had claimed before his horse fell back and the dust cloud lessened in the distance.

The great speed and bottom of Banion's horse, as well as the beast's savage courage and hunting instinct, kept him in longer touch with the running game. Banion was in no haste. From the sound of firing he knew his men would have meat. Once in the surge of the running herd, the rolling backs, low heads and lolling tongues, shaggy frontlets and gleaming eyes all about him, he dropped the reins on Pronto's neck and began his own work carefully, riding close and holding low, always ready for the sudden swerve of the horse away from the shot to avoid the usual rush of the buffalo when struck. Since he took few chances, his shot rarely failed. In a mile or so, using pains, he had exhausted all but two shots, one in each weapon, and of course no man could load the old cap-and-ball revolver while in the middle of a buffalo run. Now, out of sheer pride in his own skill with small arms, he resolved upon attempting a feat of which he once had heard but never had seen.

Jackson, at a considerable distance to the rear, saw his leader riding back of two bulls which he had cut off and which were making frantic efforts to overtake the herd.

(Continued on Page 56)

The Insatiate Killer Clung On, Riding Deep Into the Surging Sea of Rolling Humps

TROUPIN' WITH THE TENTS

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IT WAS on the evening of a very peaceful Sabbath, and the tents were pitched down in a little pocket of the mountains not far from where the sluggish Big Sandy clings close to the borders of Kentucky and West Virginia. Back in the mysterious bypaths of those hills they tell you how old-time feuds and clan battles almost dating from Revolutionary days are still smoldering and upon occasion burst into lambent flame.

And, as I say, the canvas of the circus was jammed in between the hills in such a small space that instead of being parked as the conventional tent show it was strung out along the banks of a little creek which felt its way from some hidden spring and percolated quietly through the valley. Higher up one could see the corkscrew bridle paths winding in and out among the stunted vegetation which grew along the mountainside. In this country all journeys are made on horseback. The women of the mountains still come to the little stores riding behind their men on the ancient pillion. Yet, strange to say, thirty or forty miles farther down, where the country is flat, horse riding is almost a lost art and the atmosphere of the settlements is polluted by the unhealthy stench of gasoline.

Perhaps you will ask yourself how a circus big enough to need ten cars for its transportation could possibly get patronage in a little hamlet like this. But circus men will tell you that sometimes a locality with nothing to recommend it except a few scattered houses will afford a good day's business. At daylight the next morning our patrons commenced to come on foot and on horseback. They fairly oozed out of the big hills. Frequently the beast they bestrode was carrying a double burden, sometimes a triple one. The mountaineers are always circus crazy. They took in everything, from the pit show in which Rhoda—that mysterious girl who is alive—holds forth, right through the kid show and candy stands, then into the main tent for the full performance, staying for the after show or concert. Not only did they do this but most of them came again at night and went through the various attractions all over again.

And, as before stated, it was an off evening and most of the performers and attachés of the circus were lying out on the banks beside the pleasant little creek. It struck me as I looked at the scene what a marvelous setting it would have made for a theatrical production dealing with the activities of the little-known world of the circus. A group of men and women were resting comfortably, stretched out on the greensward just behind the dressing tent, and I joined them. You don't hear the doings of the outside world discussed to any great extent by those of the circus. Word of mouth is limited to what might be called family gossip, because when people move to a new location every day, food for interesting conversation is never lacking.

"Somebody was sayin' you was goin' to pull out for the big town, Sleepy," exclaimed one of the group as I walked up. He was addressing a tall young fellow who lay sprawled out face downward on the grass.

"Yep," drawled Sleepy Stevens, as he lifted an unshaven face and rested it in the broad palm of a calloused hand. "Oh, yes, I am a-goin' to walk away to-morra."

A Wandering Son in Good Standing

MR. STEVENS, be it said, was first assistant to the train boss. He was reputed to be a marvelous mechanic. The speaker arose from a recumbent to a sitting position and wound two long sinewy arms about his knees, while the little old fat clown dog who had been snuggling close to him staggered to his feet and voiced a wheezy protest.

Obadiah the trained goose, who had been greedily nipping the lush grass on the banks of the stream, came forward with outstretched neck and hissed belligerently. The clown dog wabbled a few feet toward him, intent on giving battle, emitting as he did so a series of asthmatic barks. He was a jealous-minded scamp and admitted neither sacred oxen nor feathered actors to close communion with the human members of the show.

"It's all regular and right," continued Sleepy Stevens, as one who would combat argument. "I give the boss fair warnin' two weeks ago to-night. After we had loaded the show and was ready to pull out of the yard I sez to the boss, sez I, 'Guv'nor, I'm a-goin' to drag my freight two paydays from now. Do I get my hold-back?' Fair and square I give him notice."

"I am the Only Man Which Went Up Agin a Man-Eatin' Tiger With No Other Weapon But His Voice"

No one interrupted, although twelve pairs of ears had been listening to Sleepy's valedictory.

"An' the boss he sez," continued the prospective pilgrim, "the boss he sez, 'Sleepy,' sez he, 'of course I'm a-goin' to give you your hold-back if you want to go, but you ain't a-goin' to step away, is you? You ain't got nothin' against the show, have you?' sez he.

"'No,' sez I, 'it's a first-class outfit to troupe with, an' the big show don't run no better cook tent,' sez I, 'but it's just this way,' sez I."

"Well, Sleepy, if you like it on this show, what do you want to go away for anyhow?"

It was a woman's voice coming out of the gloom.

Sleepy shifted his position until he faced the speaker. He tilted back a brown-crowned but battered black hat from an ingenuous boyish face, and emitted a half chuckling laugh.

"Why?" he ejaculated slowly. "Why do I hit the grit, eh? Oh, I dunno! I jest had a yen to go down Cincy way an' see what was doin'."

"When you get there and find out what is doin', what then?" persisted the woman.

"Oh, when I land there," responded Mr. Stevens with unbelievable optimism, "when I light off of the rattler at old Cincy I'll be all right."

"Yes?"

"Uh-huh. I'll just go an' buy me a Billy Boy an' find out what shows is slated around that country, then a-course I kin join out again."

"Sleepy don't ever stay with a show more than a month," volunteered a voice at my elbow. "Before the season closes he'll be on every show in the country. That's old Sleepy. But he's a fine fellow and everybody gives him the good word."

And all unwittingly, perhaps, Sleepy Stevens had been reading from the ritual of the Wandering Sons. It was the old blood of Ishmael talking. The same desire to go forth in the world and see what was to be seen had filtered a long way down.

It was an honorable lineage, commencing with the first quest of the Holy Grail and ending where a burro packed a frying pan and pick ax in the last grand rush to the Black Butte.

"Sleepy's all right, he'll be back before the season's over," voiced the little man who presided over the destinies of the "up town" wagon.

"The first time I seen you you was with a mud outfit," broke in the boss hostler. "They was just five wagons, an' I mind you was ballyhooin' for a girl which didn't have no legs. You was doin' a land-office business."

Circus people have a peculiar way of shifting from its base the subject matter under discussion.

Mamie, the Legless Wonder

THE little man at the other side of the circle laughed. "I was while it lasted," he affirmed; "there was days when I wouldn't have given John D. Rockefeller a pleasant smile. But she blew!"

"She didn't walk away on you?" queried the boss hostler, laughing at his own witticism.

"Not exactly," returned the other; "she were what you might call abducted."

"Yep?"

"That's what she were," he reiterated. "You see, it was thisaway: After the night show I uster have one of the canvasmen carry her to the bunk wagon. We was playin' a hick town an' he come for her just as usual one night, but he never reached his destination. He must have grabbed a rattler, because 'twas at a junction where two little old jack-leg roads met, but I never seen her again. They tell me this *hombre* took her down to Cuba, and joined out with one of them winter circuses."

"She were quite an attraction an' it was some loss," agreed the pit-show impresario. "I suppose you couldn't replace her very handy?"

"Well, it looked that way at first, but I thought up a great scheme. I hired a girl in one of the towns we went through, and I cut two holes in the exhibition platform where I used to exhibit the legless wonder.

"The girl stuffed her legs down the holes and I had black curtains surrounding her body, and it was as perfect an illusion as you ever seen. Everybody thought it were genuine.

"I was shakin' hands with myself an' rakin' in the coin with both mitts, when blooey! a blame red-headed kid come along and put me out of business."

"Ah! He did, did he?"—this from the boss canvasman. "All the trouble I've had in my life has been with red-headed kids. Whenever ye see a guy rope cut an' one side of the top floppin' like a frostbitten mushroom you can bet your boots that Santy Claus has put a jackknife into some red-headed kid's stockin'."

"Yep," continued the boss of the wagon, "I had noticed a young carrot-top loafin' around the kid show all the afternoon and I didn't pay no attention to him until Mamie, the legless wonder from the Peruvian plantations, let a yell out of her that pretty near blew the big top away. An' at one and the same time I hears howls of anguish from underneath the platform.

"'What in thunderation is it, Mamie?' sez I. 'Are you seein' things?'

"They Drew Big Crowds Until They Had a Dispute Amongst Themselves"

"'Seein' nothin'!" sez she. 'Some rabbit is makin' a pincushion out of the calves of my legs!' sez she. 'Come and pull me outta here!' sez she. 'I think I landed on his map,' sez she.

"'What are you talkin' about?' sez I.

"'Talkin' about?' sez she. 'Some scorpion musta got in under the platform. He stuck pins in my ankles. I kicked as hard as I could and I think I landed,' sez she. 'Don't you hear him yawpin'?'

"What could I do? I jumped on the platform and yanked at Mamie till I got her out. Meantime the red-headed kid scrambled through the curtains and was boo-hooin' to beat the band. When Mamie said she landed on his pan she didn't tell no lie; both of his eyes were black, and he was bleedin' at the nose like a stuck pig.

"'I'll tell my pop,' he squeaks at me. 'I'll tell my pop and see what happens to you.'"

From Thirty Days to a Life Sentence

"I JUST grabbed that brick-dust twin by the shoulder, faced him for the door of the side show and give him a swift kick to speed him on his way. But that wasn't the last of it, because about half an hour afterwards a big husky towner with a tin windshield nailed to his wishbone come along and didn't do nothin' but drive me an' Mamie down to the booby hatch an' before the beak. We was charged with assault and battery, obtainin' money under false pretenses and vagrancy. The sentence of the court was ten days in the coop on each separate an' distinct count. I begged like a dog to be permitted to pay a fine, but the justice wouldn't hear of it. Mamie an' me spent thirty days on the inside a-lookin' out, an' by the time they turned us loose the show was headin' for the Pacific Coast."

"And what became of Mamie?" inquired the woman who sat back in the shadows.

"Oh, her? Ah, yes. Mamie, eh?" replied the manager of the "up town" wagon. "Oh, yes—the last I heard of Mamie she had put up a hundred and fifty jars of asparagus, a raft of canned cherries, and a whole parcel of raspberry jam. She says the wheat looks fair but needs rain and that we'll have a good crop of oats if the dry spell don't hang on for another week. Whenever Mamie starts a argument with me when I'm laying around home in the wintertime an' tries to tell me what a terrible example I am, all I got to say is: 'Well, Mame, that's all right, but you ain't no Pearl of Pekin yourself, an' don't forget that I took you out of jail an' married you. I don't think it's up to you to be so proud and haughty.' That always wins the argument for me."

"I call that downright mean," ventured a woman's voice.

"Well, perhaps it is," agreed the other, "but it always gets the important money in the family handicap. I don't have to pull it more than once in a season."

"If a guy could grab himself a real good freak his fortune's as good as made," exclaimed the reserve-seat ticket seller; "but of course that's like findin' a gold mine."

"Talkin' about famous freaks, I guess the Siamese twins led the procession so far as old-time attractions were concerned. But the best one I remember was Lucy Zaratta the Mexican Midget. She was so small that she could get inside an ordinary tall hat and just peek over the brim. I figure the Tocci Twins rank second. They were Italians having one body, two heads, four arms and two legs. They talked five languages, and the remarkable part of it was that one head would be talking French while the other jabbered away in either Italian or English or Spanish, as the case might be.

"Then there was George Gilchrist, who came from Mexico. He was the first wild man I ever heard of, and was a great drawing card. The toes on his feet and the fingers on his hands were like horns and his nails were half a foot long. When in public he walked on his hands and feet like an ape; as a matter of fact I guess the calloused hands and feet were really a growth of warts, but everybody thought it came from using his hands and feet so much in propelling himself around. As a matter of fact Gilchrist had a fairly good education and could walk upright as well as you.

"Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy was really a Russian Jew, who came to this country when quite young and was featured by Barnum, Bailey and Hutchinson. Jo-Jo was supposed to be an imbecile, but he had lots of sense. I heard that he got married in later years and had a family."

"Didn't you never have no other fake after you got through with the Mamie experience?" interrogated the clown.

"I always will claim I had the best one on record," returned the man addressed, "but the worst of it is you can't depend on 'em. One time I gotta hold of two one-legged men, one having lost his right leg, the other his left. I harnessed them together and of course when fully dressed they looked like as though they had two heads, one body and four arms. They drew big crowds until they had a dispute amongst themselves about their respective share of the salary and separated. In the main, however, the day of freaks in the side show is pretty well a thing of the past. People look for entertainment now; in fact, in every walk of the show business they demand more than something to stare at."

"I wonder," broke in the man who looked after the props, "if that Jane which used to play the calliope will blow back."

"Can't never tell," vouchsafed the side-show man oracularly; "she were a towner, and you can't never depend on them. I heard her folks sent for her, mother sick or somethin'."

"She told me one day as how she played the organ in the First Methodist Church of her home town," ventured Shorty the acrobat. Shorty did the high dive for life besides being the understander for the famous Shortall Acrobatic Troupe.

"You wasn't exactly opposed to that dame, was you, Shorty?" This from Sleepy Stevens.

"She were a right nice girl; and if I was I wasn't the only one on this show which might have been dippy about her."

The girl back in the shadows laughed. "Look out, Shorty, you're hittin' below the belt. Sleepy isn't the woman-hater he bills himself to be."

"I have joined out with everything on wheels from wagons to carnival caravans," stormed Mr. Stevens, "but I ain't been attached to no show run by old Dan Cupid yet."

"Well," combated the acrobat, "that ain't your fault, Sleepy. You bank too much on them eyes you got in your nut, and a gallus way of goin'. It's language which mostly wins the womenfolks."

Big Returns From Small Towns

"WELL," responded Mr. Stevens, "you win a argument, Shorty. Was you tongue-tied all the time that gal was on the show?"

The little old town where we were playing had no sidewalks or streets. We did not give a parade because we couldn't. The railroad just ran through the town and disappeared in the dent of the big hills beyond.

If you talked to a Broadway impresario and told him that you could take ten or fifteen cars into a cross between a woodpile and a water tank like this, and that you could not only get expenses but on top of that a profit of some seven or eight hundred dollars, he would possibly imagine he was listening to the cheap claptrap braggadocio one so often hears on the Great White Way.

"Meantime the Red-Headed Kid Scrambled Through the Curtains and Was Boo-Hooin' to Beat the Band"

Well, the circus I am speaking of took exactly $7744 in the week, and that was about an average business. The day's receipts ranged from $1700 to as low as $460.

But as the show has to take into consideration winter expenses and getting ready to go out the next season, you can figure that the daily expense is $100 a car.

For ten cars this makes the running expenses total $1000 a day. Anything over that can be called clean profit. Here we have an expense account of $7000 as against an intake of $7744. This would leave a balance of profit on the week of something over $700. So you see that even the circus game is not so tremendously profitable as it is cracked up to be. Under average conditions you cannot expect week in and week out to get much more than this; sometimes, indeed, bad

(Continued on Page 34)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Cuba and Mexico, $2.40 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.40 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.80 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 22, 1922

Our Army on the Rhine

OUR Government has made a claim for reimbursement for costs of maintenance of the little American army in Germany. The sum demanded is $241,000,000. We have addressed the claim to the Reparations Commission, desiring that this sum be allotted to us out of the first billion marks reparation payments. This billion gold marks is worth about $243,000,000, so we are asking for it all. In all, Germany has paid about $2,200,000,000 reparation—in ships, coal, mines, kind and services—so that the American claim does not in itself look avaricious. This reparation has been collected by the Allies from Germany under a treaty that we have refused to ratify. Many Americans have wondered why we keep an army of occupation in Germany. On reading this bill the ex-Allies may also wonder why we do so! Our bill is much higher per man than those of the ex-Allied Governments, because pay and subsistence are very high in our Army. If the accounts returning from the Army of Occupation are to be believed the cost is worth while. What with good food, attractive quarters, plenty of pretty women to dance with, little drill and no Eighteenth Amendment, the situation of the American soldier on the historic Rhine is in the material sense not onerous.

How is this bill to be paid? Only in one of three ways: The Allies may send us German goods; they may keep the German goods and send us their own goods; or they may send us gold. In gold, of course, the average American would reply. But if the ex-Allies cannot find the gold now to balance their trade with us, how can they find more gold to cover this bill? Every man knows that in the final analysis this bill can be paid only with German goods.

In the five years before the war our average imports from Germany were worth about $175,000,000, our exports to her about $300,000,000, a balance of trade in our favor of some $125,000,000. The principal goods in the imports were aluminum, apparatus, brasses, bronzes, coppers, brushes, buttons, carbons, cement, chemicals, dyes, drugs, clocks, chocolates, confectionery, cottons, porcelains, filaments, explosives, feathers, flax and linen, fish, furs, gelatin, glassware and optical goods, jewelry, hides, cutlery and other metal goods, magnetos, paper and pulp, photographic supplies, pencils, seeds of clover and other grasses, sugar-beet seed, silks and artificial silks, malt liquors, wines and cordials, mineral waters, starch, tins, toys and zinc. Mostly finished goods.

Many of these goods before the war were virtual monopolies. Since that time we have established plants for their manufacture. Some of these goods belonged to what are called key industries. Our antidumping bills are directed against some of them. The Eighteenth Amendment keeps out a few. Let anyone familiar with conditions in the factories of this country, knowing the state of stocks in the hands of dealers and the state of mind of the consuming public, picture what would happen if more than a prewar volume of German goods was to be sent to us in payment for the keep of our soldiers. That would make The Watch on the Rhine entirely too expensive a tune for us to sing. Secretly the British and the French are enjoying our dilemma, though on the surface they are annoyed. The Germans are enjoying the situation openly.

Inside Information

ONE of the poorest reasons for envying the rich and powerful is their supposed infallibility in the purchase of investments and in stock-market operations. To the small capitalist, whether investor or speculator, a veritable halo encircles the head of the great banker or corporation executive, not so much because of what he has as on account of his assumed opportunity to get in on good things or to beat the market. But there is not a shift or eddy in the current of business life, not a tornado or the gentlest of showers, whose passage does not disclose enormous losses sustained by the rich and powerful.

There is no lesson that people need so to take to themselves as that the keeping of money is a very different thing from making it. One does not have to be a Wall Street banker, a corporation director or an insider of any kind, to be careful, thrifty and the reverse of foolish. Moralists are troubled at the great rewards that have fallen into the laps of a few movie stars and baseball players. But the situation will take care of itself to a greater extent than is imagined by critics whose mental reactions are hasty and superficial. Those who have not the strength of character to resist the sudden inrush of wealth will quickly enough lose it, and even among those whose moral fiber is strong enough will be many whose business judgment is lamentably weak.

In every group of the suddenly enriched—bootleggers, movie stars, war profiteers, oil operators, trust magnates of the early 1900's and railroad kings of the '90's—there has been or will be a natural and inevitable process of winnowing. Wealth has been made in this country in countless ways and by men of types so various as to defy description. But wealth has no great sticking qualities, and the mighty have fallen again and again. They have been cleaned out by playing the market and by sticking to their own business. They have lost fortunes by staying in one line of business while it dwindled away, and they have lost fortunes by going into new lines.

Much is said of the opportunities which this country affords and of how the lowliest may rise to wealth and fame. But perhaps it is just as fortunate that so many who rise are unable to maintain their position. It is fortunate that "whosoever hath, to him shall be given" is so far from being a universal truth. It is a consoling thought that one does not have to be a millionaire, a captain of industry or in any sense an insider, but only an average everyday citizen, to enjoy the benefits of common sense, care, thrift and ordinary good judgment.

Dead Horses Cannot Pull

AN ATTITUDE which has gained popularity in the last year or two is more pungently expressed by the story of the banker with a glass eye than by volumes of eloquent speeches against the money power. The banker said he thought the would-be borrower's balance sheet was all right, "but one never can tell. Now you couldn't tell from looking at me that I have a glass eye. Which do you think it is?"

"The right," replied the borrower.

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"I knew it must be a glass eye because it had a gleam of human kindness in it."

But unfortunately banks which operate on the basis of sentiment, generosity and heart-throb stuff rarely prove of any service to the community in the long run. In a peculiar sense the first duty of a bank is to remain solvent. It has not helped the farmers in parts of the Northwest to have so many banks fail in their behalf. It cannot be argued that thousands of Boston residents are any better off because Mr. Ponzi went to smash with their money while attempting to prove that banking could be conducted for the common people on a scale of magnanimity never before dreamed of.

The banker is under a three-fold obligation. One of these, of course, is to the community in which he lives, and his discharge of that duty may not always be perfect or compounded of the highest measure of intelligence and judgment. But critics who charge him with these defects too easily forget his other obligations. He is accountable for every penny of deposits, responsible for them usually on an immediate cash basis, although to earn any profit in his business he must invest or loan these deposits out to all sorts and conditions of men to use in a variety of ways, all of them involving human risk and chance. Is it any wonder that he is careful, that he exacts at times a high rate of interest?

But this is not all. No bank is worth the confidence of a depositor to the extent of a single dollar unless the stockholders themselves have contributed a considerable sum upon which substantial profits are earned. For it is the ability to earn these profits which proves to the depositor that the promise of the bank to return his funds upon demand is backed by more than empty words. Banks in this country differ from nearly all other corporations in that the liability of the stockholders is double the par value of their holdings.

These are simple, elementary facts. But there are times when they are easily overlooked and purposely forgotten. Progress should be made in banking as in every other field of human endeavor. But the history of money and banking would seem to indicate that loud protestations against the "usury" of commercial banking, together with special banking programs involving political, social and philanthropic features for special groups of people, usually mean in the end no other than unsound banking, and that in turn means merely that the depositor loses his money.

From Glut to Scarcity

WOOLS are divided into two main groups—merinos and cross-breds. Merino wools are finer and adapted to the making of the most prized cloths. Cross-bred wools are coarser and inferior from the standpoint of making cloths. When the war closed, a heavy accumulation of wools, largely cross-breds, lay in British hands. The clip of 1920 added to the store of stocks. The clip of 1921 was below the normal level of consumption.

The glut in lower-grade wools and the consequent fall in price, together with decline in price of mutton, resulted in liquidation, followed by reduction in breeding. In 1914 the count of sheep in the world was some 530,000,000, of which some 200,000,000 were in the British Empire. The count in 1921 had fallen to some 440,000,000, of which some 185,000,000 were in the British Empire. In 1914 the sheep of the British Empire were 38 per cent of the world stock, but they produced three-quarters of the commercial wool. In 1921 the sheep of the empire were 42 per cent of the world stock, but they produced four-fifths of the commercial wool. In this four-fifths of the total supply is two-thirds of the fine wool. Therefore, whether certain United States senators like it or not, the British Empire controls the wool markets of the world.

In the meantime the use of fine wool has proceeded, while consumption of inferior wool has lagged behind. If the present pace of consumption of fine wool is continued and the prewar consumption of lower-grade wool resumed, the world with the present count of sheep will face a scarcity of merino wool within a year, and a succeeding scarcity of cross-bred wool within another year. Prices will rise, and the breeding of sheep will be stimulated. With high prices, consumption will be depressed and a new equilibrium established.

BUCKET SHOPS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

By Richard D. Wyckoff

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WALL STREET, in the minds of many people who are not acquainted with it, is pictured as a group of overfed plutocrats entirely surrounded by money. To a large extent Wall Street is responsible for this view, for it has seldom taken any pains to defend itself; instead, it has assumed a position of too proud to fight. It is this attitude which has permitted most people to kick Wall Street around without any retaliation from the party of the first part. Nevertheless, I believe that it is time for the real Wall Street to come out of its shell, turn the works inside out, and prove how closely the Stock Exchange, those whose operations are centered in and around it, as well as the public, are bound up in the present and future welfare of the country.

This bucket-shop situation, for example, is one that has grown out of the neglect of many vital issues. The Street has permitted it to drift along from one stage to another, evidently believing that the bucket shops would effect their own cure. Such has not been the case.

In a previous article I denoted some of the earmarks of a bucket shop. Most of these related to the many and devious ways in which they approach and secure the confidence and patronage of a prospective client. I will now endeavor to explain some of the other earmarks, which become more apparent after the client has begun dealing with the bucketeer.

Once you get into his clutches you are regarded as grist for his mill—merely one of many victims from whom the last dollar is to be extracted. You may be poor or wealthy, old or young; business man, doctor, clerk, widow or orphan; he is taking values from so much human ore. Some pockets are richer than others. Ice water runs in his veins. He is not concerned with the mental, physical or financial distress growing out of his rascalities.

The Bucketeer's System

BACK in the mind of this scoundrel who is "advising" you what to buy and sell is a scheme by which he hopes to reduce your bank account to the vanishing point; hence, every bit of advice and every move he makes is not in your interest, but in his own. So, though he may begin by making a fictitious profit for you—that is, report some transactions which "already show a profit"—he is doing this only to lead you on, get you to put up more money, have more confidence in him, and in other ways prepare you for the final killing.

The bucketeer does not always follow the same routine. He has many ways of accomplishing a result. One which requires less finesse than some of the so-called pool operations previously described is to load you up and keep you loaded. Following this method he not only induces you to trade on a small margin but in case the stocks which you buy advance in price and you thereby have a profit on paper he promptly sees to it that you use this paper profit to buy more securities. In this way he keeps you spread out so thinly that the first little dip in the market catches you and wipes out your margin. Hence the small-margin inducement already mentioned has two advantages to the bucketeer: It first leads you to trade with him because you can do so with a little money; and next, it is a simple means of making you lose your money so that he wins.

Note the difference between your "friend" and a legitimate broker with a New York Stock Exchange membership: When you call on the latter or write a letter for the purpose of opening an account with his firm you find that instead of the paltry $500 margin on 100 shares which the bucketeer requires, this Stock Exchange firm wants you to deposit from $1500 to $2500. You say you cannot afford it. They appear to be overcharging.

Let us look into this question of margin and the position occupied by your broker in relation to yourself and your transactions. First of all it must be understood that when you engage a broker you are appointing an agent. As your agent the broker is authorized by you to make certain purchases and sales of securities for your account and risk. If you wish to purchase 100 shares of stock, at $100 a share, the total cost would be $10,000; but if you have not this much money at the time, you ask the broker to carry the stock for you on margin. You hand him your check for $2000—which is the margin—and he supplies the remaining $8000 with which to make up the purchase price. To all intents and purposes the $2000 you deposit is in part payment of the full amount. You may or may not intend to pay the balance in order to obtain full possession of the hundred shares of stock, but it is your privilege at any time either to pay up this balance or to let the account run along on margin.

The purpose of the margin is to protect the broker against loss in this transaction which he has made for your account. If the stock for which you paid $100 a share should decline in price to $90 a share he would probably call upon you for another $1000 in order to keep the original amount good. If the stock rose to $110 you could withdraw $1000 out of your original $2000, because your stock would be worth $1000 more.

The broker may not have all the money necessary to supply the $8000 which you require to complete your purchase. He therefore takes your certificate of stock to his bank and borrows about $8000 on it; so that ultimately your transaction is financed by his bank, with the broker acting as a go-between. The bank requires him to keep his margin good, and he must—if he is a legitimate broker who executes your order and carries your stock for you—require you to keep your margin good; otherwise he would run the risk of losing a considerable amount during violent market fluctuations in your stock.

From this it will be seen that no legitimate broker can afford to carry such a transaction on a margin of $500, because he would have to supply the $1500 difference between the cost—$10,000, what he borrows—$8000, and your $500. It would take an enormous amount of capital to carry any substantial number of clients on such terms, and it would involve a risk that would be out of proportion to the small amount of commission which a real broker receives for executing your order. The bucketeer, who has no financing to do, requests a $500 margin because that amount seems attractive to you. The legitimate broker in asking proper protection for himself is in reality working in your own interest as well when he says "Put up plenty of margin," for he knows that you will thus be protected against the ordinary fluctuations of the market.

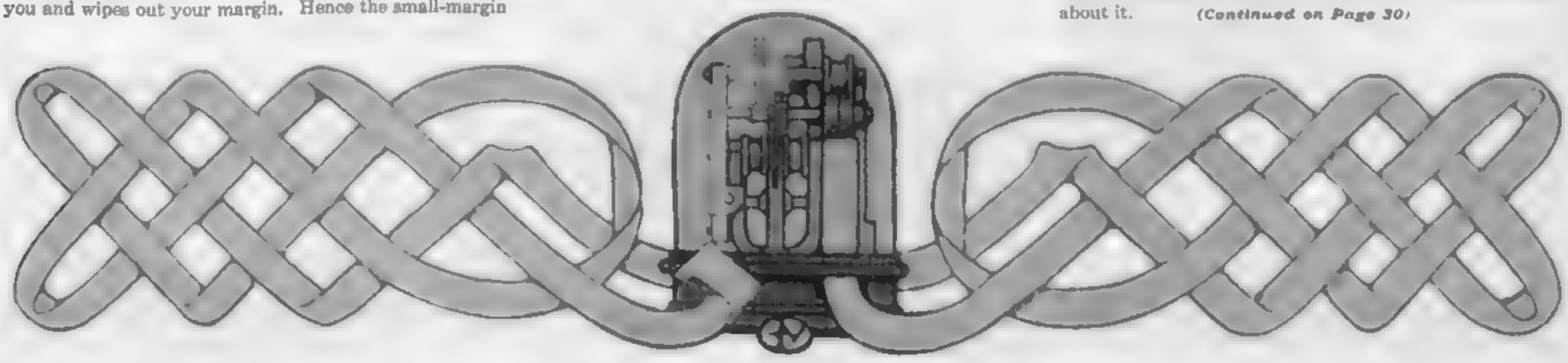
In between the time when your account is opened with a bucketeer and you go out with the tide or are sent to the cleaner's he has various other little tricks which expedite your finish. If you are living in a distant city and he knows you are not in a position to watch the market closely he may encourage you to send your orders by telegraph, for this method frequently means delays which are difficult for you to prove, and it permits him to fill the order at a price which is to your greatest disadvantage. For example: If you wire him an order to buy 100 Chandler Motors, and the price of the stock is 70 when your telegram arrives at his office, he will not execute it and report back to you that he has bought 100 shares at 70; he will hold that telegram perhaps one, two or three hours, and *if*, in the meantime, Chandler sells at 72 or 73, you will get it at whatever figure is the highest. In the office of one Consolidated Exchange house which failed a couple of years ago it was the custom, when conditions would permit, to hold all telegraphic orders until the close of the market and then fill these at the highest prices of the day if they were buying orders, and the lowest prices if they were selling orders. This is only one style of crookedness which is designed to make you a fluent loser.

No Profits Allowed

IN PLACING orders to buy or sell with bucketeers you frequently find them covering their tracks by saying, "We thought we had better not buy just then," or "We overlooked that order," and other evasions on trades which might have been to your advantage. They do not want you to realize any actual profits after they have built up your account by inducing you to deposit all your available funds. It is too much for you to expect that they will aid you. As an outsider you know very little about the business, and are almost powerless in their hands. It will therefore be seen how vital it is, if you are trading in stocks, that you place your account with a broker whose character, financial strength, standing in the community and method of handling his business are beyond criticism.

Contrast the attitude and the assistance given by the honest brokerage house, which realizes that it can make money only through the commission you pay for the execution of your orders on the Stock Exchange or a dealer's profit on investment securities which they sell you. Such a firm is always extremely desirous that you be successful in your investment and trading operations, because if you are not they will lose your business; consequently they aid you in every possible way, are sincere and conscientious about it.

(Continued on Page 30)



THE UPRISING GENERATION

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE members of the older generation do cling to their antiquated ideas in such a pathetic way!

And to me the most ridiculous of these is their conviction that the ambition of every deb is to become a wife, though of course what she really wants is to be a widow.

All the girls in my crowd proclaim this frankly, although none of them, so far as I know, have decided how to achieve the delectable estate of widowhood without a whole lot of preliminaries. However, nobody denies that there is a certain magnetic something about a widow which registers with the men.

In the dim dead past of my own extreme youth three years ago, when I was a mere flapper of fifteen and awfully worried about my ears, which the family constantly alluded to as being like little pitchers, and which, though they were then, alas, unconcealably large, my bobbed and permanently waved hair of to-day mercifully makes of little account—well, at any rate in those vanished days of my prankish childhood I used to be rather impressed by what my sister Rosamond and her chums said about being a bride. Whenever they had failed to shake me and, giving up the effort, talked freely in despair and my presence, I gave great attention to their words, for I was a thick-skinned youngster, eager and thirsting for knowledge and ready to experiment with everything forbidden from chewing gum to playing with the all-the-year-around boys from the village, especially Ted Stonewall, with whom I was even then having a secret affair consisting mostly of an exchange of green apples, but which was thrilling me to the core just the same.

Standing as I was with anything but reluctant feet where womanhood and girlhood meet, I shuffled said feet in a toddle of eager expectation around after my sister and Elsie Brown and lapped up everything they said about white satin and orange blossoms and whether tulle or real lace was the more becoming.

The poor saps! They talked this stuff over in as much secrecy as I would permit them, and evidently, as I recall the impression on my childish mind, thought that to be a bride was the end of life. And so it was for their half generation. It took a newer, more vigorous age, meaning my own, to see beyond the white satin and the voice that breathed o'er Eadam.

To Rosamond and Elsie, who promptly and satisfactorily achieved their crowning ambition the first year they were out, a bride was the most intriguing feminine figure in the world. But to me there seems something so frightfully temporary about being a bride. Why, even the Episcopal service takes only twenty minutes! And then, even when she gets back to the house, the poor bride is only allowed to shine for a brief hour at best before they whisk her upstairs and take away her wedding gown and hustle her into a *tailleur*, and that's the last of her white-and-shining glory, for I'll tell the world there is nothing so flat as a wedding dress when it reappears as a useful dinner frock. Yes, the bride's glory and her costume last but for a fleeting hour, whereas the widow—oh, daddy boy! That snappy little bonnet with the becoming crêpe veil, the slenderizing black dresses and the pearls for tears can be strung on and on indefinitely. A bride flares up for a moment and is promptly extinguished, but a widow, if she gets that way young enough, is good for twenty years. Besides, as I have remarked, there is a certain something about a young widow. Anyhow, every girl in my bunch is wild to be one.

When the Job Was Finished the Professional Widow Looked Like Something That Had Escaped From the Accident Ward

I suppose I am in a way responsible for the introduction into our set of this new ideal, and of course I myself acquired it through that dreadful week when Marilyn Morelle chaperoned me, and when Little Arthur came to visit. Well, ghastly as that experience was, what I learned from it I have learned. With all the panning we debs get, no one can say we ever pass up any first-hand knowledge or slither through our experiences without becoming wiser for them. And as usual this particular experience was the result of one of mother's semiannual efforts to protect me from any experiences whatsoever.

Of course at eighteen I am perfectly well able to look out for myself, but there are two people who can never seem to realize this—mother, the sweet old priceless, and that pest, Ted Stonewall. When one of them isn't picking on me for some technically harmless bit of self-expression, the other one is. And when they both perform on the same day it is more than any reasonable person can endure. I should think they would see how dangerously it bores me, and yet they both love me, or claim to. Blind stuff that! Love, you know, to the older generation and its adherents means a constant butting in and spiking the loved object's pleasure at every opportunity. That this is an obsolete conception of the term I had tried, with a good deal of patience, to get over to Ted on the very same day mother telephoned for Marilyn.

Ted had come over at a ghastly early hour—my diamond wrist watch registered barely 11:30—and I was just finishing my coffee on the breakfast porch when that dreadful flivver of his stopped under the front portico. I knew it was Ted's, because the only other flivver which comes to the Edward Torrington's Long Island estate with any regularity is J. Smither's, Fish, Clams & Lobsters, and he uses the tradesmen's entrance. So when the faint infant artillery of a fliv died gaspingly out in front I knew very well who had parked it there, and so had plenty of time to gulp down the one remaining hot waffle and throw myself into an attractively unconscious attitude, before Ted came romping in like a big St. Bernard dog. He's just like a St. Bernard—no sense of humor and always rescuing people who don't particularly want to be rescued, without consulting them first. When he entered I was deep in a book, from which I looked up with languid grace. "Hello, sport!" I said with a yawn. "Totter in and park yourself! Coffee?"

"Nix!" said my young giant, looking about him wrathfully. "I don't lunch until twelve, thanks."

"Lunch, my eye!" I reproved him. "This represents my struggle back to life after a big night. That was some cozy little party, eh, old topper?"

"Pet Torrington," said Ted solemnly, ignoring my remark, "I thought you told me your father insisted on your getting up for breakfast."

"Well, I'm up, aren't I?" I said defensively. "Anyone can see that!"

"Must be a great satisfaction to your dad," replied Ted. "Let's see, he goes to town on the 8:41, doesn't he?"

"You sound so suburban, Ted!" I drawled. "I suppose it's the effect your new farm is having upon you. Do you get up with the carrots and beets nowadays?"

"You need not laugh at that farm, Pet," said Ted in his sober way. "You are going to live on it some day, you know."

"Out among the truck gardeners? Not much!" I hooted.

"That district is going to be very fashionable before long," retorted Ted. "I'm not in real estate with my dad for nothing. It was a darn good investment—my first, dear. What I mean, I own a home, and I'm going to make the ground pay for the house—our house. I wish you would not laugh at it, Pet. Even the carrots and beets are no joke. They are going to help clear the place."

"Ted Stonewall, you are a scream!" I replied sadly. "You take an awful lot for granted!"

"How do you mean?" he demanded. "After last night there is only one thing I can take for granted—that you are going to marry me."

This was so naïve that I laughed aloud.

"Ted, old precious!" I shrieked. "Don't be such a tusk! Solid bone—solid bone! Do you suppose a girl marries every boy she does a little petting with?"

"Constance!" thundered Ted, using my given name for the first time in years, and in a tone which sent a sort of cold chill of fear down my spine. Perhaps in my tormenting of him I had really gone too far this time. "Constance! Don't tell me you have done that sort of thing with any other man! Don't!"

"Well, priceless, don't be so peppery about it!" I replied rather shakily, I confess. "It doesn't mean a thing."

"Look here, dear!" said Ted half incredulously. "You don't mean it seriously? Of course I'm not so green but that I've heard a lot about that sort of thing, but I haven't

(Continued on Page 26)

If you would prove the love sincere
You've vowed to me tonight,
Go get that Dipper—bring it here—
Its size for soup is right.

Spoon-time

Dip your spoon into a steaming, stimulating plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup. You'll relish each savory sip. Even the aroma is a prod to drooping appetites. Consider Campbell's not only as a proper introduction to the dinner, but also as the main support of lighter repasts.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is a skilful blend of the tonic juices and fruity parts of fresh, firm, red tomatoes, sun-sweetened on the vines; golden creamery butter, sweet and smooth; palate-pleasing spices, added with a professional sense of proportion by the Campbell's chefs in the spotless Campbell's kitchens. Who wouldn't love Campbell's Tomato Soup?

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Cream of Tomato

Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra-rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

gone in for it myself. I suppose because I'm village people and not really in your set, and my sort of folks don't mess around like that, cheapening their most tender relationship. I suppose you will consider that a quaint notion. I consider it only decent. I kissed you last night because I mean to marry you. And I won't permit any other man to touch you."

"Permit?" I said icily, getting to my feet. "That is not a word I like, especially when used in that tone."

"Look here, Pet Torrington!" said Ted, going very white. "Are we engaged, or are we not?"

"You know very well my mother wouldn't dream of allowing any such thing!" I replied. "She wouldn't even let you come here if she suspected ——"

"I'm not asking your mother," said Ted. "I'm asking you. For six years I haven't looked at any woman but you, and I have the right to know where I stand. Are we engaged?"

"Well, sort of," I replied reluctantly. "Oh, Ted, let it go at that! I don't want to be definitely tied up to anybody. I'm having too good a time. I want some experience of life. Of course I am fond of you, but ——"

"But you won't come out and tell the world!" said Ted, altogether too quietly.

"Not yet!" I cried. "I want to be free!"

"So you think it's nice to be engaged, or sort of half promised to me, and meanwhile go around with other fellows, and that that sort of thing is all right?" said Ted.

"Of course I do!" I retorted peevishly. "Honestly, Ted, you might have been distilled in 1841."

A look which somehow disturbed me more than I cared to admit even to myself came into Ted's eyes. He squared his shoulders and picked up his cap. He became, for Ted, positively debonair.

"All right!" said he. "I guess I've been an old-fashioned fool. I'll try to bring myself up to date. But just remember this when the occasion pops up—that sauce for the goose is also an alibi for the gander!"

And at that he beat it without even so much as a kiss! But I didn't let his not kissing me or his darkly veiled winter-weight threat disturb me for long. I knew Ted thoroughly, and I was as sure of him as I was of mother. What he had said was true. He had never even looked at another girl since the day he gave me that first apple over the back fence. He was mine, absolutely mine, and I knew from past experience that I could trust him anywhere. Oh, I wasn't worried about holding Ted securely! What was eating me was the fact that I had hurt him by the lie I had told concerning my other parties. Of course I would hate to have it get around how completely innocent my drives between dances had always been, and how very mild my flirtations on dark porches. So far, the men had not spread a word about it. Believe me, a man may kiss and tell, but he never brags about his failures!

Yet some devil in me made me want Ted to worry. When he was away from me I was simply crazy about him, but when he was there it was so easy to torment him that I could not resist getting right on the job. And now the very moment he was gone—back to the vegetables, I suppose—I wanted to run after him and tell him it was all a silly lie. But I couldn't. Principally because just as I made a half-hearted start for the doorway it was filled by mother, and from the look in her eye I knew that life had again insisted upon interfering with her well-regulated existence.

Mother is that way. When she has mapped out a program for the week—dinners, luncheons, a bridge morning and a Russian famine concert, and so forth—she expects to pull off her schedule ruthlessly, and if somebody develops a funeral or breaks a leg, or it's a garden party and the Lord decides on rain, mother takes the disruption as a personal insult and deliberate injury. This morning I could see first crack that her favorite Maréchal Niel roses had deliberately refused to bloom in time for Tama, our old family servant who has been with us nearly a year, to use on the table on Friday, as per agreement, or that some similar dire calamity had overtaken her. She carried a sheaf of opened letters, topped by a telegram, and dropping all but the latter upon the breakfast table she seated herself and fluttered the wire at me.

"Pet!" said she. "The most upsetting thing has happened! You know my old friend, Mrs. Elihu Cornwallace?"

At mention of this name I got a queer mental picture. It was of mother as a little girl, in a much-ruffled, long-waisted dress, bangs and white stockings and something called a pinafore, playing with the minister's daughter, a red-headed girl in equally impossible clothes. They were sitting on the minister's front steps engaged in the impeccable and altogether feminine game of jackstones. Automatically I said "Daisy Duncan" aloud.

"Yes!" beamed mother, ecstatic for an instant. Then the troubled look returned. "Of course I have not seen Daisy since her marriage," said she. "But we have written each other regularly, and I have often suggested her sending Little Arthur on here for a visit."

This was really rather appalling. I knew of Little Arthur. For years I had seen a cabinet photograph of him on mother's dressing table—an enormous, fat and husky human pie of five, positively bursting out of a shower of unmowed curls and a Fauntleroy suit of velvet.

"Mother!" I exclaimed. "Not Little Arthur!"

"Of course I am delighted to have the only child of my old playmate come on and stop with us indefinitely," mother continued. "I'm sure Little Arthur will be a well-brought-up young man and a most desirable companion for you, my dear. Incidentally, I understand that the Cornwallaces are the richest people in Indianapolis, not that the money means anything to us. But that he should come just at this time is certainly most upsetting. He'll be here to-morrow."

"His arriving at any time will upset me if he has grown up true to that tintype!" I retorted. "Outside of that, what's wrong with the date? If I must have that mountain of young Western manhood about, why not now?"

"Pet!" said mother. "You seem to forget that your father and I are starting on our motor trip to Canada to-morrow morning!"

"Well, and what of it?" I asked.

"A chaperon, my dear, a chaperon!" replied mother. "I can't very well go away and leave you unchaperoned. I've telephoned your sister Rosamond, but she can't possibly get away."

"Thank heaven!" I murmured.

"So I have done the next best thing," said mother. "I have sent for poor dear Marilyn."

Now Marilyn was a widow. The lucky man was—or rather, I should say, had been mother's first cousin. So of course Marilyn was pretty old. She must have been at least thirty-six or seven, as mother had often plaintively pointed out, when she was reluctantly obliged to recognize Marilyn's existence. This usually occurred only when Marilyn wrote that the interest on the mortgage was again due. I had never seen the widow myself, but you can imagine how I was shot with dread at the idea of adding her to the household when I tell you that none of the women in our family ever referred to her except as poor dear Marilyn, and that although she lived only as far as Jersey City, and mother sometimes talked to father vaguely to the effect that "we must have poor dear Marilyn out for a visit sometime, Edward. It is our duty really." She never made good on the proposition. I didn't have to be a mind reader to know that Marilyn must be an awful hick, and of course she was poor. What is more, the house on which the mortgage interest fell due so often was admittedly frame! Oh, boy, I could see she would make an ideal chaperon—from mother's point of view! I would be lucky if she didn't wear health shoes and rubbers and try to

(Continued on Page 28)

He Had On an Immense Panama Hat and the Tightest-Waisted Coat I Have Ever Beheld. In Fact, All of His Clothes Would Have Done Credit to a Chorus Man

What a wealth of satisfaction a woman takes in the dependability of her Cadillac.

There is no other single trait, of all the wonderful traits of the Cadillac, that quite equals it in her esteem.

She realizes thankfully that no thought of the car need intrude for a moment to mar her enjoyment.

Her mind is at rest, she is free to rejoice in the fine buoyancy of the Cadillac, its suggestion of soaring grace.

The matter of driving the car, so safe and simple and easy it is, adds a sportive zest to her pleasure.

And as the miles unroll, the joys of Cadillac travel grow more precious because of the serenity and security she feels.

This is the quality that is even more than beauty, or luxury, or the social prestige of Cadillac ownership.

This fine dependability, always the cardinal fact of the Cadillac, finds even higher expression than before in the new Type 61.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

The Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 26)

make me wear them too. My holiday looked as if it were going to be pretty well cramped.

"Mother!" I said severely. "You know that was a mean trick! For years you have been shirking Cousin Marilyn's visit, and now you wish her onto me and sneak off to Canada. I should think one freak in the house at a time was enough!"

"That will do, Pet!" said mother, arising and hastily assuming her busy air. "I am really sorry to miss poor dear Marilyn's visit. She is, as I remember her, a most estimable woman. I hope you will not fail to show her the courtesy of meeting her at the station to-morrow. She and Little Arthur will both be on the twelve o'clock train."

Do you see how hopelessly far apart the present generation and the old one are? Mother walked away with that as her final word, and without the remotest idea that she had completely ruined my holiday. She and dad were to be gone for two weeks, and, of course, I had planned to sort of just drift about—make some visits, show myself a big time generally—and now suddenly I was tied up as tight as a deb of '09 in her hobble skirt! It was simply maddening! However, there was no use my kicking any harder. Mother would simply say "There now, dear, your mother knows what is best for you!" and that would be the end of the conversation.

Mother was sending that hick cousin out to give the poor creature a good time without herself doing any of the dirty work. Very well then, I would give poor Marilyn a good time. And as for Little Arthur, he'd have to take his chance with the rest of the crew. For if I had to entertain those two I at least was not forbidden to add to the crowd. Nothing had been said about my inviting nobody else at the same time. I determined to sink my hicks and sink them thoroughly. In other words, I decided to surround them completely with my own particular bunch, and give them the razoo.

No sooner had this sweetly simple solution of my difficulties presented itself than I snatched the telephone from where it was hiding behind the skirts of a bisque doll and got my side kick, Sylvia Glenning, on the wire.

"I'm having a house party over the Fourth, old-timer," I said, "and you must not fail me."

"But I'm having one of my own!" objected Sylvia. "Tot Romney, Jed di Silva, Tommy Barnes and Rotter Cairey and—oh, yes, Ethel!"

"Bring them all over here!" said I. "I'm going to have two aces. One is called Little Arthur Cornwallace and the other is a girl named Marilyn Morelle. I will add G. G. Third and—oh, yes, Ted Stonewall!"

"You old priceless!" gasped Sylvia. "We will be there!"

"Dinner at eight to-morrow night," I said grimly, and hung up.

And then I sat for a while in gloomy silence. If that crew of strong men and wild women didn't send my two intruders scurrying for shelter I was a poor guesser. This house party was going to make history if I could arrange it. I called the general store down in Rosemere Village.

"This is Miss Torrington speaking," said I. "I suppose you have stocked up for the Fourth of July? Well, I want all the fireworks you have—all! And please be sure to send lots of red fire and plenty of very noisy crackers." After which I felt better.

But by the next morning when I set out for the railroad station to gather in the freaks I had about as much pep as a wet ostrich feather. For of all the smart towns on Long Island, Rosemere is undoubtedly the smartest, and draws a crowd which would put your eye out, especially over a holiday and week-end combined; and this was Friday, and Monday would be the Fourth and—well, you can imagine the sort of mob I had to face. Simply everybody who was anybody would be there meeting friends, and it seemed as if I had been appointed to furnish a laugh. It was beastly, simply beastly of mother to let me in for a situation like that! All the way down from our place, riding in solitary grandeur in the blue limousine and trailed by the suburban car for the trunks, I could just picture what was going to happen. There would be the shoals of gleaming cars, the gayly dressed crowd parading the platform of the pretty little vine-covered station—the Warringtons, Tot Romney, Sylvia, the whole bunch meeting regular people, with good-looking luggage and all that, and ragging each other, and probably staring at me while Cousin Marilyn waddled down the platform, with very likely a straw suitcase and a string bag in either hand, and she would smack me on both cheeks, and then we would rescue a big hulking goof of a backwoodsman with a wide-brimmed hat who would say "Pleased to meetcher!" And this, of course, would be Little Arthur!

I simply writhed at the thought. How could mother be so cruel? Oh, the things parents force upon us, and then expect us to love and respect them!

Well, at any rate, dreadful as these visions were, they did not affect the speed of the limousine's excellent motor, and I joined the happy throng at the station just before the train arrived.

Never will I forget the agony of the next few minutes. I scarcely know how I lived through them. Automatically I exchanged greetings with a few friends, and coming upon Sylvia Glenning did manage to keep my head sufficiently to grab her by the arm and hiss "Eight o'clock to-night" into her passing car. To my relief she nodded, for I was suddenly overcome with the ghastly thought that if she saw what I had come down to meet she might renig on moving her party over to my house. Ted had not even answered my note of invitation, and I was worried by the thought that everybody might go back on me. Sylvia was cordial, however, even though she broke away from me immediately, for by now the train was puffing and panting out in front and passengers were pouring from it.

I hid myself behind one of the columns of the shed and combed the pack for my pair of aces. But for a long while none of the arrivals seemed to meet the specifications. Once, indeed, I saw a middle-aged woman who filled the bill; but when I approached her smilingly that common Mrs. Gabler, whom nobody knows, darted in ahead of me.

"Pardon me, but this is *my* cook," she said firmly, and I fell back rather dashed.

The crowd began to thin out, and I saw it would be wise to get a little action. So I started darting up and down the platform looking about. But no freaks. The mob began to melt amidst the roar of motors, suddenly, as it does at a railway station, and then way down the platform I saw Ted Stonewall in knickerbockers and a gray flannel shirt completely surrounded by crates of young carrots and beets from that awful farm of his, and Ted was talking to a young woman in deep mourning. As Ted caught sight of me he said something to her and she turned around.

She was a widow. But at first glance that meant nothing to my fevered brain. All I saw was that she was a blonde, very pretty, with a lovely slim figure which her long black veil set off to perfection. Snappy? Some snap! Shoes, hat, a French bag of dull beads, a string of pearls and, as I drew nearer, a pair of appealing blue eyes and a peach of a make-up. Her age might have been anything from twenty-five on.

"Here is Miss Torrington now," said Ted as I approached. "Pet, this lady was looking for you."

Immediately the lady put out both hands in a graceful, impulsive gesture.

"I am Marilyn," said she. "Rippin' of you to ask me out, my dear!"

For a second I could scarcely speak. Then I heaved a huge sigh of relief. I felt as if an enormous weight had been lifted off my shoulders. This was a woman one could take anywhere! She was an asset, not a liability!

"Why, you're a peach!" I cried enthusiastically. "Gee, but I'm glad! How are you, and everything? Ted, this is Mrs. Morelle, my cousin, who is going to be with us over the Fourth."

"My name is Stonewall," added Ted, shaking hands.

"You have been so kind, Mr. Stonewall," said Marilyn, switching those light-blue lamps on him as gratefully as if he had just slipped her a new car or saved her from drowning or something. "I'm so glad we shall be seeing you again."

"You've got nothing on me there!" said Ted with a laugh. "Do I move over this evening, Pet?"

"I'm glad you have found out that you can come," I said a trifle coolly. "Dinner is at eight."

And then I steered Marilyn away, found the second man and watched her stack a whole pack of luggage checks into his hand while I broke the bad news about Little Arthur to this stunning young visitor of mine.

"I'm afraid Arthur is an awful piece of work," I said. "They have simply no end of money, but they are undoubtedly trimmed with hay. I suppose he missed this train."

"There is a lost-looking male grasshopper whom nobody seems to have claimed down the platform there," said Marilyn. "I talked with him in the train coming out. Nice kid."

I glanced in the direction she indicated and shook my head incredulously. For marooned in the midst of a perfect flotilla of luggage stood a small pale young man who looked as if he had aged suddenly at seventeen. He had on an immense Panama hat and the tightest-waisted coat I have ever beheld. In fact, all of his clothes would have done credit to a chorus man, from his Italian lacework brogues to the magnificent orange necktie which flamed brazenly beneath his weak chin. All of a sudden I realized that it must indeed be Little Arthur. It had to be. Nobody else could have needed his millions so badly. At once I dashed over and demanded the whole truth, and his watery eyes were as grateful as a lost dog's for the rescue.

"Oh, how awf'ly good of you!" he said, holding out a wilted hand. Around the wrist glinted something which I thought at first was an identification tag. But it wasn't. It was a bracelet!

"Not a bit good. Glad to do it," said I, lying cheerfully. "Come along!"

And then he followed me as if I were Mary and he had been born a lamb.

Well, dinner that night was a riot. Sylvia's crowd, together with my own, filled the house like a brimming cup, and my house party started off with all the restraint and quiet of a well-timed bomb explosion. The dinner was a feast, during which Marilyn broke the stems of two wine-glasses. Then we danced until about three, when the party just naturally disintegrated.

But in spite of its whacking success I was not happy. To begin with, that dreadful Little Arthur had cut in on me continually, and kept trying to get me alone outside.

"I got something I want to say to you," he repeated over and over.

Really, eventually, I had simply to walk out on the creature. But not so Ted. I can't say that he overwhelmed me with attention. Of course I was relieved, because as a rule Ted bores me to death at dances by hanging around simply all the time, and I was glad to have him lay off for once. Still, I have never before seen him dance as much in any one evening. And curiously enough, he was a regular ace, and danced mostly with Marilyn, who might otherwise have been hung up, for she didn't know the crowd and was so much older, too, although she was really pretty good-looking at night—if you cared for her type. I had begun to go cold on it myself.

When we went upstairs later she slipped her hand through my arm and drew me into her room. I went willingly enough, because by now I was beginning to realize that she would bear watching, and I wanted to know more about her. A nice chaperon my mother had provided me with, I must say!

Well, in Marilyn's room a sleepy maid aroused herself and helped Mrs. M. out of her filmy and brief black chiffon gown.

"Why do you wear black, Marilyn, dear?" I cooed. "I thought your husband had been dead simply years and years."

"My weeds, dear girl," said she, "are the only weapon of the penniless creature you see before you. There is a certain something about weeds, you know. Men notice it. My weeds are my only dowry—my, as you might say, only inheritance from poor dear George."

"But you look so young for your age, honey!" I said. "I should think you would have married again!"

"Kitty, Kitty!" said Marilyn, seating herself before a dressing table simply laden with creams and bottles and boxes and lotions. "Kitty, Kitty! Well, I'm not such a fool as to stop being a perfectly good widow unless it is made well worth my while. And so far I haven't had a chance to meet anybody who looked good to me. As for my continued youth, I work for it. You just watch, kid—give a look!"

Well, I did. And the things her maid did to Marilyn were enough, I'll tell the world! When the job was finished the professional widow looked like something that had escaped from the accident ward. She had on a chin strap, a nose mold, surgeon's plaster at the corners of both eyes, the lids of which were heavily greased, and across her forehead were other strips of adhesive. The maid had removed the two beguiling curls from the nape of her neck, taken what hair remained, wet it with some kind of tonic and twisted it up in a funny little spill on the top of her head. She was a sight!

"Do you do all this every night?" I gasped, impressed. Marilyn nodded dumbly.

"Madame cannot speak when she is like deese!" the maid explained. "A lot of trouble, non? But it ees ze grand success, n'est-ce pas, mademoiselle?"

And I had to grant her a lot. It was a miracle, that's what it was, for with this get-up on something indefinable stole out of Marilyn's face, through the plasters and all, and showed her true age. She must have been forty! I could have sworn to it! But all I did was throw up my hands and rush off to bed in hysterics. The old bluff! Going around fooling decent young men! Ugh!

The next day things began to thicken. Ted, who had said he would be obliged to run out to the farm every day, did so, and took Marilyn along with him. Both Sylvia and I heard him promise to send her in a bouquet of whatever she admired most out there as he helped her into his flivver. Silly ass!

I didn't have any heart for tennis that morning, but I played doubles with Sylvia, Jed and Rotter, because that soft clam of a Little Arthur had the nerve to spring an invitation to a solitude *à deux* on me before lunch.

"I say, won't you, Pet?" he pleaded in his piping voice. "There is something I want to say to you."

"Not now. I've got to play tennis," I answered irritably, and beat it for the club with the bunch, although a nice cool drive into the country would have pleased me much better, even if it had been taken in a flivver.

But worse was to come. At lunch Ted was polite, but Marilyn was gushing to me. And any girl knows what that means!

"Oh, you ought to see the darling young beets he grows!" she said with one eye on Ted to find out how this was getting across. "Simply miles and miles of them—too lovely! And he's such a sweet host. He's been so good to me. And he is a wonderful farmer!"

"Yes, he must be, dear," I answered sweetly. "Farmers are generally familiar with weeds, aren't they?"

(Continued on Page 122)

A New and Finer Kind of Six-Cylinder Performance

Until you see the New Series Chalmers Six, you can have no real conception of the wonderful value it is.

Until you drive it, you cannot know the great new advance it represents in fine six-cylinder performance.

All the splendid properties for which the six, as a type, is prized, are here developed to a nearer point of perfection.

The power-flow is even more smooth; the blending of cylinder impulses more complete; the acceleration more spirited; and the flexibility is pure delight.

Not only the famous Chalmers engine, but the entire car, has been the subject of a solid year of engineering scrutiny and refinement.

This is, in our opinion, the finest-performing six we have ever built —a car of enticing comfort and surpassing beauty.

Every mile you travel in it confirms again the remarkable value indicated by its size and appearance, and the details of its finish and equipment.

All Models Equipped with Disc Steel Wheels and Cord Tires

Five Passenger Touring Car, $1395; Seven Passenger Touring Car, $1495; Roadster, $1345; Coupé, $1995; Sedan, $2295. These prices f. o. b. factory, Revenue tax to be added

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

The CHALMERS SIX

BUCKET SHOPS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

(Continued from Page 23)

When they give you a bit of advice it is with the honest conviction that it will help you. When you give an order it is executed and reported back to you at the earliest possible moment. This does not mean that every transaction will be reported within a few minutes, because some stocks have what is called a slow market, and to force a purchase or sale would be greatly to your disadvantage, just as it is in real estate or any other commodity.

As a bucket shop is an institution where the public's money may be deposited freely, but from which the public has great difficulty in extracting it, every resource of the bucketeer is spent toward retaining cash and securities intrusted to his tender care. Trainloads of literature, acres of postage stamps, telephone calls that would girdle the earth, and other means are used to the limit in inducing deposits of stock, bonds and cash. That is Step No. 1. Step No. 2 is just as important, because the bucket shop considers possession nine points of the law, and the greater part of the money is either withdrawn or secreted in private bank accounts or safe-deposit boxes, or is freely spent. Liquor seldom came quite so high in this country; women seldom have dressed more expensively; and the jazz music of the day is quite in tune with the character of the bucketeer—loose and reckless.

Having intrusted your funds to someone whom you know not but believe in, and desiring to withdraw a little out of the total, you find him making excuses. He doesn't like to see you missing these good opportunities, or the stock you want to withdraw is being transferred and it will be along in a few days, or there is some little irregularity in the account that needs straightening out, or he has a rush telephone message for you which says "Get into this quickly." Please note one of the most distinguishing earmarks of the bucketeer—he will not let you have your own money. You must pry it out of him. In most cases you have to go there, demand it, and threaten trouble before he will give up. If you write him a letter and say "Please transfer my account" to this or that other broker, he will make the same kind of excuses—more of them. If all his clients asked for their money he would close up, because the money has disappeared. What was left in recent failures was a mere patch on what they had before the deluge of withdrawals by their clients.

An Epidemic of Failures

Within the last few months many people who were dealing with bucket shops have telegraphed or written to them, "Please transfer my account to Blank & Co.," naming another house. Such requests filed with a New York Stock Exchange house would have resulted in an immediate transfer, for to delay in such matters is to cast reflection upon the credit of the house. In the case of the bucket shops, days, weeks and months have passed without any result except a string of excuses designed to keep the cash and securities in the hands of the bucketeer. Had these people taken the trouble to go to the main office of the bucket shop and demand their property, their loss might have been avoided in many cases. The liabilities of failed bucket shops consist largely of amounts of money and securities due clients who had demanded them but could not obtain them.

The New York State law makes bucketing and trading against a customer a felony. But though the newspapers have been filled with bucket-shop failures and bucket-shop crookedness there has not been any noticeable increase in the population of the Tombs Prison since the exposures began.

In the early part of last November things bucket-wise were comparatively quiet along the Rialto. Under the surface the situation had been growing more unhealthy: the pirates were becoming bolder; but few suspected that the Street was about to witness a series of explosions such as had never before been recorded. The publication of articles showing in minute detail all the inner workings of the bucket shop was the little match that touched off the bonfire. The first evidence of this was the withdrawal of cash and securities from a number of bucket shops by clients who had not realized the character of the houses with which they had been dealing. Then they told their friends how and why they had withdrawn, and as there appeared more and more evidence of hesitancy and opposition with which the bucket shops met their increasing demands, the clamor became so loud as to awaken numerous sleeping neighbors who rubbed their eyes and found their own houses afire.

Here and there bucket shops began to fail. Others came along—two or three, then more—each day until along in late February and early March loud reports could be heard from all quarters of the Street and the house of cards came down with a crash. The New York district attorney found his office transformed into a collection agency. The grand jury found many indictments. But the sheriff found that a general exodus had taken place to Canada and parts unknown. The house cleaning had begun.

It was then my privilege to publish the principles on which it seemed that the proper regulation of the brokerage business should be based. It was my firm belief, based on many years' observation of the situation, that the banking laws of New York State should be so altered as to bring stock brokers under the supervision of the State Banking Department. There appeared no reason why a broker, who acts as a depositary and fiduciary, should be under no supervision, when banks, trust companies, insurance companies, building-and-loan associations, and so on, are all officially regulated and supervised.

Projected Legislation

It seemed imperative that every individual, firm or corporation acting as a broker or dealing in or lending money on securities within the state be licensed by the State Banking Department, and that a staff of auditors with long Wall Street experience be appointed to examine every brokerage firm's books and affairs at frequent intervals.

Happenings along in February bore every indication that the best element in Wall Street was awake to the situation. The president of the New York Stock Exchange expressed a realization of the responsibility put upon the Exchange by the presence of all the millions of new investors who had learned to buy securities during the Liberty Loan campaigns, and announced that the time had come when the Exchange members must collectively assure themselves as to one another's affairs, as to the firms which were carrying stocks on margin for the public, the relation between their free capital and their commitments, and so on. President Cromwell stated that he would "never be satisfied until we have carried our effort for safety so far that insolvency caused by improper dealing shall never occur among Stock Exchange firms; . . . that the stocks bought for clients must be carried not only by members of the Stock Exchange but by all brokers who have the remotest connection therewith."

Legislators in Albany and Washington also became thoroughly aroused to the evil which had been exposed, and several constructive bills were presented. Some are meeting opposition, principally on account of the licensing feature. It is claimed that the Martin Law of New York State, 1921, if properly enforced, would prove effective in stamping out the bucket shops, but it lacked the little detail of funds with which its provisions might be enforced.

A bit of legislation which at mid-March looked the most promising and which might well be followed both by other states and by the Federal Government, was embodied in the Katlin Blue Sky Bill, which provided for licenses, which were to be obtained from the superintendent of banks; examination of books and accounts of brokers; revoking of licenses for cause; and other necessary features. This bill was favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Banks, at Albany, and the friends of a clean financial district in New York City sincerely hope it will become a law.

The consensus of opinion among leading congressmen, state senators and representatives with whom I have conferred or corresponded is that nothing but Federal legislation will prove effective in the long run. This was illustrated in the District of Columbia. When the blue-sky laws were passed in Maryland the Wallingfords all flocked into the capital; also by the migration from New York City to New Jersey when the local bucketeers began to fear prosecution. The author of the Betts Bill, which was recently up for public hearing at Albany, writes: "The reason I introduced the bill was because I discovered that the so-called blue-sky laws in the Western States had driven so many of the crooks out of those states that they were all flocking to New York, which was becoming their Klondike."

What we need in New York State and every other state in the Union is a Federal law which will control the way in which all brokerage houses are operated. It is absurd to permit a lot of irresponsible people, whether they are crooked, ignorant or simply willing to take a chance, to open brokerage houses and thereby become custodians of the public's money as well as advisers as to how the public should speculate and invest in securities. Just imagine what our banking situation would be if those who are now operating bucket shops should abandon that pursuit, and—if the laws would permit—open banks and begin to take in and pay out. How long would it be before the commercial and financial interests of this country would be on the rocks?

It is well for Wall Street and the whole country that the New York Stock Exchange now realizes its responsibility to the public and to the investment interests of the American people; that it owes a duty to those who deal in its securities, especially to the small investors. Admitting that it is primarily organized to provide facilities for buying and selling stocks and bonds, it has, chiefly by reason of recent disclosures, found itself in a position where it must, to the very utmost, control the dealings in the stocks and bonds which it has listed, and so extend this control that no one can employ its facilities in any scheme for taking advantage of the public.

A Great Opportunity

The New York Stock Exchange now faces the greatest opportunity of its career. Many more people are to-day buying stocks and bonds than ever before. Many more corporate securities are listed on the New York Stock Exchange than at any previous period. It is the one big market for American railroad, industrial, petroleum, mining, public utility and other kinds of securities. Buyers and sellers from all over the world express themselves in the prices which they bid and ask for stocks and bonds on the big floor. Banks everywhere value listed collateral by the prices there quoted. The Exchange should now take steps which will place it in such an unassailable position that when this is done and fully realized by the public there will remain little or no basis for the organization or operation of houses which illegitimately may attempt to deal in New York Stock Exchange securities.

Though the Stock Exchange can provide the necessary facilities, there is one thing that the public must do for itself, and that is acquire a certain amount of trading and investment intelligence, for it must be admitted that if people who patronize bucket shops knew what they were about they would not have been such blind victims. Trading and investing in securities is like any other line of business in this respect, that it cannot be successfully followed if it is not thoroughly understood. Few people would think of setting up as doctors and lawyers without the necessary training; but Wall Street, in the public mind, seems to be something entirely apart from the rules and customs and, I might say, the common sense, which are applied to any other business or profession. As in other lines, more particularly for the reason named, it is the comparatively few who make great successes and the many who fail because, largely, of their own ignorance, incapacity or unwillingness to master the rudiments of investment. What most people want is a tip to buy something, and as a rule they not only refuse to expend their efforts in learning how but they will not spend their money.

I have no desire to stimulate the speculative instincts of the American public, because these tendencies are already highly potent in the minds of our people, most of whom prefer to gamble than to speculate intelligently or to invest at all. Henry Ward Beecher said: "I hold that a man who is long-headed, who foresees and judges accurately, has an advantage over his neighbor, and it is not accounted immoral for him to use that advantage, because he is individually better fitted for the business; and it inheres in him by a law of Nature that he has a right to the whole of himself legitimately applied. If one man or twenty men, looking at the state of the nation here, at the crops, at the possible contingencies and risks of climate, at the conditions of Europe; in other words, taking all the elements that belong to the world into consideration, are sagacious enough to prophesy the best course of action, I don't see why it is not legitimate." Nevertheless, the best interests of the public lie on the investment side of Wall Street, and by "investment" I mean the placing of money for income and possible increase in value of the securities purchased.

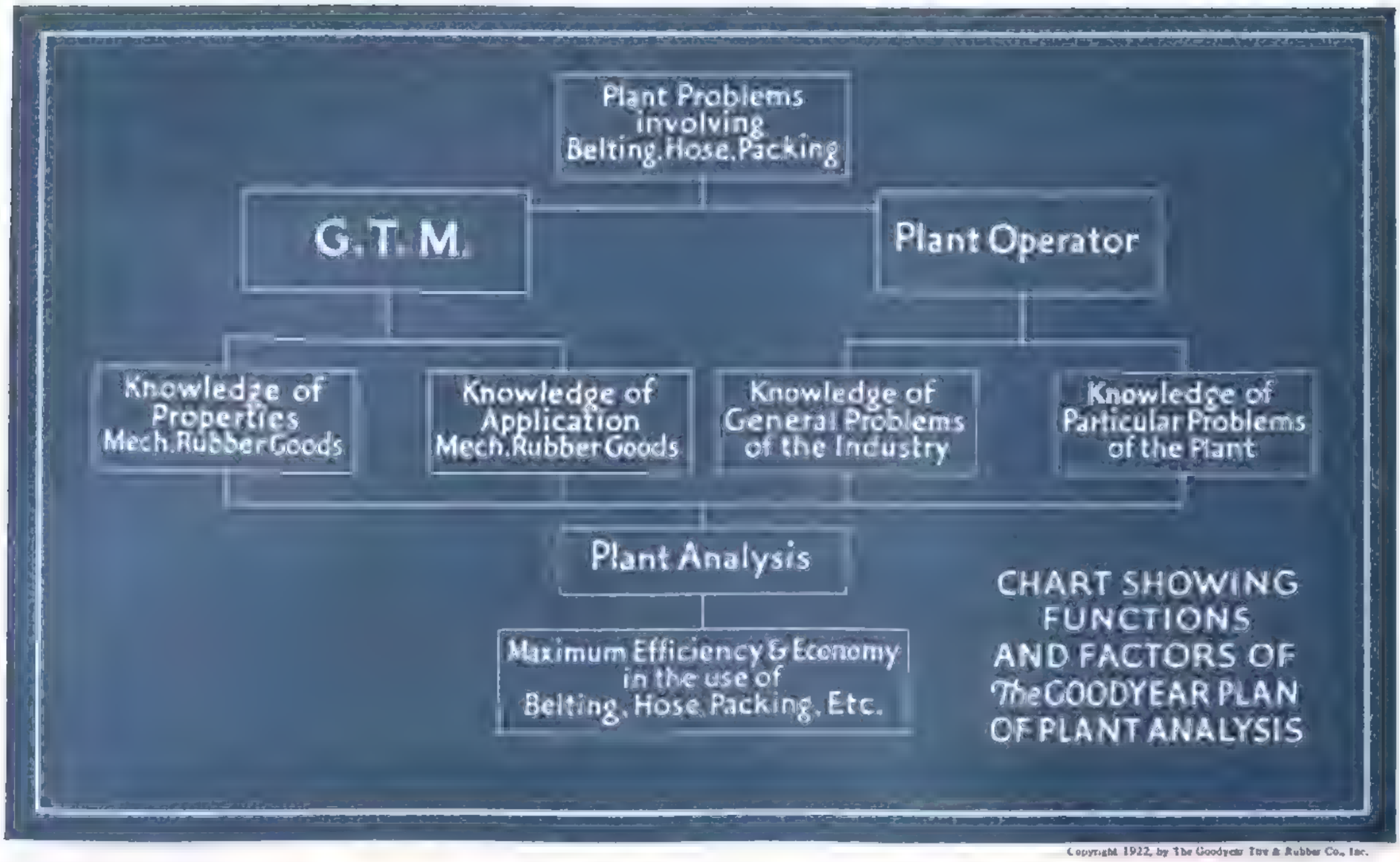
Time to Clean House

The wide diversity and character of industries now listed and being listed on the Stock Exchange show an increasing tendency of important corporations to establish a market for their securities where millions of people can pick up their daily newspaper in any part of the country and see just what their property is worth; and with the additional advantage that any stockholder, large or small, can take any such listed securities to his bank, in any part of the country, and borrow money on them at current rates of interest—a fact which distinguishes New York Stock Exchange securities from all others.

Not only have the railroad, public utility, manufacturing, commercial and banking corporations established plants and properties in every state in the Union, but their stockholders are also scattered through the length and breadth of this land and in every country on earth, so that these vast properties are neither located nor owned in Wall Street.

Wall Street being the heart of all these activities, it is more than essential that the financial district become the source of the education of American investors if it is possible to open their eyes to the necessity and the advantages thereof. The literature and advertising of many investment houses are becoming more strongly flavored with the desirability of thrift, investment knowledge, intelligent investing; and this is well, because statistics prove that only a small percentage of Americans of either sex in their later years are financially independent—something like four out of one hundred—and at the age of sixty-five, and in many cases long before that time, the majority are dependent upon charity or their relatives for support.

As I see it, therefore, the problem of Wall Street is to clean house, keep it clean, improve facilities, give service, guard and insure the public, encourage individuals to educate themselves in the technic of the security market. If all this be done we shall be well on our way to the goal—a nation of intelligent investors.


Plant Problems involving Belting, Hose, Packing
G. T. M.
Plant Operator
Knowledge of Properties Mech. Rubber Goods
Knowledge of Application Mech. Rubber Goods
Knowledge of General Problems of the Industry
Knowledge of Particular Problems of the Plant
Plant Analysis
Maximum Efficiency & Economy in the use of Belting, Hose, Packing, Etc.
CHART SHOWING FUNCTIONS AND FACTORS OF The GOODYEAR PLAN OF PLANT ANALYSIS

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Plant Analysis Service — and the G. T. M.

Look at this chart. It pictures, in the language of the plant superintendent and the industrial engineer, the place occupied by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—with relation to your belting, hose and packing problems.

It identifies the G. T. M. for what he is, the tested link in the chain of service connecting your need for efficient plant operation, and your knowledge of the special working conditions of your plant, with the Goodyear Plan of Plant Analysis and the products Goodyear makes for industrial use.

You have seen on these pages example after example of the efficient and economical performance of Goodyear mechanical goods that were specified to their work by the G. T. M. These reports make up a body of convincing evidence, we think, as to the honest effort made by Goodyear to build the best possible product for certain operating conditions. The part the G. T. M. has played in each of these instances has been one of responsibility, seeing that the user gets out of the product in useful work all the value of the materials and workmanship put into it.

The G. T. M. is an expert in his line. He knows the properties of good mechanical goods. He is trained in the science of their specification and application. His work takes him into many plants, in many industries, so that he is familiar with most transmission and conveying problems, and is a practical authority on many of them.

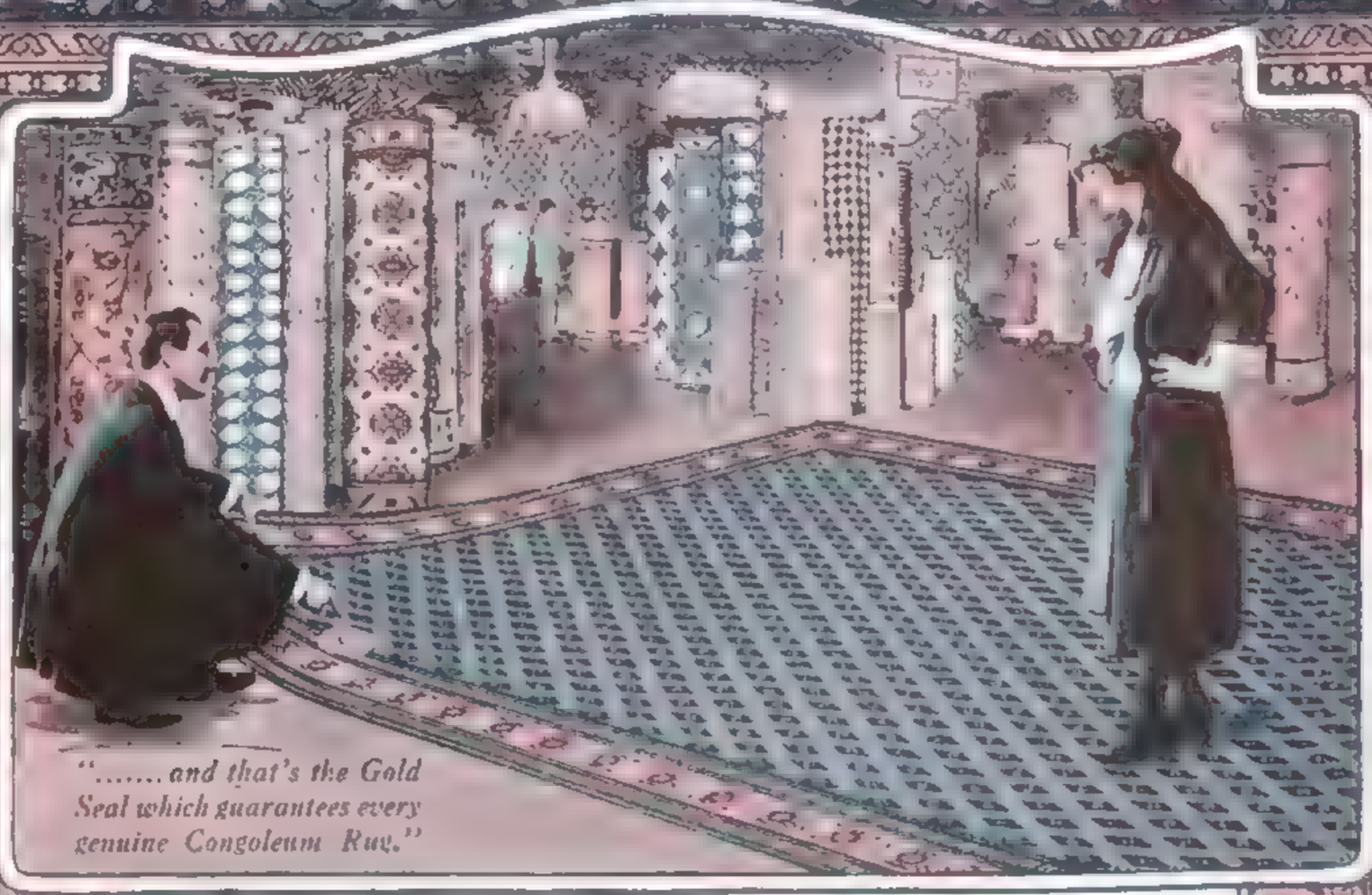
When he comes to your plant, he comes as a friendly analyst of your operating problems, your troubles, maybe. He doesn't pretend to know it all. He takes the advice of your superintendent and engineer. He gives close attention to their experienced knowledge of your particular working conditions.

His sole object is to fit what he knows about belting, hose or packing to the demonstrated conditions of service in your plant. If he can find out what you need, and Goodyear can furnish it, he will recommend it to you, and after its installation he will follow it up with a sincere service.

Isn't it logical that a belt, or other equipment, that is constructed right in the first place, and then is specified intelligently to the work it is to do, is much more likely than any other product is to serve you longer and better, with freedom from trouble, and return to you the full value of its utmost efficiency and economy? The Goodyear Analysis Plan is based on that reasoning, and the G. T. M.'s work is to insure that you get the equipment that will serve you longest and best.

There is a G. T. M. in your neighborhood. Call on him for an analysis of your mechanical goods problem, whether it involves a single unit or an entire plant, a conveyor or a transmission, a hose or a packing equipment. For further information about the G. T. M., and his work, or the kind of service Goodyear products give in your particular industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR



"..... and that's the Gold Seal which guarantees every genuine Congoleum Rug."

The Rug displayed is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 508

Gold Seal Congoleum—the guaranteed rug

When you are buying a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug the most important thing to remember is to *look for the Gold Seal*. It's printed in green on a gold background, and pasted in a corner on the face of the rug. Ask the salesman to point it out to you.

Beware of Imitations

We urge you to do this because this Gold Seal is your protection against inferior rugs that may resemble *Gold-Seal* Congoleum in outward appearance, but do not possess the durability and economy of this popular floor-covering.

The Gold Seal is your assurance that you are getting a genuine Congoleum Rug—the rug which is sold with a pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back."

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs possess practical qualities which appeal to every housewife. They have a smooth, waterproof surface that is made spotless with just a few swishes of a damp mop.

Congoleum Rugs never kick up at the edges as woven rugs do—always lie flat without fastening.

Note the Low Prices

6 x 9 feet	$ 8.10	9 x 10½ feet	$14.15
7½ x 9 feet	10.10	9 x 12 feet	16.20

The rugs illustrated are made only in the four largest sizes
The small rugs are made in other designs
to harmonize with them

1½ x 3 feet	$ .50	3 x 4½ feet	$1.50
3 x 3 feet	1.00	3 x 6 feet	2.00

Owing to high freight rates, prices west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia · New York · Chicago · San Francisco
Boston · Minneapolis · Kansas City
Dallas · Pittsburgh · Atlanta · Montreal

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

This is Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 508

OUT-OF-DOORS

Maryland Game Laws

REFERRING to comment on the former existence of many county and local laws in the state of Maryland, a president of the state game commission of that state says that within the last ten years Maryland has abandoned local legislation in favor of state-wide laws, and that the county laws have been pretty much wiped out. Many disinterested sportsmen have labored long and faithfully to bring game conditions in Maryland to this better status. Maryland has a state-wide hunting license, as well as state-wide laws; for the resident five dollars and ten cents, the nonresident ten dollars and twenty-five cents. The resident county license is one dollar and ten cents. All hunters while hunting must wear on the left arm a sleeve band with a number corresponding to their hunter's license. The open season and bag limits of this state seem to be logical and modern.

Speaking of open seasons, it chances that the writer often is asked for suggestions as to dates for fishing and shooting seasons. I don't suppose any one man is wise enough to tell how to increase the fish and game of America by merely setting dates, and, of course, the only way we really can increase our fish and game is to stop killing; but some dates are worse than others, and conflicting dates are always bad. For instance, suppose Wisconsin or some other state allows pickerel fishing a month before it allows bass fishing. The result is that many bass are taken illegally anyhow. We used to have in Illinois and in other states a dove season which began in August, and a chicken season which began in September. The result was that by September first there were no chickens.

Broad, simple, concurrent dates for all species of fish found in one water, all species of game found in one habitat, giving a little and taking a little, will in the end usually work out better than a number of dates fixed to suit the habits of the different species, or to suit the wishes of avid sportsmen. It seems to me we shall have to come to a month or two months' shooting in the fall for any or all kinds of game before we get down to the actual saving of our upland birds and other animals. There is no royal road about it—we shall have to content ourselves with shorter seasons and smaller bags. America is not the same country it used to be, even twenty years ago. Indeed, I am not sure but that Doctor Hornaday's plan of alternate open and closed years on all game will before long seem much more endurable than it does to-day. The present system cannot run on much further.

Special Spectacles

IN A RECENT periodical I saw further proof of the curious inventiveness of the out-of-door crank. Everyone knows that the rear peep sight is the answer for that fuzzy look of the open sights when you get to be seventy or eighty years old. This student has invented a peep sight which stands very close to the eye, with a small aperture which seems to sharpen the vision, so that the sights are seen as clearly as ever. But what could he do with his revolver, held at arm's length, away out yonder from the eye?

He could not find the aperture if he tried. So he sat down and took an old pair of spectacles, and for the right eye fitted in a piece of black tin with a small hole drilled in it opposite the pupil of the eye. The hole was punched with a large darning needle.

The inventor says, "Now the sights of the revolver are both seen very sharp and distinct, as well as the target." He says it works.

The human eye is a curious thing, not understood by many shooters. Indeed, the whole principle of wing shooting is understood very little by the average shooter, no matter how expert. Theoretically the right eye lines up the barrel and the left eye covers the field and the object to be struck. In practice, however, a man may establish some sort of accommodation between a left eye which still sees fairly well and a right eye which does not. He has some kind of least common denominator in his eyes or in his mind somewhere. He pulls up his shotgun, lines up on his flying bird and kills it, though he does not know just how. Of course, when it comes to shooting a rifle, the shooting eye has got to be doctored if it does not see the rear and front sight clearly and the object of aim also. The open sight is better so long as we can use it, but the aperture sight becomes useful when the three objects are not all clear in line. You can make a spectacle or a lens by poking a little hole in a piece of paper. I think, however, that a great many men shoot a rifle on running game much as they do a shotgun—by pointing with the stock and barrel at that mentally imagined spot which represents the accommodation of the two eyes. It sounds difficult, but any rifleman knows he can shoot with both eyes open and kill deer.

The Great Explorers

NOT long ago there was erected at Charlottesville, Virginia, a monument to the two greatest of our American explorers, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark—the only monument, it is believed, which these two splendid young Americans ever conjointly have received, at least so far as falls within my personal knowledge. The monument is a gift of Mr. McIntire, of Charlottesville, and Charles Keck was the sculptor. The height of the pedestal is fourteen feet, the height of the bronze figures eight feet four inches. The chief inscription reads:

BOLD AND FARSEEING PATHFINDERS WHO CARRIED THE FLAG OF THE YOUNG REPUBLIC TO THE WESTERN OCEAN AND REVEALED AN UNKNOWN EMPIRE TO THE USE OF MANKIND

Below the inscription are the thirteen stars of the thirteen original states, and beneath them the statement:

A TERRITORY OF 385,000 SQUARE MILES WAS ADDED TO THE COUNTRY BY THE EFFORTS OF THESE MEN—AN AREA LARGER THAN THE THEN EXISTING SIZE OF THE UNITED STATES

Around the base of the bronze figures are bas-reliefs of Lewis and Clark entering a council of Indians; the Indian guide, Sacajawea, returning to her tribe; Indians admiring the huge negro of the party; an Indian dance; a buffalo hunt in which Lewis and Clark joined.

Naturally very much interested in this monument by reason of my own personal interest in early Western exploration, I have examined it with considerable exactness. It shows Lewis carrying what might very well be a Harper's Ferry musket, ramrod and all, which does not in the least resemble the frontier rifle of a hundred years ago. Regarding this detail I wrote to a gentleman in Charlottesville, who says that the sculptor was of the belief that Lewis and Clark should not be shown as hunters, and for this reason he has Lewis carrying a musket. This, although both figures are in fringed buckskin and not in army uniform. This gentleman also says that he has seen a picture of Lewis in Indian dress, painted by St. Memin, and showing him with a Kentucky rifle about as tall as he was. He adds, however: "The army musket in use at that time was rifled and a very powerful weapon—better, I should think, for buffalo and grizzly than the small bore. It is told that on several occasions, when pursued by grizzlies, the hunter loaded his rifle while running, which would be a pretty difficult operation with the smaller gun with its long barrel, tight bullet, slender ramrod, patches, and so on. On first thought one would infer that they used the rifle in general use by the pioneers, but I am inclined to doubt it. They were United States soldiers. There must be some record of the Expedition's equipment, but I have had no time to look it up."

It is sure that Capt. Zebulon Pike, Western explorer of about the same date, used the small-bore rifle, for in his narrative he constantly makes mention of its lack of knock-down quality on large game.

It is stated that none of Meriwether Lewis' descendants now living around Charlottesville know anything about his rifle, although they have other relics, including his spyglass. I think it may be stated as safe that all members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition carried the frontier rifle of their day, no doubt in the larger caliber which antedated the later squirrel rifle in that form of firearms in America. At the time of Lewis' melancholy death at the Grinder cabin, in what is now Lewis County, Tennessee, his bodyguard, Pernia, disappeared with his rifle and his watch. This man was later found in New Orleans in possession of both these articles by a relative of Meriwether Lewis, to whom he surrendered both without any protest. Of the history of the rifle from that time on I know nothing. I am of the belief that the counterpart of such a piece would have looked better in a monument intended to be descriptive of the heroes of America's greatest expedition of discovery.

The Coming of the Horse

IN THE American Indian Magazine Mr. Clark Wissler gives some very interesting facts about the first appearance of the horse in Western America. Of course that animal came over with the early Spaniards. Mr. Wissler states that many of Coronado's horses escaped around 1540 while he was making his great expeditions; also that De Soto's followers abandoned their horses when they took to boats and ascended the Mississippi River in 1541. Cortez brought horses to Mexico twenty years before any came into what is now the United States. The first French horse came over in 1647, the first English horses reached New England in 1629. In Virginia wild horses were rather a nuisance in 1669. When La Salle went down the Mississippi in 1681 he met Indians riding horses where St. Louis was going to be. By that time, the author thinks, all the tribes south of the lower Missouri River had become horse Indians. The Hudson Bay Company, in 1754, around what is now Edmonton, Alberta, met Blackfeet who were well supplied with horses. It is difficult to think of a Western Indian otherwise than as a mounted man.

Do Animals Reason?

MY OLD-TIMER up in Alaska, prospecting, also makes me happy once in a while with some first-hand natural history. He says: "I have seen an article about animals, say, dogs and bears, having reasoning power. That is nothing new to me, for I have had plenty of time to study dogs, and if they can't reason they ought to be killed, for they are worthless. I have two sledge dogs, half wolf, and it is wonderful what they will do. I have seen my leader locate a trail with six feet of snow drifted over it, and do many other things that would make an ordinary man guess. I have traveled twenty-eight hundred miles over my trap lines in the past winter and have never seen them pass a trap or a snare yet. They always know where the next set is—and find it, although it would be lost if they would go a few feet farther down the trail. As to bears, they will find the weakest place in the cache quicker than a man would—they always find the easiest place to break in. I find it also very interesting to watch my foxes."

After a day of Work or Play

Your tired, irritated skin needs invigorating—toning up—to offset the ill effects of the wind and grime to which it has been subjected.

Give it a refreshing treatment with warm water and Resinol Soap. This relieves the pores of their accumulated dust and oil,—permitting them to function properly. It generally removes excess oil and reduces the unsightliness of facial blemishes.

Now watch the tired lines disappear and the gray pallor give place to a healthy glow. Once more you are ready for the evening with a complexion that is radiant and charming.

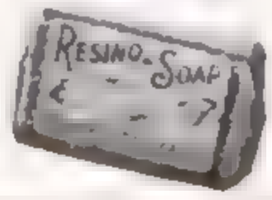
You make no mistake when you select Resinol Soap for daily use. It is—

Ideal for the hair
Unexcelled for the bath
Incomparable for the nursery

At all drug and toilet goods counters.

Send for free trial size cake. Dept. R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap



Everything Enamel Should Be

FOR the lasting beauty of your woodwork, furniture, stucco, plaster, metal, stone or cement, be sure it is enameled with SATINETTE—the Immaculate Finish of Distinction.

Age only mellows SATINETTE—frequent washings cannot mar it. Because its surface is hard, smooth, and free from dust-collecting irregularities, its sanitary features recommend it for use in hospitals, laboratories, dairies, kitchens, pantries, etc. Its beauty makes it the one choice for home and public interiors of distinction.

Architects endorse SATINETTE.—Your painter will be glad to use it. Get it from your hardware or paint dealer. It will be a pleasure to send the SATINETTE pamphlet with full information.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS
90 West Street New York City
55 Stevenson Street, San Francisco, C...
Foreign Branches: London, Paris, Melbourne

STANDARD COOPER-BELL CO.
2600 Federal Street Chicago, Ill

Manufacturers of world-accepted standards in Varnishes Enamels and Allied Specialties

Elastica Varnishes
For every architectural and household purpose

Kwickwork Auto Enamel
Can be applied one day and the car used the next.

Kwickfloor
The liquid floor covering you lay with a brush

TROUPIN' WITH THE TENTS

(Continued from Page 21)

weather comes along and on the week you will run perhaps two or three thousand dollars behind, and when the season closes like as not the owner finds himself facing a deficit instead of a profit. Really good showmanship consists of hooking up your show so that the intake will consistently offset the expense.

Of course this does not take into consideration a fire or a wreck or a blow-down. A blow-down means new canvas, which taken all around will cost a show of this kind $3500 or more. It is not infrequent that a sleeper may get on fire and burn up, the replacing of which, provided the running gear is left in good shape, will cost anywhere from $2500 to $4000; or there may be a wreck on the road, when perhaps three or four cars, or for that matter nearly the whole show train, may have to be rehabilitated.

The expense of this falls almost invariably upon the pocketbook of the showman, because railroads in their contracts very explicitly covenant that they will not be responsible for any mishap to the train from any cause while it is on the rails of their division.

A Menagerie at Large

In the years gone by, of course, circus owners have brought suits against the roads for various torts and breaches of contract. Very few were successful in holding a verdict in their favor after it has been passed upon by the higher courts.

"I'm lookin' for a big day's business tomorra," interjected the ticket taker. "You can't tell nothin' about a tank like this unless that you are bound to be surprised either one way or the other. Of course I rather we was playin' closer to Broadway, because hikin' over these hills sure does put the wagons on the toboggan."

"One time," reminisced Sleepy Stevens, "I joined out with a show in the fall of the year, and as it was goin' to winter in California I stuck along after closin' day because they wanted a guy which would be handy junin' up the show train when we was layin' off.

"Along about the end of this season the equipment was pretty well shot to pieces and I says to the boss that he had better lay off a few days and let me look over the cages, 'because,' sez I, 'some of it was put together with carpet tacks, and,' sez I, 'if anybody throws a kiss at it it'll melt away like a snowball in July,' sez I.

"'That'll be all right, Sleepy,' sez he. 'Don't you worry none. You ain't one of them calamity *hombres*, is you?' sez he.

"'Not exactly,' sez I, 'but ——'

"'But nothin',' breaks in the boss. 'Lemme tell you somethin', Sleepy: we have had pessimists an' hard-luck-story tellers an' sob artists and distributors of the old doleful dope since time began, but there was only one of 'em ever got his moniker on the roster of the big league. His name was Jeremiah,' sez he, 'an' I guess they figured one of him was enough, because in all that time from Demosthenes to Jack Dempsey he has held the undisputed championship for gloom, and his record for the calamity stakes over a distance of ground has never been approached, much less beaten.'

"'Well, it's up to you,' sez I. 'It's your show an' it won't worry me if you has to pass a dividend,' sez I."

"At that, I bet you landed in winter quarters all right," interjected the acrobat. "I mind the time I was with the Kassack outfit. You would have took your oath we couldn't get to the next town, because we didn't have a car that wasn't sagged down in the middle, an' no self-respectin' junk dealer would have made a bid for the runnin' gear. But we went through the season without a bobble, an' when the band played Home, Sweet Home the old man sold the whole blame train to a movin'-picture outfit which wanted to stage a honest-to-goodness realistic railroad wreck."

"They staged it all right, I betcha," volunteered Sleepy.

"That's what they did," confirmed the acrobat. "I slipped down to see that event myself. I was always anxious to know what would have happened if another train was to hit us when we were on the road."

"Well, you found out?"

"And then some," said the acrobat. "This sensation were staged in Arizona. It was fixed so as two trains would meet head on. Half of our cars was hooked on to one engine and half to the other. They give 'em a start of about half a mile and then the engineers jumped off. Some of the folks thought they would be safe if they stood off a couple of hundred yards from the scene of the collision, but old Shorty knowed better. I took up a position fully a mile away as the crow flies, but even then an old mattress out of the sleepers hit me in the solar plexis an' I took the count. The rest of 'em had a considerable baptism of old junk. The he-doll which was the hero of this movie outfit ain't never been the same since. They picked up parts of that show train as far west as San Burdoo."

"How did you get along with your train, Sleepy?" interrogated the boss canvasman.

"Oh, we run all right till we got goin' through the tunnels in the Cascades," responded Mr. Stevens, "then we telescoped the back end of a freight train which was stalled. It were just as I said it would be."

"Yep?"

"Yessir; the flats with the cages on 'em doubled up like a jackknife, an' while you could clap your hands the mountains was full of nothin' but strange beasts of jungle and plain. Tigers, leopards, lions, monks and everything on the show got loose except Bon the Baby Hip. No railroad wreck ever happened could jar that bird into action.

"Luckily enough, nobody back in the sleepers got hurt, so we all got busy tryin' to round up the menagerie. If it wasn't that we had a cowboy outfit with us, which was headin' for California for the Big Rodeo day at Los Angeles, we would be lookin' for 'em yet. But they got busy with their ropes and secured most of the big cats, which wasn't such a hard job as you may think, because the snow was three or four feet deep and most of 'em anchored their own selves. Finally they was all rounded up, but when we counted noses we found that Grover Cleveland, the swellest Bengal tiger which was ever in captivity, was still missin'. And the old man sent us all back to rout him out of the brush. I didn't hunger for a job of this kind, but I went along. I knowed from experience that when it comes to big cats you don't want to monkey with no tigers. If I had of met up with that bird I was a-goin' to sidestep him an' politely wish him well, so when I got out of sight of the cars I just picked me a nice spot an' lay down in the snow. I figured I would let the others do the sloppy sleddin'."

Scaring Off a Tiger

"Well, Sleepy, you was playin' safe anyway—I will give you credit for that."

"I just thought I was," responded Mr. Stevens, "but I was only kiddin' myself. I was like a guy that would start for the North Pole with a straw hat an' a Palm Beach outfit. I was layin' there listenin' to 'em rough riders hollerin' and yellin', when I hears a low growl a few yards to one side of me in the brush.

"'Holy Saint Dog!' sez I. 'I'm cast for the leadin' part in Daniel in the Den of Lions, an' I always knowed the reporter which went out on that yarn got soused before he reached the scene of operations.'"

"You beat it, I suppose," laughed the acrobat. "I'll bet, Sleepy, you was a race track full of speed."

"I couldn't have run if I wanted to," confessed Mr. Stevens. "As it was, I was cold enough outside layin' in that snow, but I am a liar if I didn't freeze inside too. I went out of the hero business right there. Every time them cowboys would yelp old Grover would growl an' I could tell by the sound that he was comin' closer and closer to me. I was like a ostrich, I buried my head in the snow an' waited. I lived a thousand years an' then some. Finally I couldn't stand it no longer, so I poked my head up. You would never guess, neither, what I did see, because that tiger was about two feet away from me lookin' me right in the eye. There was a woman oncet out Chicago way which won a prize at the butchers' picnic for bein' able to shout louder than any skirt on the grounds. I don't want to boast, but I made her sound like a undertaker arrangin' the pallbearers at a swell funeral.

"I let a yelp out of me which all the boys claimed afterwards could hev been heard by the President in the White House; an', say, do you know, I am the only man which went up agin a man-eatin' tiger with no other weapon but his voice, and he beat it down that hill through the deep snow like as if I had been armed with a machine gun loaded with barbed wire an' pavin' stones. Yes, sir-ree, they can talk about conquerin' big cats with the human eye, but gimme the voice. Ast any married man if I ain't right."

"This here talk about Willard wantin' another chance at Dempsey jars me," broke in the clown, who was billed in big black-faced type as the Boy Jester from Oklahoma the funniest fellow alive! He was regarded in the dressing tent as a prime authority on sports and pastimes. "Huh! They don't never come back."

"Oh, I dunno. I've seen 'em do a return engagement," vouchsafed the boss canvasman quietly. "There ain't nothin' run by rule except what you see on the blackboard in the little red schoolhouse."

"Say, pop, I never seen you yet that you didn't get on the yon side of a argument," protested Oklahoma. "You think they do, eh? Well, now, for instance, who did you ever see come back? And I gamble you know all the riders an' kinkers of your time. Just gimme one specific case and I'll throw my hand into the discard."

"I seen somethin' which you and no other Joey will ever see," returned the ancient one solemnly. "I was on the lot the night that Jimmy Vokes come back."

"Jimmy Vokes—who was he? I never heard of him."

"No," muttered the old man; "I expect you didn't. There ain't over half a dozen men in the business to-day which ever heard of Jimmy Vokes, but just the same he did what you call a comeback, and if you was to live a thousand years you'd never see one like it in no man's country."

A Real Trouper

The veteran ceased speaking and rose to his feet. "Well," said he, "I guess I'll go on over and hit the hay."

"Aw, don't go yet, pop!" chorused the crowd. "Tell us about this here Jimmy Vokes. Don't pay any attention to Oklahoma."

"What'll be the use?" quavered the ancient one. "None of youse knowed him. I don't suppose any of youse was born when Jimmy was the star equestrian of the Jobson Show."

"Old Guv'nor Jobson that just died?"

"Naw—it were his father, the original William Jobson. I joined out with him." This latter statement was made with no little pride.

"Well, well. But go on, pop, spin the yarn. What's the use of bein' a grouch?"

The oracle resumed his seat in the little circle and lit his pipe, puffing thoughtfully for a few moments before taking up his parable. He was evidently rehearsing in his mind what he was going to say.

"I don't want to criticize anyone," he began slowly, "but when you come to talk about riders, Jimmy Vokes started where they all left off. Day in, day out, he could outride anyone I ever seen. He had everything, as you might say; and what's more, he could do three somersaults in the leaps."

"There ain't nobody done the leaps for twenty years," interrupted the star of the Shortall Troupe.

"That's what they ain't," returned the old man, "but you can bet that on the old Jobson show everybody was billed for the big act. Clowns, acrobats and equestrians—it didn't make no difference. The boss used to say that he didn't carry no tourists, which perhaps is the reason that we don't have 'em nowadays. They was the most popular act the circus ever had."

"They're too blamed dangerous," broke in the clown, who in his professional capacity impersonated a rube policeman. "Who wants to get his leg or his back broke just to show that he kin turn a twister over four elephants an' half a dozen baggage horses? There ain't nothin' in that."

"No, that's what they all say," agreed the canvasman. "That's what's the matter with every business nowadays; they're all specialists. A show has to carry so many people that it's mighty few of them don't eat a hole in the old man's bank roll. But Jimmy Vokes wasn't one of that kind: he were a real trouper."

Continued on Page 36)

As all fine motor cars should, the Peerless bears within itself the elements that go to make a good investment.

The power and speed of a wonderful eight-cylinder engine, a high degree of economy, luxurious comfort—all are brought into proper relation and balance.

But greater than all the rest—contributing even more effectively to lasting satisfaction—are the quality and the staunchness that belong so particularly to the Peerless.

It is these that enable the Peerless to render such continuous service to its owners; to free them so completely from unexpected interruptions and delays.

It is on only the continuity and length of service that the returns of any motor car investment can safely be reckoned.

It is on that basis that the Peerless demonstrates, over a period of years, its good value to its owners.

In the judgment of Mr. Collins and his associates, the Peerless value, in the present market, is so pronounced that it will repay the most rigid examination and the closest comparison discriminating buyers care to make.

THEODORE F. MacMANUS

Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2790; Four Passenger Roadster, $2790; Four Passenger Coupe, $3450; Five Passenger Sedan, $4050; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790; Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4060; F. O. B. Cleveland

The Peerless Motor Car Company has been acquired and is being operated by R. H. Collins and his associates

PEERLESS

All that the name implies

APRIL 1922

8900 miles on this

Las-Stik TUBE PATCH ORIGINAL Patch with a STRETCH

—Patched tube
Still going strong

The patch was applied to a *blowout* in about two minutes' time. After traveling 8900 miles it could not be torn off with a pair of pliers. The tube tore first; this tear was patched, and the tube is back in service.

Protect yourself today with a Las-Stik outfit. You can mend a 17 inch blowout or dozens of small punctures. No gasoline required, no vulcanizing, no tools.

Las-Stik is the only pure white (pure gum) guaranteed patch with the trade-mark stamped on every inch. Extra quality, air-tight Holland backing protects the uncured sticky side, keeping the patch sticky, elastic and fresh three years. It lasts as long as the tube when applied.

DEALERS: Write on your letterhead for sample can and send your jobber's name. Put the below pictured display on your counter and tie up with, and cash in on, this advertising.

JOBBERS: Las-Stik being pure rubber does not deteriorate in three years. Consequently it makes good for consumer, dealer and you. Our sales policy protects you. Write.

Las-Stik Patch Mfg. Co., Hamilton, Ohio

Complete outfits, 50 cent and $1.00 sizes

Look for this display on your dealer's counter

(Continued from Page 34)

The old man again relapsed into silence. The crowd seemed to sense that it would not do to question him further. They would give him his own time and the story would come of itself.

"As I said, Vokes was a real rider," he resumed after a lengthy pause. "But he had one failin'—that was licker. Jimmy drank like he did everything else, just as hard as he could, sometimes he would lay off of it a month or so, but then he would break out again. The remarkable thing about it was, it didn't appear to hurt his ridin' none. I have seen him fill an ordinary glass with whisky and drink it off like you would water; then he'd get up and ride just as good as ever.

"Sometimes he would go on a prolonged bat and wander off somewheres, but the folks around the show didn't worry—they knowed he'd blow back at the next stand. But one time Jimmy went and he didn't come back. After a few days the guv'nor got real worried and he sent one of the twenty-four-hour men to try to dig him up, but he had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him."

Jimmy Vokes Comes Back

"Weeks and months went by, and still no word of Jimmy Vokes. We had made up our minds we would never see him again, and was just about to close the season in Texas when one night at the evenin' performance and just as the principal act had finished, the worst-lookin' tramp you ever seen in your life come through the entrance, made a bolt for the center ring and did a flyin' leap on to gray Jenny's back, which was the mare Jimmy always used for his finish.

"Most of the show folks thought it was a new act the old man had signed up, because in those days there wasn't many rube riders an' whenever anything new come out you could bet old man Jobson was among the first to grab it. Well, this tramp started to do a hurricane ride. I have seen 'em all, but this feller did forwards an' backs an' rode a horse every way a human bein' could ride him, from his head to his tail. The crowd went wild; they had never seen anything like that before; but while they was applaudin' an' yellin' their heads off the tramp rider disappeared. You might of thought we would have knowed him first off, but we didn't because he had two weeks' growth of beard on his face.

"As I say, he went out through the back door, and from that day to this we have never seen or heard of him. We knowed it was Jimmy, though, because someone picked up a battered old black hat beside the ring, and his name was punched in the leather sweatband."

The old canvasman finished and for a moment or two the little gathering was lost in thought. Could it be that they were following along a mental back trail and journeying with the prodigal?

In more sophisticated circles it might have been called a silent tribute, but the people of the circus have no particular name for an expression of profound sympathy. It is possible to have a human heart even if one lacks the attributes of a conventional soul; the circus always understands, and they interpreted the story of Jimmy Vokes.

"Playin' Texas was no joke those times, eh, pop?"

The old man nodded. "We used to call it a foreign country," he exclaimed. "When we got over the border an' wanted to write back we used to date our letters 'United States of America.' Everybody toted a gun, an' shootin' scrapes were as common as movin'-picture theaters nowadays. I can remember our ticket wagon was loaded with firearms and boxes of ammunition. All the protection we got was what we could give ourselves. I won't say as we was lily white, either, because we carried an outfit of gamblers with the show. The authorities knew that. Nine out of every ten of 'em was paid for protection. Sometimes they gave it to us, sometimes they didn't, but they all held us up.

"I mind one time some towner went up against the shells in the connection and lost a couple of hundred dollars while you are battin' an eye. I was behind him when he reached for his gun, an' I grabbed him around both arms so as he couldn't use it. Then the town marshal come along and took him away to the calaboose. I needn't tell you we had paid that marshal for protection.

"Well, we thought there was nothin' more to it, but later in the evenin' it appears they turned this towner loose an' he went and got his gang. After fillin' them with red licker they started back for the lot. In them days, I must tell you, when a resident of Texas went after you with a gun he didn't waste no time argufyin'. The first thing we knowed, this *hombre* an' his pals opened fire on the menagerie, just the same as if they was regular troops suppressin' a riot.

"The old man was in the menagerie when the shootin' started.

"'Get the guns! Hustle to the wagon an' get the guns!' he shouted. An' believe me, they did. I was one of the canvas crew then. When the fight got fairly started he hollered at me to start tearin' down."

Pulling Out Under Fire

"We struck that canvas, big top, menagerie, horse and cook tent, an' all while the battle was goin' on. Bullets was flyin' in all directions, but the old man never stopped a minute. I guess no circus before or since was loaded on the cars quicker than ours. Then the high sign was given the boys an' we climbed aboard. The engineer pulled out, hell bent for election. He didn't stop neither until we got over the line at Texarkana. If you think it wasn't a real battle I'll tell you for your information that we was nine men short when we called the roll, an' I heard on good authority afterwards that seventeen Texans had croaked with their boots on.

"We never went back to Texas while the old man was alive, although no charge was ever brought against him, because everybody knew that the Texans started it, and so far as we was concerned we was only defendin' ourselves. Yep, that's thirty-nine years ago, an' Texas don't look or act like the same place as when I was a boy."

"What was the funniest thing you ever seen on a show, Oklahoma?" inquired the boss of the side show.

"Oh, I dunno," returned the clown. "I have seen so many funny stunts that it's hard to give one of 'em a name, but I mind one time I was with a wagon show playin' the hick towns of York State. A feller come along one day an' wanted to join out as a clown; if you listened to him he could do everything, from singin' to producin', so the boss signed him up—four dollars a week and cakes. Figurin', of course, that if he couldn't clown he could drive stakes.

"This feller was a sure rube an' we give him his first tryout in the concert. He had a song he wrote himself and he went on just as he was, blue overalls and cow-breakfast hat. All the props he had was a wisp of hay which he held tucked under his arm. He sang somethin' that ran like this:

"I went to town the other day
To get some books and toys,
For dad and mammy think I am
The finest of their boys.

"At the end of every two lines he would do a breakdown. Everybody on the show come in to see him perform, and he sure handed them a laugh. Billy Cross was with us then and it was too good an opportunity for him to lose.

"He stole up behind the rube when he was right in the middle of this song and set the bunch of hay on fire. Well, you know the rest. Talk about tyin' a can to a dog's tail! This guy lit out of the tent like he had been shot out of a gun, and that was the last we saw of him."

Sleepy Goes His Way

Away up the railroad track a freight train whistled. It was one of those long low hoots that echo and reverberate across the little valley. Sleepy Stevens rose and shook himself.

"Thar she comes, an' she's headin' west," he ejaculated. "I guess I'll be on my way, folks."

"Why, we thought you wasn't goin' to start till to-morrow, Sleepy," voiced the side-show boss.

"Well," returned Mr. Stevens, "I did aim to ride the cushions, but considerin' the weather I calculate I'd be more comfortable in a furniture Pullman with the side doors open. Guess I'll pull out. So long, folks. Good-by."

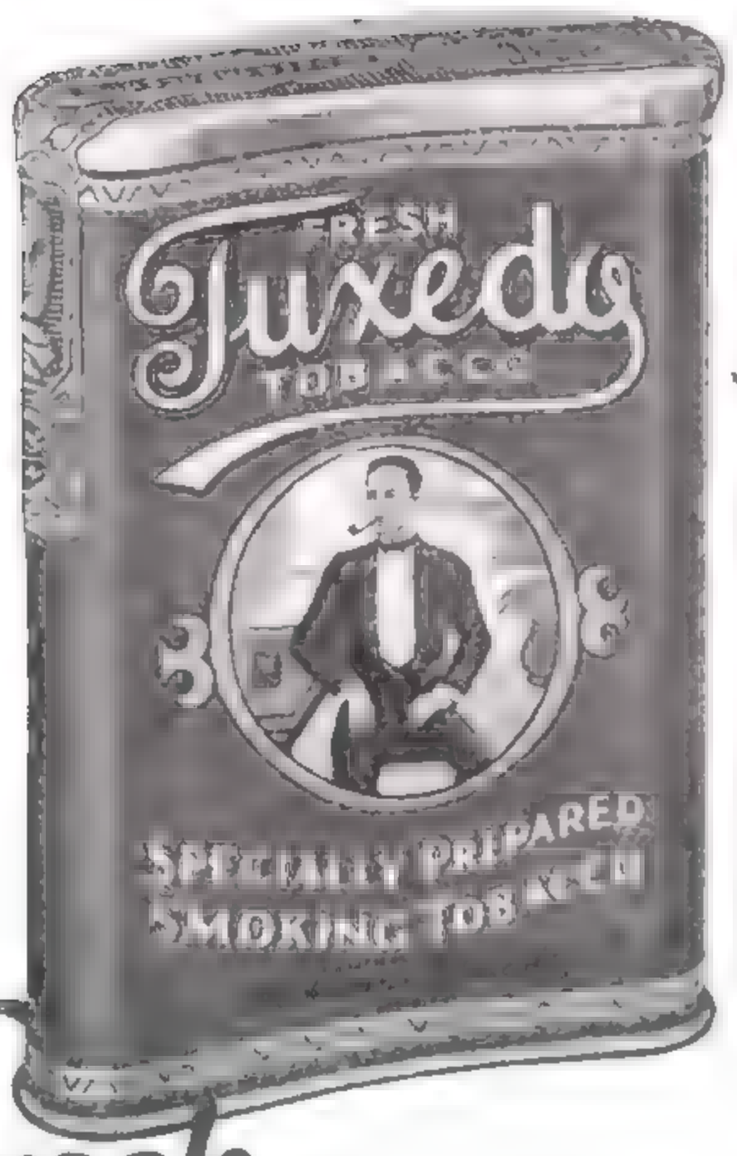
He turned to go, pushing his battered hat down over his eyes.

"Good-by, Sleepy, old boy. Good luck," echoed the crowd as the slim figure disappeared in the dusk.

Later we noted the same form silhouetted against the sky away up on the ridge along which the railroad ran. A long arm shot heavenward in parting salute, and a mellow voice came down to us: "Good-by, everybody! Good luck!"

And then as the cars rattled past we saw a lithe figure lurch toward them and disappear.

"Old Sleepy made her on the run," commented the clown. "Good old Sleepy!"



fresh
from the factory

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.

To do this the American Tobacco Company has changed its entire plan of distribution. Every modern device for speed—fast trains, motor delivery, and telegrams—has been taken advantage of.

Nothing is overlooked that will clip minutes from the schedule on which TUXEDO is delivered from our factory to your pipe. All this is done because freshness is the essence of smoking tobacco quality.

Today TUXEDO is sold to every dealer in one dozen lots. This makes it necessary for the retail dealer to order TUXEDO continuously but it insures TUXEDO reaching you in fresh condition.

This means that every pipeful of TUXEDO is good and every pipeful alike. You need never smoke stale tobacco again.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer

fresh
from the factory

Read the little booklet attached to every tin —The story of FRESH TUXEDO.

FRESH
Tuxedo
TOBACCO

THE GREATEST
Sandwich
IN THE WORLD

TAKE them with you on canoeing trips, motor trips, camping trips, hiking trips, on picnic parties of every kind.

You can make them in a jiffy. Just open a can of Underwood's Deviled Ham and spread like butter on thin crustless slices of fresh white bread. Then you truly have "*the greatest sandwich in the world.*"

It's the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing mixed with finely chopped ham—salted, sugared, hickory-smoked ham, boiled en casserole—that gives the taste that hungry people hanker for.

Get a can or two from your grocer today and you'll be ready at a moment's notice to prepare the best picnic luncheon you ever served. 25c in stamps will bring you a trial can if your grocer cannot supply you.

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY
53 Fulton Street Boston, Mass.

Look for this seal of quality on Underwood's Sardines in Oil, Tomato Sauce, and Mustard [illegible] Underwood Clam Chowder, Clam Bouillon and Clams in Bouillon

In business over 100 years.

Underwood
Deviled HAM

CHARLES FREDERIC GOES EASY

Continued from Page 15

"Pat," he whispered; "Pat, I can't! I mustn't! I ——"

Incredibly he saw her wide eyes crinkle into laughter, saw the mocking curve of her lips, the soundless patter of her hands, applauding—saw it in one sharp-graven instant, as though time had stopped.

"Bravo!" she cried. "You make a charming lover. You should be on the stage."

And in the darkness of the room a ponderous foot fell and the jovial voice of J. C. Bailey flattened the last poor shred of glamour in that night of moon and stars.

"Hi, youngun! Whatdoin'? Gotabear?"

That is the unromantic phrase for worship thus under your lady's window *hacer al oso*, to play bear.

"A good one," she laughed. "You should hear him do Romeo!"

"I do Hamlet better," said the bear savagely. "'Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks.' . . . Got a minute, Mr. Bailey? I want to talk to you."

Even the fat and middle-aged fathers of daughters are not blind to the dangerous qualities of moonlight.

"I guess so, Charley," said J. C. warily. "Come on in—through the door. Leave that window stuff to the greasers."

He switched on the lights and turned to dismiss his daughter, but his daughter was not there. He planted himself in a chair and prepared grimly to repel boarders.

But Charles Frederic did not say, "Sir, I love your daughter." He said, "Mr. Bailey, I want to be transferred to another job."

"'Smatter?"

"They think I'm a spotter. Gumshoeing around, you know, prying into their personal habits."

"Rot!" said J. C., relieved. "What do I care about their blinkety-blimp habits? Any hard-shell has got all the habits there are; any fool knows that. All I want to know is, do they get out the work?"

"I know, sir. I'm telling you what they think."

"And I'm telling you I don't give a humpety dink what they think!" said J. C. violently. "I'm running this outfit—or was the last I heard. I hired you, and you earn every nickel of your pay ——"

"All six of them," murmured Charles Frederic bitterly.

"Huh?"

"A man doesn't have to be worth much to earn fifty a month."

"Um—did I say fifty? I meant a hundred and fifty. I'll fix it at the office. Like I told you, I hate horseback work. Makes me so tired I can't think."

"Ought to use a Texas saddle," said Charles Frederic mechanically. A hundred and fifty was not exactly princely, but it was respectable, respectable; three times as respectable as fifty a month. "An English saddle is no good for mountain ——"

"Shut up!" roared J. C. Bailey. "Tired of arguing about that. When you get as fat as I am you'll know why I don't use a Texas saddle. You're young. But you got a good head on you," he said, subsiding, "and you see what you look at. I don't mind tellin' you that you're doin' fine. These hard-sheils, they mean well, but their skulls stopped growin' about the time they learned to spring a hole for powder. You got to make allowances."

Charles Frederic hadn't thought of that. It made him feel generous, forgiving. It was the nature of camp foremen to be narrow and hasty in their judgments, but they meant well.

"You just go easy," counseled J. C., "and you'll get along with 'em all right. How about a little drink? Got some good Scotch."

The marvelous thing about money is its effect on your self-esteem. A hundred and fifty was respectable; it was almost as much as a camp foreman got—more than half as much anyway. Charles Frederic was much restored in his mind, nobly resolved to make allowances—a resolution which remained intact until the following morning, when he rode into Camp One and offered kindly greeting to Joe Ribera, its presumably well-meaning foreman.

Joe Ribera said "H'mf!"

IV

"GOING down the line, Joe?" said Charles Frederic, making allowances. Joe, who stood before his shack, faced him with resentment burning in his little black eyes.

"You wan' see if I am lately to wor-rk? Here I am. You wan' see is ther-re something cr-rooked in my camp? Ther-re it is. You go look!"

He gesticulated with both hands, indicating that Charles Frederic was at liberty to inspect the universe if he chose—without assistance from Joe Ribera.

"Steady!" said Charles Frederic within himself. "Go easy with the poor fellow. He means well." He was nobly, resolutely kind. "Ah, go on, Joe! Get your horse and let's go."

Joe let his black eyes travel deliberately over the visitor from spurred heel to hat and reverse, after which he spoke a single word and spat to rid himself of the taste of it. Charles Frederic, still making allowances, was dimly surprised to find himself dismounting. The placid morning was murked with a reddish haze, through which he saw Joe's face contorted with some sudden emotion; saw a fist collide with Joe's jaw and saw Joe dive strangely earthward on one ear.

"Get up! Get your horse!"

At Tiscua Fill, which was the limit of Camp One, he bade his captive a kindly *adiós*, feeling all noble and forgiving again. And at Camp Two they summoned him to the phone.

"Gray," said the biting voice of J. C. Bailey, "I'll tell you just this once more. You can't build a railroad with a bung starter. I can hire bruisers for less than a hundred and fifty a month. If you can't keep your head you're through"; and the receiver clucked sharply in his ear.

"All right," said Charles Frederic within himself: "all right, Mr. J. C. Bailey, I'm through!"

He vaulted into the saddle and swung his horse townward and struck spurs to him. On the wings of injustice he fled, reveling in the fierce wind of his going, the clatter of flying stones, the headlong surge of the strong brute under him; reveling in the relief of unrestraint.

"Yip!" he yelled, and swung his quirt and brought it whistling down. "We're through, hoss, we're through!"

The descent from the mesa checked his mad pace. He was coming down over Tiscua Fill. Yonder J. C. and the girl had ridden up on a morning not so long ago; yonder he himself had sat, ragged, unbarbered, unlovely ——

"Has Your Grace left something?" queried Tiburcio, hurrying up, hat in hand.

"Nothing," said Charles Frederic vaguely.

J. C. had been kind to him—and Pat —— He sat staring down on the great white fill that pushed out into the sunlight, each week a little longer; at the figures of men that swarmed upon it, antlike, toiling without a vision of the thing they did. One day that gap would close; cuts and fills and tunnels, disjointed and fragmentary now, would be linked, and the trains of civilization would roll here into the hills and down to the distant sea. A queer homesickness filled him, but it was not for the security of his father's dry-goods store back in the States. Building a railroad—that was work for a man!

And one day he might come again, sitting alone within a moving window—pass in a pair of seconds this fill that cost such labor, and remember—"Just here ——"

In the upper reaches of this cañon, his eye knew where, there was a little bubbling spring under the trees. They had found it on a Sunday of laughter and of grave comradely talk; and the girl had cried, "All the lands laved by these mighty waters—are ours!" And she had dismounted to plant on its bank her banner of discovery, an absurd bit of lace and linen on a twig. It was still there, that valiant little banner. The rains would come and it would droop forgotten, and decay; and one day he would pass again, remembering—"Just here I saw her first. Just here I quit."

"Did Your Grace speak?" said the solicitous Tiburcio.

"Nothing," said Charles Frederic, and set his jaw and turned his horse and rode again into the hills.

Five days later he came to the house of J. C. Bailey. Stiffly, concisely, like a soldier, he reported to J. C. Bailey; and like a soldier's his eyes were grim. It had not been a pleasant week.

"Charley," said J. C., "you don't want to be sore at me for bawling you out the other day. A young feller needs to be bawled out about once in so often. You don't have to go through the world beating people up. Just go easy and use your head."

"Yes, sir. That all?"

"That's all," said J. C., and sighed.

Charles Frederic went out into the patio, and the manner of a soldier fell from him. In the arched *corredor* of the court a drop light glowed upon a pleasing scene—to wit, a girl reading; and the fragrance of jasmine was as balm to a sore heart. He laughed, for he had labored and he came now to his reward.

"Greeting!" he cried. "Gee, I was never so glad to get back to town! Busy?"

"Not very," she admitted. "Why?"

He was not warned.

"May I sit around and be unobtrusive?"

"I shall be glad to have you," she said politely.

The chill struck him then. He sat awkwardly, his hat on his knees, and for the first time since he had known her he found that there was nothing to say. She closed her book, one finger marking the place, regarding him.

He all but shivered.

"Er—don't let me interrupt you," he urged. "I'll just sit and smoke if I may."

"It isn't interesting," she said, and tossed the book aside.

He brightened.

"What say we take a stroll in the plaza?"

"Thank you, I don't feel drawn to the plaza just now."

"What do you feel drawn to?"

"Nothing."

And there you were.

She lifted her brows and said mildly, "You'll ruin it."

Following her glance, he discovered that he was twisting his expensive hat into a shapeless roll.

"Pat," he begged humbly, "mad?"

"Of course not. Why?"

"I'm—I'm sorry about the other night. Is that it?"

"Is that what?"

"Is that why you're angry with me?"

"Why should I be angry?"

She was very sweet about it; she even smiled—politely. He fired his unhappy hat at an unoffending pillar.

"Pat," he pleaded, "please! I can see you well enough, and you look as lovely as ever, but you you might as well be in a glass case. It doesn't seem like you at all!"

"No? I'm sorry."

And there you were again. Even Charles Frederic could see that his presence added little to her happiness, and he went seldom thereafter to J. C. Bailey's house. He told himself that he must build up their comradeship again from the bottom; but he found no place to begin.

Formally, with few words, he went among the camps. It was a question of endurance. The camp foremen endured his presence and he endured their silent hostility. He ate at their tables, though their food had no savor for him; he slept in their camps, waking in the hot darkness of sheet-iron shacks to remember sweet, scornful gray eyes and to marvel that the scent of jasmine could drift so far.

And the grimness hardened in his eyes and his jaw grew bleakly set; but he would not quit. Probably the original Ishmael was stubborn too. And summer drew on and the rains began.

"Gray," said J. C. Bailey, "you're looking kind of skinny."

"I'm all right," said Charles Frederic shortly.

"Well, anyway, when I get back you better take a couple of weeks off. Go in to Guadalajara, maybe, and frolic around a little. You got friends there, haven't you?"

It seemed unlikely. Charles Frederic could not conceive that he had friends anywhere. But even this bitter thought was swallowed in a sickening premonition.

"You—you going away?"

"Got to take the girl home," said J. C., confirming it. "She don't like it here. You don't know of anything that's liable to come up next two-three weeks, do you?"

V

THE human mind functions, at least in part, without attention from its owner.

"You better take a look at that side-hill tunnel at Camp Four before you go," said Charles Frederic. "I'm afraid it's going to

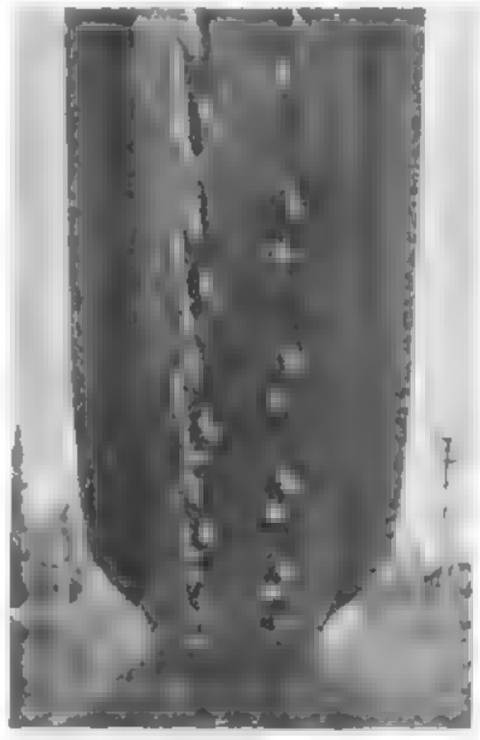
Continued on Page 40

THE SEVEN PASSENGER TOURING

This new and strikingly beautiful motor car is Packard's answer to the world's demand for a new grace, a new efficiency, a new value in an automobile. Long, low, handsome beyond words, its counterpart is not anywhere to be found. At one stride this new Packard steps out years ahead of all existing standards, joining increased size, power and charm to the pronounced mobility and economy of the time-tested Single-Six chassis. The two wheelbase lengths in which it is built—126 and 133 inches—accommodate eight new standard body styles, each a triumph of its kind

Packard showrooms now have the New Single-Six on view. The Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit
The new Twin-Six Touring, $3150 at Detroit

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



A Non-skid Tread that LASTS

THE Lightning Streak tread of the Carlisle Tire LASTS because it is *inset*. It can*not* wear *off*. Carlisle Tires will not leave you without protection after 4,000 miles.

CARLISLE Tires *keep* COOL and the rubber of the treads is not aged by *internal* heat. These tough, *live* treads grip wet, slippery pavements until the tread is worn right down to the *rope* carcass.

THE depth of the *inset* tread design is practical because with Carlisle patents the tread and body are *actually* vulcanized into one piece of rubber.

THE *inset* tread design gives smooth contact with the road. For this reason Carlisle tires steer as easily as smooth treads and can be used on front as well as rear wheels.

A MAXIMUM efficiency is obtained by interchanging your front and rear tires after the first seven thousand miles.

THE smooth road contact and the remarkable resiliency of Carlisle Tires give unusual easy-riding qualities, easy steering, reduced road friction, and more miles per gallon of gasoline.

THE *inset*, non-skid Lightning Streak tread design is but one of the seven fundamental and basic features in tire construction, resulting from Carlisle patents, that make—

CARLISLE
RopeTIRES

"Destined to Revolutionize the Industry"

Ask for Booklet A-9

CARLISLE
TIRE CORPORATION
Stamford, Conn.

(Continued from Page 38

slip too low on the south end and too high on the north."

"Yeh? What would you do about it?"

"Tilt the cross heading," said Charles Frederic listlessly.

"Well," snapped J. C., "have I got to see to every little thing? Why didn't you tell Lon Dickey to tilt it then?"

"All right," said Charles Frederic. "I'll tell him."

The girl, Pat, you will understand, was at this time practically nothing in his life. It was mere habit that made him lie awake that night, remembering how her eyes used to crinkle with comradely laughter, pursuing the fragrance of jasmine where no jasmine was.

When he climbed into the saddle he was thinking "Oh, what's the use?" and the weariness of weeks was on him; but he rode to Camp Four and told Lon Dickey to tilt the cross heading.

"Who says so?" demanded Dickey, speaking plainly.

"I do," said Charles Frederic.

"Yeh?" said Dickey, speaking yet more plainly. "Since when do I take orders from you?"

It was too much trouble to explain.

"If you feel like arguing the question," said Charles Frederic, fixing Mr. Dickey with a blurred and poisonous eye, "you might begin right now. You heard what I said?"

Dickey glared. But he did not find the glaring pleasant; plainly this fellow Gray was in no reasonable frame of mind.

Dickey muttered, "I hear you," which was not much to admit.

"All right," said Charles Frederic. "I'll be back before it's ready to shoot. I want to see it."

That, of course, was where his brief delusion of authority began. The camp foremen did not, to be sure, bring on the summer rains, but they indulged every other perversity they could think of. The telephone line was down, and Charles Frederic began to feel like a cat climbing a slate roof. He came to Eleven and found that a slide had carried three stations of side-hill cut-and-fill and five mule carts into the Rio Verde; saw the swollen green flood gnawing merrily at the remnants of the fill, while no man toiled.

"Get your men out there and save the rest of that fill!" he raged at Oscar. "Are you crazy?"

Oscar was not crazy; he was merely drunk.

"Rain," he explained. "Tak' a trink, you tam spotter, and mebbe you feel better!"

No, it was Charles Frederic who was crazy. He took the bottle from Oscar's trusting fingers and hurled it whistling and gurgling through the door into the river. And while Oscar stuttered reproachfully he caught up a rope from the floor and basely assaulted Oscar and bound him to his bunk and set two of Oscar's own men to guard him. That was on Saturday.

Through the night, with torches that hissed in the stinging rain, he stood over a gang of drillers who sank holes in a ledge of rock high above the crumbling grade. On Sunday they shot the holes and rolled the rock down and blocked the gnawing of the river. On Monday he released Oscar. Oscar, weeping, promised faithfully to slay him, Charles Frederic, as soon as he, Oscar, felt better; but Charles Frederic paid little attention. He could not remember a time when everybody had not hated him. He would go and see if Lon Dickey had properly tilted that cross heading, and then he would sleep.

The six-foot burrow of the tunnel was driven deep under the point of an overhanging hill, the chambers of the cross heading forming a T. From afar he saw men already trotting up the hill, bearing kegs of powder. He pushed into the black hole and found the cross heading quite, quite horizontal.

"Take that powder out!" he commanded briefly. "Take it back to the powder house."

Lon Dickey, seeing the line reversed, appeared.

"You giving orders to my men now?"

"You're fired!" said Charles Frederic. He had given many orders already; one more made little difference. "And if you think you're not fired," he added, "try giving just one more order in this camp. Try it—and let me hear you!"

The men halted, watching them—the Señor Dickey very red, the other, the young *jefe* who came horseback, muddy and white-lipped, glaring from bleared and sunken eyes.

"I'll see the old man about this," said Dickey.

"Right!" said Charles Frederic.

Three days he remained unmolested, in full majesty of command. The cross heading was finished and loaded; with his own hand he jerked the battery that sent a two-hundred-foot tongue of smoke and flame belching across the valley; he saw the point of the hill lift and disintegrate and go roaring down, climbed the still smoking grade and saw that the slip had properly occurred. Then, being very weary, he tossed all night in his unlawful bunk and rode indifferently to his reckoning.

The camps he passed were idle all idle. Was it Sunday already? No, it was only Wednesday or Thursday. A strike? He abandoned the effort of thinking. He was tired, burned out with vengeful and destructive emotions.

In the office J. C. Bailey, a fat figure of retribution, rose grimly behind his desk.

"Oh," said Charles Frederic, "you not gone yet?"

"Really," said J. C., "I don't know why I stayed. You don't need me hanging around, do you? Running the work all on your own, I hear. Hiring and firing and every little thing."

"I've quit," said Charles Frederic.

"You said it just in time," said J. C. Bailey.

VI

IT IS not a festival for Ishmaelites, that Glorious Fourth. Americans, employed and unemployed, were forgathered in Tequila, and in bass and tenor and barytone the eagle screamed; but one American was missing. Still, there was Oscar the Swede; there was Joe Ribera, who had once lived a whole year in California; and if these did not count for half an American apiece, for good measure there was the Señor Don August Hermann, proprietor of the Red Rose, who, though born beyond the Rhine, professed on this day great reverence for the Stars and Stripes. So you might say the Americans were all there.

On a balcony above the Red Rose the Señora and Señoritas Hermann listened with interest to the sounds of revelry by day. They were not born beyond the Rhine; they were born this side the Rio Verde, and they pronounced their name 'Errman; but they had a tolerant eye for these stalwart if uncivilized gringos who brought the railroad and prosperity to Tequila, and the jingle of the family till was music in any tongue.

Yes, there was noise in the Red Rose, chiefly vocal; but throats tire. Through the door erupted little Andy Burch and Long Henry Hines, brandishing, with innocent and festive intent, large blue revolvers. If a heedless architect had placed a balcony between them and the open heavens, why, that was not their fault, was it?

Pow—bang! Pow—bang! Pow! exploded the forty-five of Mr. Burch and the thirty-eight of Mr. Hines, to the glad accompaniment of bass roars and tenor yells. Hooray for those dear United States!

Plaster showered down upon them. With one contralto whoop and three soprano shrieks the ladies somersaulted backward and evacuated the balcony.

"Oh, my gosh, Hennery, we've killed a woman!" moaned Andy, clutching Mr. Hines.

But the floor was fortunately thick. While they leaped into the street to apologize for casualties Mrs. Hermann reappeared, three shades whiter than normal, but smiling, every daughter accounted for. Andy and Henry mopped their brows and repaired to the bar for restoratives. They were greatly shaken.

From his window in the *mesón*, two blocks away, Charles Frederic saw and grinned. He saw, too, how Henry's arm fell carelessly across Andy's shoulder as they disappeared; and then a frightful, shameful fact hit him amidships. He was twenty-six years old and he was crying.

He turned from the window lest some passer see him there, like a convict behind the bars, an outcast gazing into paradise. He had promised himself that he would sleep, but you can lie staring at a blank ceiling only so long. He had tried to read, but the superhuman feats of handsome heroes could not shut out the sounds of riotous good-fellowship that was open to everybody but Charles Frederic Gray. He paced the room to and fro, to and fro, grinding a bony fist into a bony palm.

At length, moving softly for some reason, he took up his hat and went out, paced with measured strides down the street and pushed into the Red Rose. The noise perceptibly abated. The crowd made way for him and he came to the bar, his hard eyes meeting nowhere a friendly glance, his cheek bones white.

"Hallo, Mr. Gray!" cried Hermann, professionally cordial. "What for you?"

"Anything. Have a drink, Burch? Hines?"

"Ain't drinkin' just now, thanky," muttered Andy, uncomfortable.

"We ain't broke yet," declared Long Henry. "Set 'em up again, Hermann—for me and Andy."

"Have a drink," said Charles Frederic. "I'm asking you just once more."

"Cordial cuss, ain't he?" confided Henry to the gathering at large.

But little Andy, seeing how the tight mouth of Charles Frederic jerked at the corners, relented.

"I'll have a drink with you, Gray," said he, and pushed over a glass and seized a bottle. "Say when, ol'-timer!"

Charles Frederic did not say when. He dared not. He felt again that shameful stinging at his throat that unmanly tightening of the diaphragm. He had been armed against anything but kindness.

"Hey!" said Andy. "'Smatter now?"

"What's it to you?" cried Charles Frederic furiously. "Here's—here's how!"

He lifted the glass—and the tip of a billiard cue slipped over his shoulder and flipped it from his fingers.

"Yah, you tam spotter!" said the voice of Oscar the Swede.

Charles Frederic turned. The men who stood between them stepped hastily aside. Oscar himself was not reassured by that grim and hollow-eyed visage. Hastily he swung the cue and struck. The light, stinging tip fell harmlessly in Charles Frederic's hand.

He gripped it and jerked. Oscar, holding the thick butt, sat back on his heels and pulled. Charles Frederic felt the tip slipping and pushed, pushed hard, so that with the sudden drive of a sinewy shoulder and the force of Oscar's own pull the butt rammed into his Swedish midriff. Oscar grunted once and toppled backward under a billiard table and knew not what passed thereafter.

Charles Frederic himself knew but vaguely. He saw a short, broad-bladed knife appear as by magic in a swarthy hand. He struck at it with the cue and heard Joe Ribera's fervent voice somewhere. Another hand snatched the cue from him and his own fist smacked heartily into the face that belonged to the hand. A heavy body was upon him. He flung it off and drove at a broad vest of Sunday black, Hub Franklin's. After that was the storm, a storm of shadowy arms and shifting bodies and faces that bobbed up and vanished. His head rocked. He was suddenly happy—heaving, smashing, stamping, not scorning even to kick whatever shin presented itself.

Absurdly he was shouting, "I'll go easy!"

He laughed aloud at the exquisite humor of that phrase.

"Step up, gentlemen! I'll go easy! First come—ugh!—first served!" He trod on a leg that squirmed and pitched him about, nose to nose with little Andy. "Hi, Andy! What say? Le's go easy!"

He did not know how Andy's brain was reeling from a half somersault inflicted by himself, Charles Frederic. But Andy knew. Andy set himself and swung earnestly upon Charles Frederic's jaw.

When the fog lifted, the scene had changed. There was a street, with cobblestones and everything. Everybody in the world, thought Charles Frederic, was bruised and sore. A million arms and legs ached; a million brains throbbed and a million men were sick. He rose and groaned and sat down again.

People went incuriously by him. They knew that this was the *fiesta* of American independence and they were familiar with the effect of strong waters. Ponderous heels rounded the corner; J. C. Bailey, summoned by a forbearing police to quell the riot, gazed on the wreck of Charles Frederic and snorted.

"H'mf! So you're the guy that was tearin' down the house and throwin' it outdoors!"

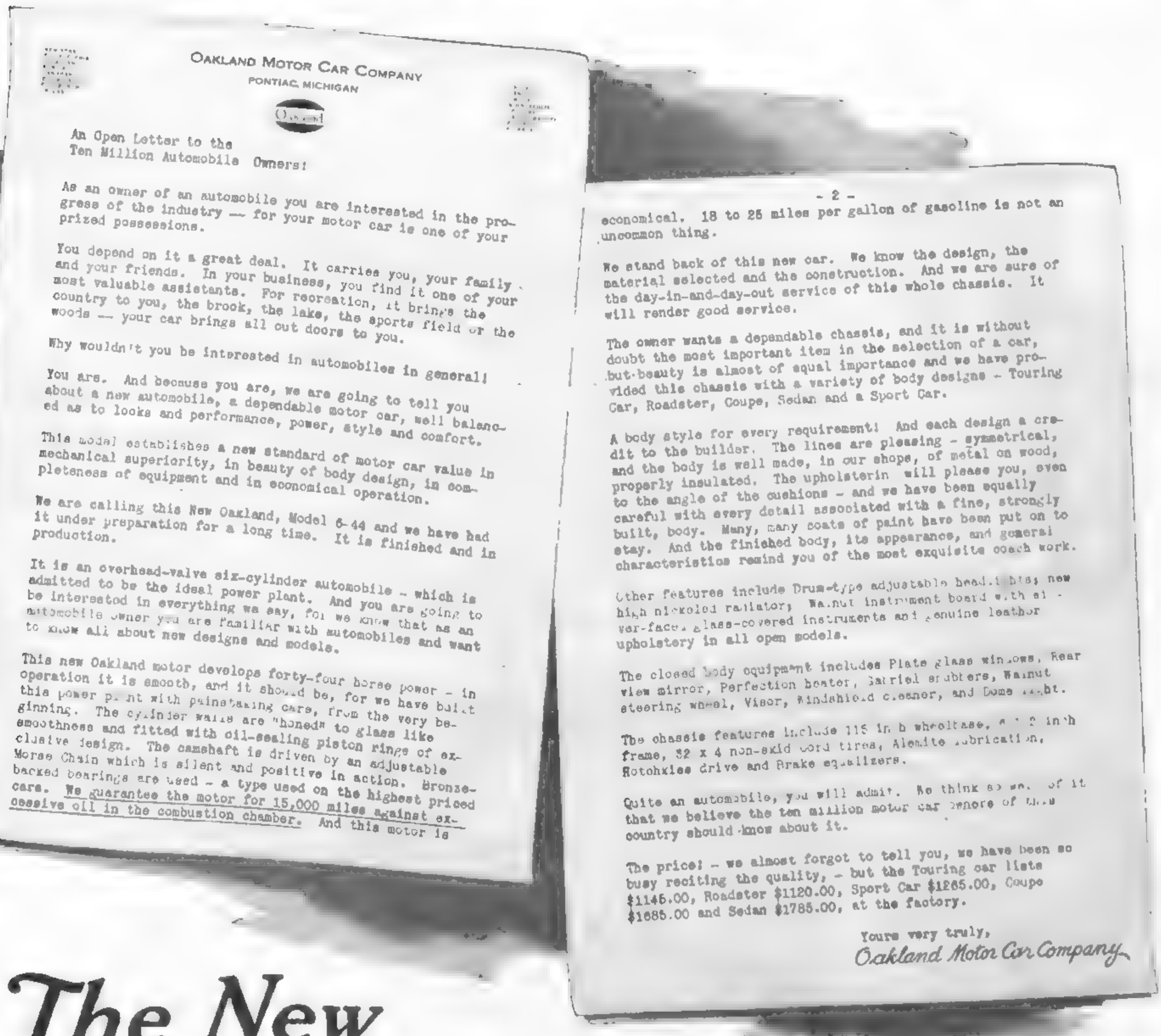
"I think," said Charles Frederic thickly, "they threw me out."

J. C. Bailey pushed in through the swinging doors. He saw what he saw, and limply

(Continued on Page 42

Oakland

An open letter to the Ten Million Automobile Owners



OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

An Open Letter to the
Ten Million Automobile Owners:

As an owner of an automobile you are interested in the progress of the industry — for your motor car is one of your prized possessions.

You depend on it a great deal. It carries you, your family and your friends. In your business, you find it one of your most valuable assistants. For recreation, it brings the country to you, the brook, the lake, the sports field or the woods — your car brings all out doors to you.

Why wouldn't you be interested in automobiles in general!

You are. And because you are, we are going to tell you about a new automobile, a dependable motor car, well balanced as to looks and performance, power, style and comfort.

This model establishes a new standard of motor car value in mechanical superiority, in beauty of body design, in completeness of equipment and in economical operation.

We are calling this New Oakland, Model 6-44 and we have had it under preparation for a long time. It is finished and in production.

It is an overhead-valve six-cylinder automobile - which is admitted to be the ideal power plant. And you are going to be interested in everything we say, for we know that as an automobile owner you are familiar with automobiles and want to know all about new designs and models.

This new Oakland motor develops forty-four horse power - in operation it is smooth, and it should be, for we have built this power plant with painstaking care, from the very beginning. The cylinder walls are "honed" to glass like smoothness and fitted with oil-sealing piston rings of exclusive design. The camshaft is driven by an adjustable Morse Chain which is silent and positive in action. Bronze-backed bearings are used - a type used on the highest priced cars. We guarantee the motor for 15,000 miles against excessive oil in the combustion chamber. And this motor is

- 2 -

economical. 18 to 25 miles per gallon of gasoline is not an uncommon thing.

We stand back of this new car. We know the design, the material selected and the construction. And we are sure of the day-in-and-day-out service of this whole chassis. It will render good service.

The owner wants a dependable chassis, and it is without doubt the most important item in the selection of a car, but beauty is almost of equal importance and we have provided this chassis with a variety of body designs - Touring Car, Roadster, Coupe, Sedan and a Sport Car.

A body style for every requirement! And each design a credit to the builder. The lines are pleasing - symmetrical, and the body is well made, in our shops, of metal on wood, properly insulated. The upholsterin will please you, even to the angle of the cushions - and we have been equally careful with every detail associated with a fine, strongly built, body. Many, many coats of paint have been put on to stay. And the finished body, its appearance, and general characteristics remind you of the most exquisite coach work.

Other features include Drum-type adjustable headlights; new high nickeled radiator; Walnut instrument board with silver-faced glass-covered instruments and genuine leather upholstery in all open models.

The closed body equipment includes Plate glass windows, Rear view mirror, Perfection heater, Barrel grabbers, Walnut steering wheel, Visor, Windshield cleaner, and Dome light.

The chassis features include 115 inch wheelbase, [illegible] inch frame, 32 x 4 non-skid cord tires, Alemite lubrication, Rotohxles drive and Brake equalizers.

Quite an automobile, you will admit. We think so too. Of it that we believe the ten million motor car owners of this country should know about it.

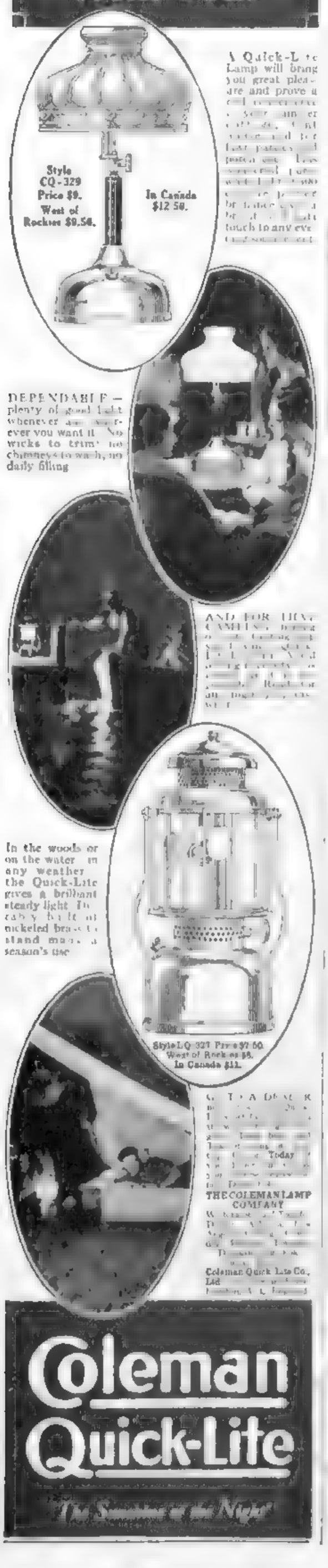
The price! - we almost forgot to tell you, we have been so busy reciting the quality, - but the Touring car lists $1145.00, Roadster $1120.00, Sport Car $1265.00, Coupe $1685.00 and Sedan $1785.00, at the factory.

Yours very truly,
Oakland Motor Car Company

The New Oakland 6-44

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

Take These Brilliant Lights With You!



A Quick-Lite Lamp will bring you great pleasure and prove a

Style CQ-329 Price $9. West of Rockies $9.50.

In Canada $12.50.

touch to any ever

DEPENDABLE—plenty of good light whenever and wherever you want it. No wicks to trim; no chimneys to wash; no daily filling

AND FOR THEY CAMPING

In the woods or on the water in any weather the Quick-Lite gives a brilliant steady light. Its cabby built of nickeled brass to stand many a season's use

Style LQ 327 Price $7.50 West of Rockies $8. In Canada $12.

Today

THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY

Coleman Quick-Lite Co., Ltd

Coleman Quick-Lite

The Sunshine of the Night

(Continued from Page 40)

he leaned against what was behind him. The doors yielded and he danced backward across the sidewalk.

"Gray!" he gurgled. "Gray, if you love me—did you use an ax?"

But nobody was there. J. C. charged in again, and the ladies Hermann, trembling on their balcony, heard a sound very strange to follow upon slaughter. They scurried to the stairs and saw men whose discolored and rapidly closing eyes gazed upon neighbors under whose noses red bandannas dripped yet more red; men with puffed lips who howled at men who caressed their own midsections and grinned, albeit feebly; a fat man in the last stages of apoplexy who gazed from festive raiment torn to gore imperfectly removed and whooped and gasped for breath—men who, with every visible cause for sorrow, laughed.

It is well known that all Americans are crazy.

That sound, filtering down the street, distracted Charles Frederic from the intricate business of navigating a sidewalk that was only ten feet wide, so that a building bulged treacherously at him and thrust him sprawling into the street. He clambered back. The street was wider, but on the sidewalk there were window bars to cling to when the earthquakes came.

Let them laugh. He was going away—away.

Marvelous, though, how the scent of jasmine soothed the rocking and weaving of the street. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply, anchored to the security of window bars. A hand clutched his arm.

"Leggo," he mumbled. "I'm all right. Lie down a minute, that's all. Sleep."

"No!" cried a voice. "Oh, please! Can you hold on a minute—just a minute? I'm coming!"

You could not fool Charles Frederic. She was not there. There was only a shady street, admirably steady because of the scent of jasmine; and a pock-marked man in cotton clothes, bareheaded, who issued from a door and came leaping at him. He did not care for pock-marked men in cotton clothes. He closed his eyes and at once he heard her voice again.

"Walk," it commanded.

He felt his legs moving woodenly under him. He passed into cool dimness and softness. The universe wheeled briefly; he opened his eyes and saw that pock-marked face suspended strangely against the ceiling. It was a villainous face.

"Pat," he mumbled in alarm, "where are you?"

"Here."

A hand touched his face and there was comfort.

"Don't go away. Just be there."

He heard the sound of water and winced under the shock of cold on his face. The pock-marked visage above him had now sprouted eyeglasses and whiskers; it made him dizzy to look at it; and horrible smells killed the fragrance of jasmine. Merciless fingers caught his wrist and a stab of pain shot up his arm. He wrenched it free.

"Pat!" he appealed, groping

"No, no! Oh, you'll hurt your poor hands!"

He saw her then, and her lovely face was all twisted with weeping. In his dream he thought clearly that he mustn't alarm her.

"Don't cry," he said soothingly. "It won't hurt much."

She vanished; but he could hear her voice, crooning; and the fragrance of jasmine came to him again, and warmth and peace and comfort. Night fell very swiftly. He was murmuring, "You do! You do love me a little, even if you despise me, don't you?"

And dimly—in his dream—he heard her answer, "Oh, I do! I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I do, I do!"

He woke. Two queer white bundles lay across his chest. He moved a hand to investigate them, and they moved. They were his hands. His face felt stiff and strange. Ah!

At a little distance a shaded light glowed upon a pleasing scene—to wit, a girl sewing. Now he saw with shame how his heavy boots rested on a dainty coverlid. He swung them to the floor and sat up.

"Gee," he muttered, "you must have thought I was drunk!"

She was watching him, her hands poised. Her eyes looked big and solemn. She shook her head, ever so slight a movement of negation.

"I thought you were half killed," she said. "How—how do you feel?"

"Rotten!" he said happily, for it came to him that it was not a dream. It was Pat, Pat herself, and there was no glass between them now. He got to his feet, and she watched him as a mother watches a baby's steps. He laughed.

"You said you loved me," he cried. "Don't you remember, girl? You've got to remember!"

He stumbled on an unheeded hassock. She flew out of her chair and caught him, as a very small mother might catch a very large and unwieldy baby.

And he caught her as a man gathers up his heart's desire.

"Say you remember!" he implored, speaking fiercely into her hair. "Say it!"

"Of course I remember." Her voice was small and muffled. "But you can't really respect me—the way I just threw myself at you."

"Must have been while I was asleep. No fair! Do it again," he urged. "Woe is me, I wasn't looking the first time!"

"I mean—that night at the window. I just made you make love to me. I wanted you to, and you did; and then you—you said you mustn't. It served me right, but why did you?"

"Oh!" said Charles Frederic.

"You aren't—engaged to anybody else, are you?"

"No!" said Charles Frederic with violence.

"Then it's all right," she sighed, and lifted her face.

"Is it?" said the caustic voice of J. C. Bailey.

He sat in plain sight beyond the door, a green eye shade proclaiming that he toiled.

"It is!" affirmed Charles Frederic. His hands, being in plaster casts, were clumsy, but his arms were strong enough for all practical purposes—that is, to hold the daughter of J. C. Bailey. "Pat," he said, "I'm out of a job, but don't you care. I'll go and get one, a decent one this time, and then ——"

"Still running things your own sweet way," said J. C. Bailey. "Consult me once in a while, why don't you? I reckon you wouldn't consider a job as assistant superintendent?"

"This is no time to be funny," said Charles Frederic coldly.

"I reckon," said J. C., "you don't know how funny you look then. But what's funny about that job? What did you think I was breaking you in for all this time?"

"If you mean that," said Charles Frederic, dizzy with all the wrongs that swarmed back upon him, "you might have told me. You might have told me! Letting the men think I was a spotter; letting me think I was no good!"

"How could I tell you," argued J. C., "when I didn't know it myself? You're young, you got to admit that. How'd I know you could swing the job?"

"How do you know it now?" countered Charles Frederic harshly.

"Well, you did, didn't you? Just grabbed it and swung it all on your own little hook."

"And quit just in time to keep from getting fired!"

"Well, I was mad. I admit that. But you know how I am, Charley; you oughtn't to go off halfcocked that way. You got no call to get mad and quit every time I bawl you out."

J. C. spoke plaintively. He pushed up his eye shade and swung round in his chair and grinned.

"You'd 'a' died," he confided. "Out from under a table crawls this—what's his name?—this Swede, and he starts yodelin' about his troubles. And some more of 'em pipes up, all about how you come bulgin' into their camps and makin' 'em sit up and beg and roll over and play dead.

"'Boys,' I says, 'I'm sorry for you, I am. A young feller ain't got no right to act that way, bluffin' a bunch of real leathernecks like they was children. Go on talkin', boys,' I says; 'you're tellin' me right where to find the man I been lookin' for.' Well, now, have I got to go back there and tell 'em you turned up your nose at the job?"

"I guess you'd better," said Charles Frederic heavily. "They won't stand for me. I got started wrong."

"You make me tired," said J. C. Bailey. "A fat lot you know about it! You got 'em eatin' out of your hand right now. Any hard-shell loves a scrapper; anybody knows that. All you got to do is go easy and use your head, and you'll get along as easy as shootin' fish. Just go easy, that's all."

Now for some reason Charles Frederic's battered face relaxed, and he grinned. He looked down at his bandaged hands, at the anxious, tender eyes of the girl at his shoulder; and his chest filled to the scent of battle and the fragrance of jasmine under the stars.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Quite so."

COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE. PHOTO. BY HAWAIIAN VOLCANO OBSERVATORY

Inner Lava Lake and Crags of Kilauea Volcano, Hawaii

THIS Spring, drive an Oldsmobile Four. You will enjoy the feeling that comes with riding in the best looking, the best performing and the most economical 4-cylinder car made—regardless of price.

You will enjoy this car because it is so much more than just beautiful. It is pleasureful—comfortable in its perfect riding qualities—enjoyable because it handles so easily.

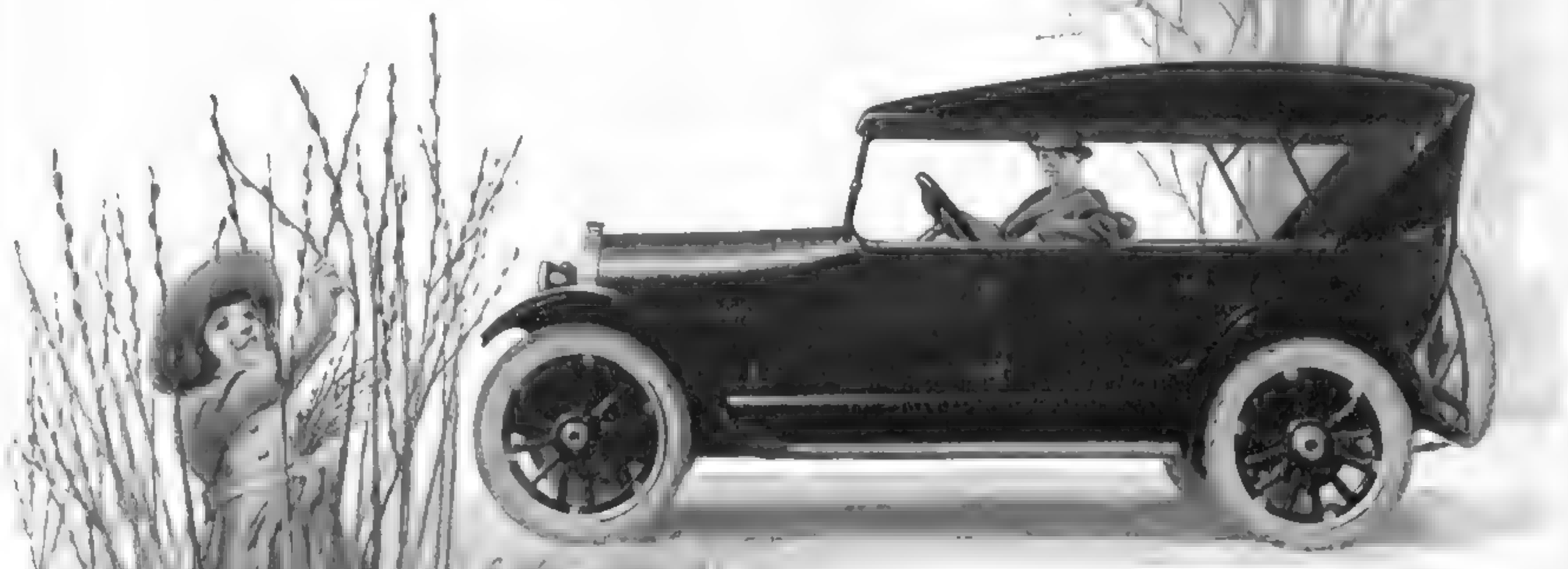
Of course, there are particular reasons for this—a spring suspension almost equal to its wheel-base is one—the exclusive design of its frame construction is another. It is a restful, easy-riding, roomy four-cylinder car, equally easy to handle in city traffic or tough cross-country driving. Its wheel-base is 115 inches—unusually long for a four-cylinder car.

And it is economical—principally because of the supreme care with which it is built, but basically because it is Oldsmobile. Oldsmobile's twenty-four years of experience in engine design has evolved the surprising gasoline and oil economy of this 4-cylinder motor.

There is an Oldsmobile dealer near you—with an Oldsmobile Four that he will be proud to show. If you wish, we will send you a specially prepared little booklet entitled "Speaking of Power," and our dealer's name and address, whether you are figuring on buying an automobile now or not.

Ask your nearest Oldsmobile Dealer about the General Motors extended payment plan

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Division of General Motors Corporation
LANSING, MICHIGAN



Model 43A, 5 passenger touring $1145

Model 46—8 Cylinder
122 Inch Wheelbase

Sedan	$2635
7 Pass. Touring	1735
6 Pass. Tour... Wire or Disc Wheels	1850
4 Pass. Pacemaker	1735

Model 43A—4 Cylinder
115 Inch Wheelbase

Coupé	$1645
Sedan	1795
5 Pass. Touring	1145
Roadster	1145
4 Pass. Semi-Sport (Disc or Wire Wheels)	1265
Touring with built-on California top	1425

F. O. B. Lansing, Michigan

Model 47—8 Cylinder
115 Inch Wheelbase

Coupé	$2145
Sedan	2295
4 Pass. Touring	1595
5 Pass. Touring	1595
4 Pass. Super Sport	1825

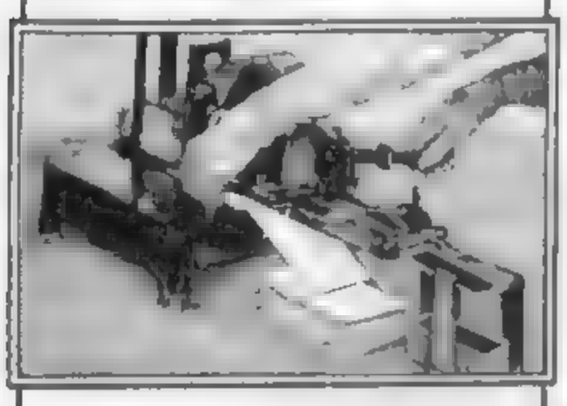
DOUBLE
the Business-getting Power
of
Your SALES-DOLLAR!

The Address-Press

In this house lives Smith ... $4,000 foreman ... Yesterday his firm made ... his pay ... he never before could afford.

In this house lives Jones ... an $8,000 ... Yesterday his firm was ... He'll hardly be buying anything ...

Today the same changing conditions affecting Smith and Jones as individuals govern the buying power of entire communities—cities—States. How to keep ... the collectively prosperous "Smiths" without wasting money on the "Joneses" should be every wise sales-executive's foremost thought;—a problem most speedily and economically solved the Direct Mail way ... *in the ELLIOTT ADDRESS PRESS*



Any statistical organization can keep you posted as to localities where selling is good because industry is active. Stencil the names of people or firms in such localities into Elliott Address Cards. Then—when run through the ELLIOTT ADDRESS-PRESS (as shown above)—these cards will *automatically* address sales-letters, etc., to these "able to-buy" prospects ... whenever you wish—*at a speed of 60 per minute*

Elliott Address Cards serve also as complete and handy one piece *Index Cards*. They contain no metal, come in 8 different colors, and you can write on their fibre fronts.

Addresses can be stencilled into these cards in your own office *on any typewriter*. Changes in mailing lists are thus made instantly. These are the main reasons why the ELLIOTT ADDRESS-PRESS SYSTEM is everywhere revolutionizing business-getting methods, by making Direct-by Mail solicitation *really profitable*.

Write us for our Free Book
"Mechanical Addressing"
THE ELLIOTT COMPANY

THE BOYS

(Continued from Page 11)

"Is that all?" asked Jim. "Doesn't Henry state his reply?"

"That will do!" cried Helena. "You know what Henry's like—a neatly folded handkerchief. Even Moresby calls him Galahad; this is merely observing life. *La Vie!* And, of course, romancing it though Henry would shoot me through the head for saying so. Here's another—Spring. They still do that one.

"Oh, April is a baggage,
Oh, April is a slut.
She kisses as she goes her way
In furrow, field and rut.
Her petticoat's a tattered cloud,
Her stocking's down at heel.
She staggers on the windy hill
With a drunken gypsy peal.
There are tears upon her eyelids,
There's a violet in her hair,
You see the trollop sweetheart—
everywhere!

"Gracile stems, bitter blood, sweet unseeing, staggers, drunken peals, trollop sweethearts! What ails Henry, Jim? Rather pretty stuff here and there—but such strange words. The whole book—it's called A Bowl of Green Pomegranates—is like that. His A. E. F. book was so full of that sort of thing too. Beauty, impolite language and profanity. And a lot of discontent, too, all mixed together."

Helena turned her slim foot so that her little slipper caught the fire glow.

"That part's all real—I know that. The discontent and the cursing. You're bound to get it out of a draft war. I've listened and talked with the boys at the Legion and the hospital. They think we didn't guess—women sitting rolling bandages in our comfortable parlors, and men like you, making up lists; I won't count men like Mr. Anderson, fattening war babies—what we were doing to them. It wasn't mud nor bad chow, nor cooties, nor death, as Henry says, but some principle they think we invaded and violated; something monstrous we worked out. That's what makes them so scornful of us—they won't forgive us. I've watched their faces on Armistice Day. They're proud of having done their duty well, but scornful of the duty. They say we didn't go! But they forget that even if we didn't—we sent them!

"That's why Moresby Girard, who went out in No Man's Land under a frightful barrage to bring in his buddy, and why my Henry, who has a citation, won't talk about the war—at least with us who stayed at home. That's why they hold our old patterns in contempt. That's why," she swept on, "Henry and Moresby Girard will prevent Beansy from apologizing to Mr. Anderson. It's a blow at what they call hypocrisy.

"And I ——" She stopped, then went on. "Well, I'm in difficulties on my own account. Because of you, Jim. For I've got to tell them—about you, about us! That's always hard for a woman. Her sons resent her being anything but their mother; and Henry, for all his radicalism, keeps his father as a sort of fetish. He only saw him when he was a little boy, and he's made a sort of romance of him."

Helena sighed. "I ought to have given them an idea—before Christmas or last summer. How stupid that they didn't guess! It's because they've put me on the shelf forever. And now, I don't see how. Well, I've got to break it—and it isn't an opportune time. But it's bound to come out anyhow."

"I'm afraid it is," said James mildly, "unless you intend to be wholly bound by the decision of the heaven-born. I had always hoped, though, that even in the event of their refusing their blessing, an elopement ——"

"James," said Helena, and she took his hand in hers and squeezed it—"James, I would be boiled in oil before I gave you up, much as I love my pig-headed independent bairns. Nevertheless, I am abashed by the idea of telling 'em—my young men. Oh, I'll have to! I'll find a way, I suppose; lead up to it gently. But Henry! I'm afraid Henry will be rather awful. He believes in anything new, except for the old."

"Have you," asked James, "taken counsel with anyone else?"

"Marriage," He Proclaimed, "Is Changing! It Is Changing Every Day"

"Only with Norah. She is my friend as much as my servant. She has been with us ten years. And she wouldn't discuss it. She says she's too busy."

"Busy?"

"Cooking." Helena smiled. "She's making regiments of pies and huge quantities of gingerbread. The thick, dark, sticky kind that Henry loves."

II

THE train which was to bear to Helena her brace of returning goslings—Henry connected with it by a branch road—came in at 4:10, and precisely at 4:06 Helena tooled her neat five-passenger sedan into the parking space at the left of the station platform, in the oval of hard black cinder where a central bed of brown parched vegetation survived a last year's memory of bright coleus and geranium. Through a thin screen of bare poplars the western sky offered a suffusion of lavender and pink and a silhouetted range of near-by smokestacks, spewing languid floating curls of blue-white smoke.

The steel rails of the four-track road sparkled a hard-ice black in the cold sun, stretched away, tightening, narrowing, like a black-ribbed fan receding to a remote blue speck of union in the horizon. Out of this horizon point would come the goslings—in on the snorting 4:10.

Helena perceived now that old Mr. Leafy, with an empty coat sleeve, was waving his good left arm at her, his gnarled hand clutching at a tangle of yellow dispatches as he bent over a baggage truck, and that a considerable crowd beyond him had gathered to meet the 4:10.

On the edge of this group, arm in arm, lost in an intense feminine absorption, were two young girls, fresh colored, pretty, smart looking, in hats of velours, apricot and jade green, respectively, above their opossum sports coats. And when Helena recognized the hats she figuratively raised her wide blue coat sleeve and smiled into it.

"I told Leah Raymond yesterday the boys were coming, and now Tot has an errand down here. Brought Ann Kimball. Oh, well, youth calls to youth. I wish Ann and Henry ——"

She saw that her little turban was shipshape in the horizontal mirror bar, the peacock blue wing lying tidily against her hair; then locking her wheel she climbed out.

The green and apricot hats hurried up at once.

"Mrs. Tilden, how do you do? Isn't it a lovely day? Not going away, are you? Mother sent me down here to see if an express package had come. They're so slow with their deliveries."

It was the taller, darker one explaining elaborately. Helena's eyes were on the other girl as she answered—the prettier one, she thought.

"Tot ... and Ann too! How do you do?" She simulated a charming surprise. "It is a nice day, isn't it? And, no, I'm not going anywhere. Came down to meet Harold and Henry. They're coming home and bringing a friend, Moresby Girard."

Tot Raymond gasped. "Moresby Girard, who wrote Unafraid! He's wonderful! Simply wonderful! And Henry too! I'm afraid of Henry these days, Mrs. Tilden! It must be wonderful to have a son like that!"

"It is," bragged Helena.

And she referred to the little green book quite proudly.

"Now why did I do that?" she asked herself as she moved away. "I don't like Henry's verses. I don't understand 'em—or, yes I do—but I don't know why he writes things like that. And yet—I brag, brag, brag! Proud as Punch—and yet I'd like to spank him. But I talk about him—at the club, to everybody. And look what I said to Mrs. Everfew, who told me she had counted forty-one cuss-words in Henry's war verses, and said she didn't want her library table littered with curses. I'm not consistent, indefensible—because it's my Henry. Perhaps because —" Her sense of humor bubbled up at the memory of two lines from In Memoriam — "Because 'I only love, I cannot understand.'"

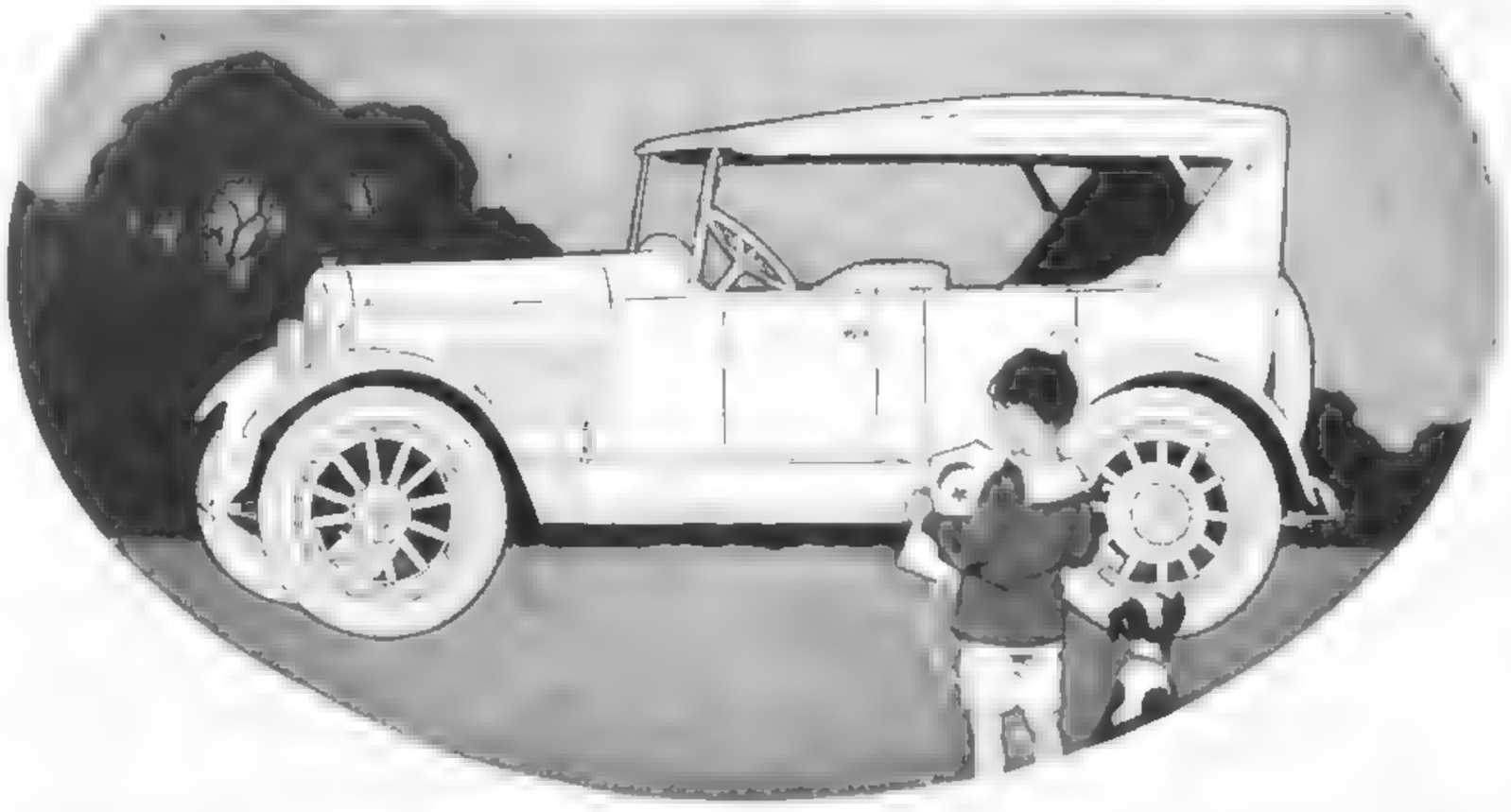
There was more truth than poetry, literally, in this.

Helena had extricated herself from the girls as quickly as possible with an invitation to dinner for the following evening had drawn away almost exclusively, as though grudging an invasion of her privacy of expectation. She was like a queen preparing herself for a special audience, and when she saw a man chalking up a delay of three minutes on the bulletin board she stared resentfully down the ribs of the gray black steel fan, with an impatient spiritual clutching, an outrunning of her mind to the point of their approach.

It was always so when the boys came back after absence. There was an almost actual pain in the first moment before reunion. As though these lives, which had been begun and nurtured in her own, which had derived their tissues and their significance from hers; whose individual liberty had brought first a physical and later a mental pang, came back for reamalgamation with their source and the process brought with it a certain pain—a certain

(Continued on Page 46)

Real Six Cylinder Comfort for $1065



A car that runs easily, smoothly and quietly does not punish itself on the road. There you have the supreme advantage of the good six. It is a mechanism of inherent balance with overlapping impulses that reduce vibration to the minimum.

And now comes the opportunity to enjoy this great engineering advantage for only a trifle more than one thousand dollars. For the Jewett is a truly fine motor car, built by specialists in six-cylinder construction, the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.

Though the Jewett is amazingly low priced you will quickly learn that it has been produced without a single compromise. It is equipped with a Paige built 50 horse power motor—a larger power plant than you will find in any car of the same price class.

Its frame, clutch, transmission and rear axle are all perfect mechanical units designed to supplement one another in a union of vast strength and efficiency. Its springs are unusually large and scientific distribution of weight assures the steadiest of riding qualities.

It offers, in brief, just those elements of fine co-ordinated engineering that you have always associated with the finest and most expensive motor cars. For this reason the price of $1065 is a sensational achievement.

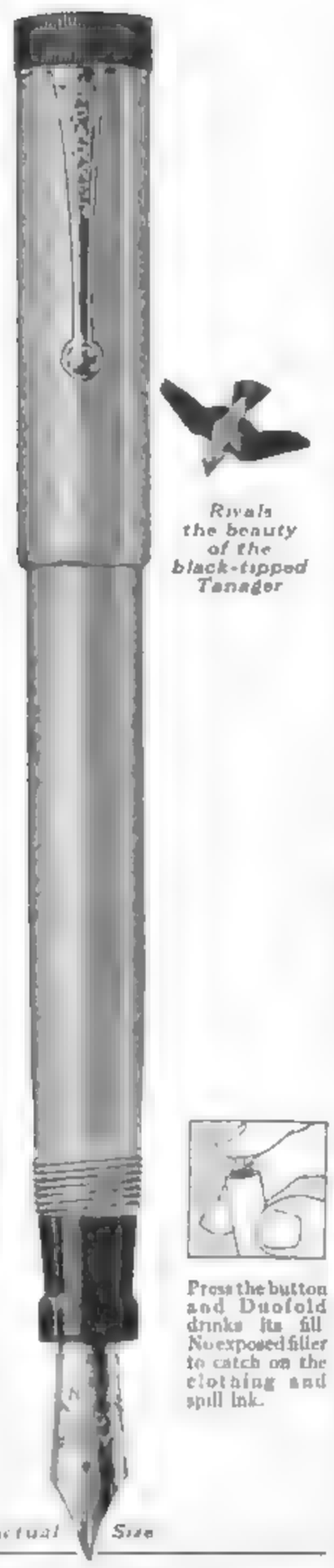
It is a car of beauty, distinction and wholesome comfort. It is neither too large nor too small for a family of five full grown adults. And as we have said, it is a *real* six built and endorsed by men who have always made quality their first and last consideration.

See it in the showroom of the nearest Paige dealer.

The Touring Car $1065, f. o. b. Detroit

JEWETT

A Thrifty Six JEWETT *Built by Paige*



Rivals the beauty of the black-tipped Tanager

Do you know another pen you can pass from hand to hand, have it suit all and hold its original point?

Press the button and Duofold drinks its fill No exposed filler to catch on the clothing and spill ink.

Actual Size

Chinese-red barrel with smart black-tipped ends—resembles fine lacquer —handsomer than gold!

A 25-Year Over-size Pen

With a point like a smooth jewel bearing

THIS Classic of Fountain Pens was created by Geo. S. Parker, inventor of the leakproof "Lucky Curve." It took him 30 years to perfect it, but it took America only six months to make it the leading seller at hundreds of prominent pen counters. Step up to the first one you come to and see its lacquer-like beauty.

Grasp it! Get the business-like feel of its fit, weight and balance in your hand.

Compare its over-size barrel with the ordinary pen to note how much more ink the Duofold holds.

Then write with this Native Iridium point set in extra thick gold—so smooth it needs no "breaking in"—so hard and life-enduring we can guarantee it 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection.

We are supplying dealers as rapidly as possible with this 25-Year Pen. But if you don't find it near-by, give your dealer your order subject to your approval after trial. Or write us giving your dealer's name.

The PARKER Duofold OVER-SIZE The 25 Year Pen $7

THE PARKER PEN CO., JANESVILLE, WIS.
Chicago New York San Francisco Spokane

(Continued from Page 44)

wistful torment, because it marked so inexorably a merely temporary point of contact in a natural progress of withdrawal.

Helena walked up and down, now impatient, a sudden tension on her, with only an abstracted recognition of her surroundings. But at last the three minutes dragged a last limping foot. The 4:10 came thundering in, convoyed by a grimy oil-stained blue-and-black individual quite unaware of his special privilege. Through the lacing crowd Helena saw three youths dismounting, and an engulfing wave of tenderness swept her. She wanted to run forward, the silly mist in her eyes, and cry out, kissing them, "My darlings! Mother's big boys! Mother's lambs!" Only, of course, out of respect for their ridiculous bigness and importance she wouldn't have dared. Also now, on an occasion with special implications, there must be a different note. She drew on her knowledge of the grand manner and permitted them to approach her. Beansy, she saw, was in the middle.

"Beansy," Helena reflected, "is dramatizing himself. He is enjoying this—the naughty brat! And look at his big feet—nearly a yard long! And his round little-boy face with his ridiculous red cheeks! And that camel's-hair scarf I gave him! He looks nice in it. He has the loveliest complexion, and boys usually don't. That's right—brag, woman. Even to yourself."

She saw that the iniquitous Beansy was supported on the right by his brother, Henry, poet and editor, carrying now a small week-end bag and a literary-looking brown-leather portfolio. Henry as usual was as shipshape and shiny as possible. He was a mild, precise, brushed-and-combed youth with very slick hair, very conventional dress and great tortoise-shell cheaters striding the bridge of a well-shaped nose.

On Beansy's left walked one a little less methodic of apparel—Moresby Girard, that gay insouciant novelist, who was sounding the clarion of radical thought for his generation and ringing the curfew for all social structures previous to 1917; whose editorials on freedom appeared in all the younger magazines, and whose poem beginning:

I sing of my hatred of ancient repressions,
I sing of my hatred of days that are dead,

was pretty generally regarded as a potential classic. Well, Moresby corresponded rather more clearly with his doctrine. His clothing—his coat especially—swung with a lightly raffish air suggesting a complete liberation from silly trammels. Even his tie was casual, and his hat—a worn velours fedora tipped at a not ungraceful angle—smacked of liberalism. His hair, too, was striking—a vivid sorrel, clipped less closely than the others; and a mustache of similar hue, hardly larger or less vivid than a Parmachene Belle, rode his upper lip.

All three young men unhatted when they saw Helena, and she permitted herself a three-foot advance.

"Boys! Henry! Harold! And Moresby Girard!" she said graciously, though with utter gravity.

The radicals were slightly taken aback. She offered no salute, save to press on Beansy's forehead a brief grave caress, indicative at once of his status of black sheep and of her complete maternal indulgence—within limits.

Some of the bumptiousness immediately left Beansy's shoulders. He fell in with his companions rather meekly as Helena, turning, indicated the sedan. The gay hats had crept up on her left—still presumably hunting the express package. These Helena now completely ignored, as also Mr. Leafy, whom she passed perfunctorily, together with several acquaintances. To command the situation quickly and gravely was her point; not to let them perceive emotion, but rather an abstract attention to principle.

It was very hard. Difficult to be inhuman—not to squeeze Beansy's arm or to cuddle to Henry a moment. She packed them quickly into the car, but not before Moresby Girard had inhaled deeply.

"The air here is admirable," he said gravely. "What a contrast to the city!"

"I'm so glad you find it so. Of course you don't get it as clear and pure here as you will at the house; we're in the west end, away from the industries. We have a lot of industries here. You know, lock works, cork works, silk mill, shoe factory. We're the city, too," Helena claimed. "Eighty-five thousand; and that"—she made a circular gesture indicating more remotely a distant gray triangle of roof—"that—those buildings are our waterproof fabric factory—raincoats and umbrellas. One of our biggest enterprises—made a lot of the army coats. Moved over from Astorvale two years ago. I believe they've nearly doubled their output since they were brought over; without any increase in overhead either."

"Output! Overhead!" cried Henry. "Have you joined the Board of Trade, mother, or the Industrial Association? A lot Moresby cares about raincoats and umbrellas."

"Well," said Helena as she took the wheel, "it's one of the nicest factories we have. In fact, it's owned by Mr. James Trulow," she added with a faint irrelevant blush.

"James Trulow," Henry thoughtfully repeated. "James Trulow—I seem to remember the name. When I was up here last summer for my two weeks didn't he call at the house a lot? A lean gray old codger ——"

"Lean! Codger!" cried Helena. "He weighs one hundred and eighty-two in his socks, and he's as fit as a fiddle. He's a—friend of mine"—she choked a little—"and a very fine gentleman. And he isn't old. Only five years older than I am."

"Well, but, mother, even that ——"

Helena almost ran into a tree and Beansy emerged from his new humility.

"Mother, you don't seem like you did last time. Sort of—kind of different. Do you think you ought to be driving the car? I mean, do you think your nerves are as good as they used to be?"

"As they used to be!" Helena bit her lip, colored and laughed. "Oh, don't you worry, laddie. There's life in the old hoss yet. Now, Moresby, if you bend close I'll rubberneck the town for you. We haven't much to offer—we're a bourgeois lot, you know that. But still—that's the City Hall and the Municipal Building over there, where our wheels go wrong; that's the First Presbyterian Church, where a precious lot of our Victorian hypocrites assemble every Sunday; here's the new Celadon Theater, where we're shown that the wages of sin is death, every day; and here's the Southern Market and I've got to get out for bread and cheese and meat."

Mr. Parr and Mr. Orvis left their respective places of business and supported Helena to the car with her packages—to see the boys.

If Helena had repressed her own raptures it was vicarious joy, a true Freudian sublimination, to see Mr. Parr, in his butcher's apron, offer a picnic-ham hand and compliment her on her jewels—beam at her rosy Beansy in his camel's hair, the glossy Henry in his serious cheaters—and their ruddy gala friend.

"Glad to see you back, boys!" old Mr. Orvis cried in greeting, equally interested, filling interatices around their feet with parcels of raisins and apples and schweitzer.

"Boys!" cried Henry as they left the market and old Orvis' friendly clasp. "Don't they realize we're not boys? Don't they realize we're grown up and are men—with the minds of men—doing the work of men?"

"You'll never be men to me, darlings—really," thought Helena secretly.

"I can't move, for all this truck," said Beansy boredly.

"It isn't truck. It's food, Beansy. Norah's going to cook it into good square meals for you."

"Meals!" said Moresby Girard. "I've been eating at a little Italian place on Twenty-eighth Street. Rather a good cuisine—and of course a chap that's eaten all kinds of chow overseas can stomach a lot—but still, frankly I'm tired of the stuff! A square meal! If there's anything of the sort lead me to it."

"Norah can certainly sling a nasty apple pie," cried Beansy joyously, as Helena turned into the home street—a wide span of hard blue-gray under arches of bare drooping maples and elms.

Comfortable middle-class homes lined it—stucco, limestone, red brick. Just ahead a broad span of graystone dwelling offered, wings thrust out from the sides, and the dying light was refracted in prismatic splinters from the long many-paned windows, glimpsed through two unusually large maples.

They stopped here and the sedan suddenly erupted, in a fury of luggage, long legs, brown-paper parcels.

"We'll take it all, Moresby. Your bag too. Give mother an arm."

"I don't need an arm."

Helena, forsaking the car, sprang up on the wide step. Norah had emerged with widespread door and welcoming cries.

Beansy, laden, and Moresby with his repudiated arm well occupied, passed inside, Norah shooing them affectionately. Henry more sedately followed with two bags, and him Helena ambushed beyond the others' range.

She caught him by the coat lapels just inside the door, kissed him, held him from her.

"Henry," she said earnestly. "I'm as glad as glad to have you home, dear. I couldn't begin to tell you—only you know—it—it really wasn't necessary for Beansy to write—and ask you—about the thing he did."

"I'm the head of the family, mother."

Henry was grave above the bags, and Helena winced.

"But to bring Moresby in—a dear boy, but so unnecessary."

"Moresby's not a boy, mother." The light fell through a western window, lit Henry's face to a pale, earnest, almost ascetic beauty. "Moresby, like myself, is a man—and has had a man's experience. There's a principle involved. If my father were living I am sure he would see ——"

"Your father was a gentleman, Henry. The principle of courtesy is involved, and—and there would be only one sort of advice he could give—one kind of instruction."

Henry sighed.

"That is why we came home. We perfectly understood how you would feel. Beansy took a wrong method, true—but he expressed truth, or truth as he believed it. You can't violate the truth by apologizing for it. That would be falsehood—to oneself, to the integrity of one's mind. You must stand by truth and self-expression—at any cost, mother. Well, it's a thing we've got to discuss—just how Beansy is to stand by his truth and its expression. I don't see how he's to yield. I'm against that. These bags are heavy, mother. Oh," he added impatiently, "if you knew us at all! If you ever read us—with any intelligence! If you read Moresby Girard's papers—The Cult of the Individual, The Individual as the Unit, The True and New America, Self-Expression and the New World. If you read me, even my papers in the Post Digest, for instance: Our Modern Liberty and The Passing of an Old Fetish. If you read my books ——"

"I do read your books, dear. The little yellow war book and the little green new one too. And I'm as proud as—lend me one of your words, dear—as proud as hell! They're wonderful, Henry, and I can hardly believe that you've grown up and can write books. It seems like yesterday you were playing marbles and getting your nose wiped! Oh, of course I know you were in the war, but that was because your body was fit. But you're getting away so fast—too fast! Oh, I know boys become men quickly and some of them have done wonderful things. Bryant—with Thanatopsis. Only nineteen."

"Bryant! Thanatopsis," Henry paled, groaned. "Really, mother ——"

"Keats, Chatterton," Helena hurriedly added—"great for their period." She apologized, blushing. "But we were talking of Beansy, dear. Now, you have so much influence. Support me in this—can't you see Beansy is a mere child? Not half educated. Look at his arithmetic. He'll have to have some arithmetic—even if he's free. He must go back to school, Henry. I ask it of you as a favor—as your mother ——"

"Isn't that like a woman! You approach a discussion of principle through the emotion, when you see that you fail of logic. But logic—a discussion among men ——"

"Well," cried Helena with a touch of spirit, "there isn't any reason why all the men have got to be such brand-new ones. I—I have asked an older one to help me—a friend I—I value"—she blushed—"who thinks as I do; who has a good mature mind, well balanced ——"

"Well balanced!" Henry coughed.

"Mr. James Trulow," Helena swept on, and Henry started.

"The man who makes raincoats and umbrellas? You would ask a perfect outsider ——"

"He isn't an outsider—exactly! Henry"—Helena wrung her hands together—"I think I ought to tell you —— Oh, Henry, I really must let you know ——"

(Continued on Page 49)

KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRES

It costs no more to buy a Kelly

30 x 3½ FABRIC $14.90

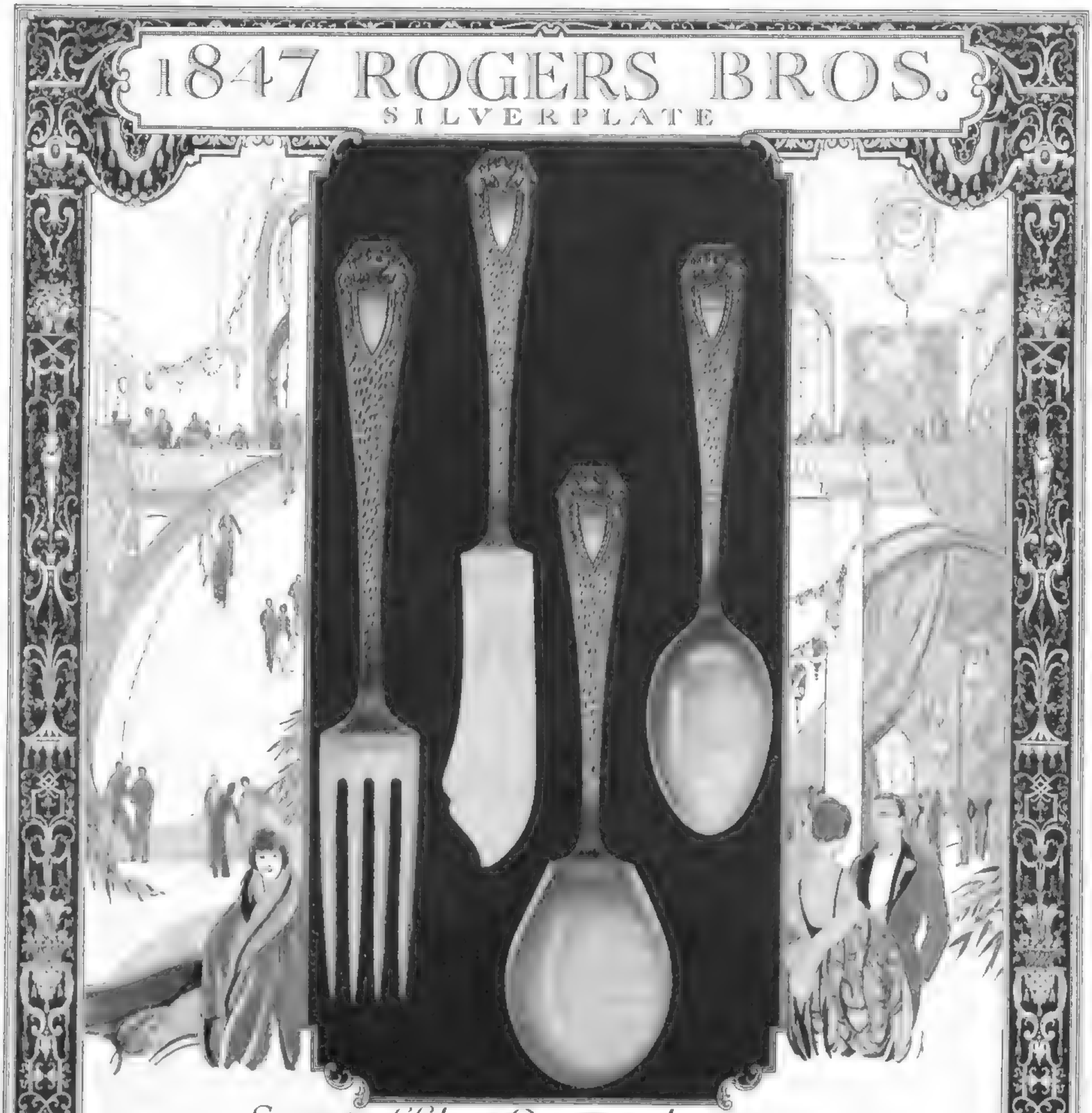
30 x 3½ CORD $18.95

SIZES	FABRIC Black-Tread Kant-Slip	CORD Kant-Slip Block-and-Button or Grooved	TUBES Red
30 x 3	$12.90		$2.15
30 x 3½	14.90	$18.95	2.70
30 x 3¾	Made oversize for 30 x 3½ Cord Casing		3.25
32 x 3½	21.00	25.90	2.90
31 x 4	24.00	29.80	3.35
32 x 4	27.50	32.75	3.45
33 x 4	28.50	33.75	3.60
34 x 4	29.75	34.95	3.70
32 x 4½		42.40	4.65
33 x 4½		44.00	4.75
34 x 4½		44.30	4.95
35 x 4½		45.45	5.00
36 x 4½		46.55	5.25
33 x 5		52.30	6.00
34 x 5		53.30	6.10
35 x 5		54.40	6.25
37 x 5		57.45	6.65

Prices effective Dec. 1, 1921. Subject to change without notice. War tax extra.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE



Seventy-fifth 1847 *Anniversary*

FOR WEDDINGS or any occasion or celebration calling for gifts of silver, it is well to remember that 1847 is the identifying mark of the brand of silverplate which this year celebrates its own 75th Anniversary. This long service record is positive proof of highest quality.

For anniversary gifts, in particular, choose "1847 ROGERS BROS." In beautifully decorated Gift-Boxes and Anniversary Chests, it makes a most appropriate gift—one which can be added to each year by other pieces in the same pattern, each piece adding to the value of the others.

Sold by leading dealers. The Heralds, Pattern illustrated. For illustrations of other patterns write for folder R-904. International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

The Family Plate for Seventy-five Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

(Continued from Page 46)

But Henry was utterly contemptuous. A little cowlick lifted itself from the glossy sphere of his head, stood up disturbedly.

"A casual friend, a mere acquaintance, asked to discuss with us the welfare of your husband's sons."

"Oh, Henry!"

Helena lifted a protesting hand, but Henry swept up the stairs with his bags and Helena dejectedly entered her living room, where the fire crackled and her easy-chairs and piano waited. She sank dispiritedly into the biggest blue chair.

"Oh, Jimmie, old dear I don't see how I can tell 'em. I'm afraid of 'em—that's the truth. Big cowardy cat! But I've got to, old darling—and won't they be awful! I can just tell it. If only the time were really propitious. Only, of course, it would never be—with Henry! And now it's just terribly hard. Just too awfully"—she groped for adjective, levied on the younger generation's opulence—"just too awfully damn hard," she sighed.

III

SHE had made, Helena realized, watching her group, exactly no advance whatever. In two days' time. Dinner was finished now—a dinner to which Tot Raymond and Ann Kimball and James Trulow had been bidden—and they had all adjourned to the living room.

Helena herself, mentally spent with two days of almost incessant argument and pleading with Beansy—alone or with a cohort of Henry and Moresby—sat by the firelight. Beansy lay semisprawled on a wide low couch, where he could act as an attendant on the talking machine. Jim had another of the chairs, and Tot occupied a low faldstool, sitting with linked hands, catching the gold of the flames in her velvety brown eyes, eyes turned up now, in frankest worship for Moresby Girard.

Moresby stood in a graceful straddle slightly beyond the middle of the mantelpiece, with one elbow touching the advancing feet of the four horses of the Quadriga. The horses with their polished metal surfaces and secure advancing pose were exceedingly apt to Moresby himself, whose grace and security of manner repeated their assurance like a designed motif. He looked like a young red-gold viking in mufti while the firelight brought out a line of pure gilt around his young head, set off radiantly his Parmachene Belle, which moved abruptly up and down under the pressure of his eloquence.

Helena was not heeding his eloquence at the moment. She had listened to it, off and on, for forty-eight hours. Now she watched through the archway the figures in the hall—Henry and Ann Kimball. They had rolled back the rugs a little earlier and Henry had undertaken to teach Ann the revised tango of New York, while Beansy wooed the muse. But now, though the music had died away by two minutes, it appeared that Henry was still dancing with Ann, or, at least, was about to dance with Ann—for he had not changed the dancing position at all. He stood there with his arm about Ann, quite unaware of it—the arm apparently; as one who has laid down some trifling article on a mantel, say, and will presently remember it. Ann didn't seem to mind being a mantel at all. They stood there, the two young things, depending no doubt on the insecure camouflage of Helena's biggest fern, which, however, basely betrayed them, and their two faces were as eloquent as a town crier's call.

Helena sighed. Henry might be an editor and a modern poet whose clamor was superiority to any sort of toil and for complete freedom, but he was heeding the siren now. He was enjoying one of those effervescences known in Beansy's parlance as a case—and without any attempt to stuff cotton in his ears! Ann was a case, too—clearly—and a very beautiful case. She was a flowerlike sweet young thing, looking like a white rose to-night in her snowy Georgette, and Helena took up the concept of an eventual conclusion or permanence to their cases.

Supposing Henry grew serious, married Ann!

It was so wholly appropriate, so logical, that she sighed. She could quite visualize all the predestined steps in the sequence. Henry, married, a family man, responsibilities, aging, graying; Ann, a wife, a mother, the rosebud blown to full petal, fading. It was a pattern, so usual, so inescapable, as life had been lived, that a pang of mutinous regret rose in Helena's heart. She saw the wilding youth, the illusion, the beauty of these two untouched inexperienced spirits slowly, surely being stamped and conformed as with a species of die—to a certain cohesive unity with pattern. Cut like cookies. She caught oddly for a moment in a complete wave of feeling an utter understanding of the recalcitrant protest in these modern children against what they observed to be an insidious and terrible destruction. A complete sympathy with restless revolt—revolt as voiced now by Moresby! Using the Quadriga horses nonchalantly to support him he was waving his arm again and talking about marriage. Moresby had not experienced it, but he knew about it.

"Marriage," he proclaimed, "is changing! It is changing every day. Our divorce laws are doing so much, of course; but more and more it is changing by the will of the individual. Adjustments are made from within. Naturally these were brought about by a new economic status for women, but they would have come anyway, through man's realization of his essential freedom and right to choose his life for himself. Woman, too—there is no reason why marriage will continue with us much longer as it has in the past. It will be at best, frankly, a partnership, whose tenure depends on the desire of both parties. In fact, the new order will probably dispense with the old type—marriage, *per se*. There isn't a real necessity for it at all. There is no necessity for anything except one's self-expression. If a marriage happens to do that—let it stand," Moresby's arm indicated permission. "If not—some different adjustment ——"

It seemed to Helena that—or was it the effect of the fire?—the off Quadriga horse winked its eye at her. One lustrous eyelid dropped slowly down behind Moresby's bright head in a brazen cynical wink. Tot Raymond, still worshiping, drooped slightly forward; Tot, scarred veteran of hockey and tennis fights—who yet, as Helena knew—was collecting a hope chest. James was looking down his cigarette. Beansy ate gingerbread.

She reflected now, looking at James, on their affection; on their plans for life together; their peculiar affinity of taste and temperament—in sport, in books, in conversation. She loved her Jim. She ought to get up now and taking his old head between her hands defy the whole pack. This was her moment. She ought to cry, "Well, then—here's a fine example! James Trulow and I are going to do both. Express ourselves and be—*per se*. We're going to be married in the good old-fashioned way."

But Moresby went on talking and flourishing:

"I tell you it's a wonderful thing. The new marriage—er—the whole new relationship of the sexes as it's being worked out—in the new school of expression! The new love! Take the case of Carl Kirschmer and Alida Paxon, for instance. Carl's the socialist writer and Alida does illustration; theater stuff, too, after the Reinhardt Method. Well, when they did it—it was Alida who put it up to Carl. He'd been around—well —— Oh, I mean in Europe, quite a bit. There was a little girl, too, Julia Freedmann, and they got over that. Well, Alida asked Carl to go with her to Miami; and he did. And on the way back—Pete Edwards heard her—she asked him how he'd like it for a permanent thing. And Carl was no end fond of Alida, so they got married, and it's been the greatest success. I saw Alida in New York this week. She was having her lunch with Kirby Williams. Carl's gone over to Italy to do some work."

"That"—James Trulow took his cigarette from his mouth—"that is your idea of marriage, as you would apply it to yourself?"

Moresby cleared his throat.

"Oh, I'm merely a bystander, a writer, a spectator. You've got to dissociate yourself from emotion—look at life in the large." Moresby spoke respectfully enough, but his glance at James clearly said, "You old umbrella man!"

"You're beautiful, anyhow!" thought Helena, watching Moresby, with his cocksureness, his fire, his young pomposity. "And you're a golden liar—only you don't realize it."

She remembered the rescued buddy in No Man's Land and the bad shrapnel scars on Moresby's legs. She had knowledge of a young sister whom Moresby was helping through school, and she looked at him limned with the halo of light, and thought of Mr. Anderson, the trustee, who had called him and his kind "young knights in golden armor going out with an imperishable ideal" the thing that Beansy had said "Bah!" to. Yet the thing was in a measure true at least of Moresby's type, of Henry's. Their ideal was, of course, truth, as they proclaimed. And yet, what was their truth? Duty to themselves, they shouted loudly. Yet, at the scratch, what precisely did each one count as himself? What was a man's self, the exact embrace of his ego? What allegiances did he create for himself out of his environment—stick to at all odds? Always had. Always would.

Helena understood now why the Quadriga horse had winked—wise old traveled beast who with his mates had seen the world so often remade, so many empires fall—and rise: Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Venice.

The talk drifted on. Henry came in, walking tenderly and close to Ann. He, too, claimed favor for the latter-day matrimonial order—the experimental, for the free. He, too, had known, he said, of very successful instances.

He was acquainted with at least three personally. Guy Howell, who did reviews in Benke's Magazine, and Matilda Estey, who acted. They met once a week only. And there was Kent Bishop and Batika Price—they weren't—well, they hadn't bothered with convention at all. They were simply for each other—for as long as they could hold each other!

Helena's eardrums ached, she had tried to remember all the terms and concepts that had whirled in the air these two days—begotten of Beansy's unfortunate episode.

They had included Puritans, Victorians, repressions, morons, Œdipus, Electra, soviets, blocs, communism, futility, individual choice, hypocrisy, self-expression, the new world, the new poetry, and the new love—oh, a great deal about the new love!

She had been called an old fogy three times.

And Norah reported that the pie and the gingerbread were nearly finished.

"'Life,'" Moresby was quoting now, "'is, after all, an idiot's tale, told dancing down the wind.'"

And Helena, remembering the pies, looked at him in astonishment.

Jim, frankly bored, removed his cigarette.

"After all, though, it isn't danced alone—is it? Rather what you'd call a morris dance, isn't it? I mean you take it with a whole lot of company doing the same fox trot. That—helps a little, doesn't it?"

"Raincoats and umbrellas!" Moresby's eye and little mustache sneered, and Helena let everything go, to recall that they hadn't progressed a bit. The issues were unchanged. Beansy had been unpardonably rude, and vowed he wouldn't apologize. She insisted, and Henry and Moresby opposed. Not an inch gained—a complete impasse. And—she hadn't told them about Jim.

A clock chimed somewhere and Tot, her eyes drugged with the new freedom, staggered upright. Ann and Henry were still looking at each other. They would—declared Moresby and Henry—see the girls home, and Beansy whisking the last crumb declared for bed.

To Jim, lingering, Helena was pensive and subdued, even at the jeering "Renegade!" in his eyes; and afterward she stood a moment in the lowered lights of the house, still weary. But when she realized that Beansy must by now be in bed she went and knocked on his door. Not that she had any hope of success greater than the night before.

She went in and tucked up the long length of him and kissed his drowsy eyes and one great apple cheek.

"Darling," she said, "of course I've come to heckle and bully you. It doesn't seem to do any good, but I want you to listen to me and go back and tell Mr. Anderson ——"

"Apologize to the old coot! Mother, I can't; I'm not sorry."

"Not sorry for differing from him, if you like—but for being nasty and utterly out of place, Harold."

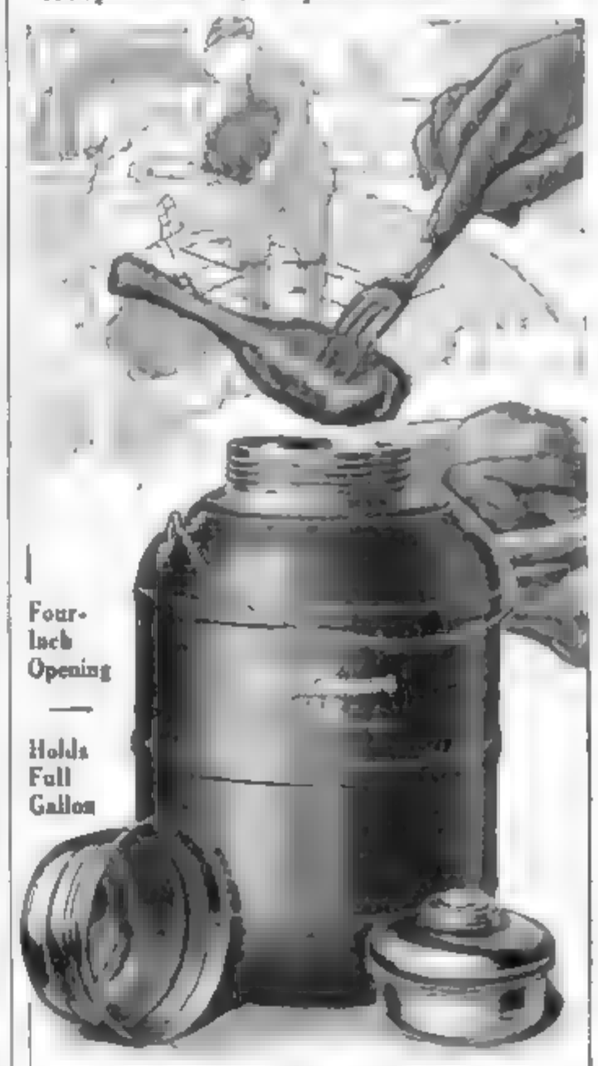
Beansy curled a long arm around her.

"You're a pretty old thing, mom—do you know it? But I can't go back to Anderson. I'd be going back on everything—on all the fellows too. Henry's right and you're wrong—though it'll play the dickens with the track."

Helena sighed and went to fresh attack. She might, of course, use duress. She could cut his allowance, force displeasure—but the modern boy had great resources—there

Thermalware
JARS · DISHES

Keep Foods or Liquids Hot or Cold



Now—a Thermal Jar for Carrying Foods or Liquids!

Four-inch opening permits packing fried chicken, potato salad, large pieces of meat, ice cream and other foods. Or carry a whole gallon (16 cups) of hot coffee, iced tea, lemonade or cold water.

A bigger, better thermal jar for motoring, camping, hunting and fishing, picnics and outings, as well as for the home, office, hospitals and hotels.

Unusually rugged. Heavy glass inner, beautifully silvered, joined to steel jacket by patent Thermalware seal. High thermal efficiency. Insulated sanitary glass stopper instead of cork. Easy to clean. Capacity and durability considered, the lowest price Thermal bottle you can buy.

Here's the New Aladdin Thermalware Dish

No More Cold Dinners!

Prepare soups, stews, vegetables, puddings, desserts, griddle cakes in advance, serve piping hot at meal time. Foods kept hot during entire meal even though some members of the family are late.

Bake or cook food in insert, place it hot in insulator (outer receptacle) and put on insulated cover. Instantly sealed by vacuum. Released by touch of air-vent valve. Satin or Polished Silver, Polished Nickel or Copper. Ideal Gift

Ask for Aladdin Thermalware Jars and Dishes at Department, Drug, Hardware, Jewelry, Sporting Goods and Auto Accessory Stores

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet

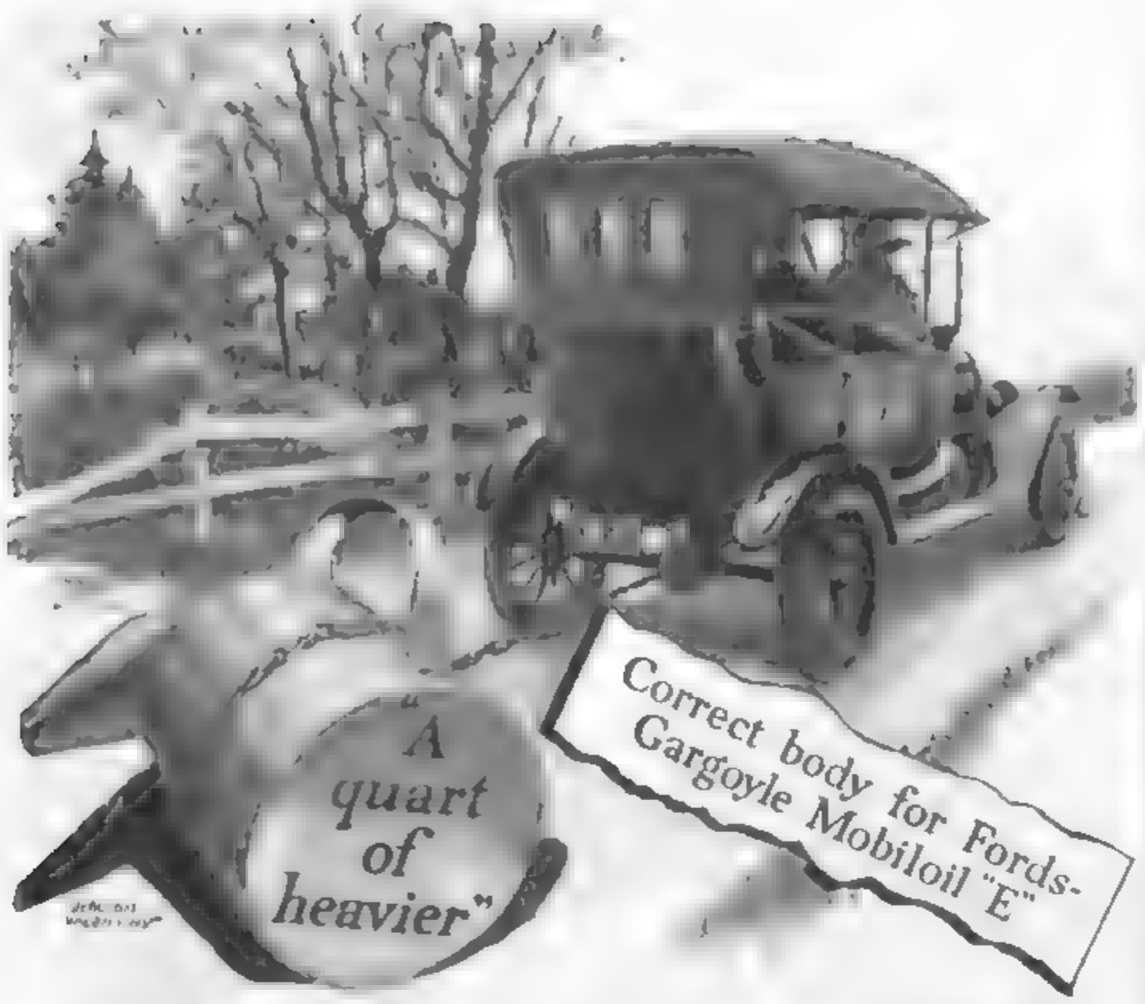
ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc.
613 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me Free Booklet about Aladdin Thermalware Jars and Dishes

My Dealer's Name

Name

Address



Heavier Oil than "E"?

First count the cost

Heavier oil than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in your Ford engine nearly always causes a drag on the engine. This means loss of power.

Heavier oil than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" cannot begin so quickly to feed to every friction surface when the engine is started.

Heavier oil than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is not well adapted to the Ford splash system of lubrication.

Heavier oil than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" cannot so thoroughly reach and protect your upper cylinder walls, piston rings and piston pin bearings.

Heavier oil than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" cannot flow as quickly and freely through the header pipe.

Heavier oil than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" cannot get so perfectly between the bearing surfaces.

Heavier oil than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will not burn so freely from the ignition points of the spark plugs.

Heavier oil than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" nearly always leaves a heavier carbon deposit.

* * *

Every mechanical factor and operating requirement of your Ford engine calls for oil of the body, character and quality of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." No heavier or lighter oil can give such protection or such economy.

When changing to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" do not flush the engine with kerosene. A part of the kerosene will remain in the splash troughs and tend to destroy the lubricating qualities of the new oil. Draw off the old oil after engine has been running and while hot.

In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication"

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York (Main Office)	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Detroit	Pittsburgh
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Buffalo	Des Moines	Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

was Henry to back and help him, too, and a maternal breach would mean a heartbreak.

There were other schools, as Henry suggested, but here, too, Beansy himself was recalcitrant. He was tired of school—done with it. If he left Bryarson he left 'em all.

Helena looking at his young ignorant beloved face, his sprawled virile length, felt her utter futility. She presently left his room with a sense of defeat, and later when she heard the others return she forbore to go and kiss Henry good night. No use milling it over with her other young bullhead. Better to find a way—some new, fresher fashion of persuasion.

IV

THE new way came abruptly clear, like a bolt from the blue. Old Mr. Haggard, the fishman, gave it to Helena the following morning, along with three pounds of chicken halibut for baking:

"I seen your boys, yestiddy, Mrs. Tilden. My, they're big good-lookin' fellers, an' I'll bet you're as proud as Punch! I hear they're as smart as all get out, too, and get things printed in books—but I guess you don't need to feel hurt any if they are so growed up. You look like you was young enough yet to have your fling as good as any."

"To have your fling as good as any!" Helena, outside the shop, almost staggered under an inspiration that brought a relief as clean cut and instant sharp as white lightning.

She put herself and the chicken halibut into the sedan and turned the sedan's nose to Breitmann's Popular Department Store, a place at which she seldom shopped. Here, with a bare pause before an array of wax ladies in popular paper-back editions of Fifth Avenue de luxe bindings, she spent an excited half hour of purchase. Thereafter she sped straight for the waterproof-goods factory and the reticent sanctum of James Trulow.

It lacked but a half hour to lunch when she reached again the privacy of her room, untied sundry parcels, slipped out of her quiet pale-gray Jersey-wool one-piece. For an instant remembering her bronze horses, the blue and cream harmonies of her lower rooms, she blenched. Then, like a diver about to test unknown depths, she resolutely clad herself.

Gold slippers and stockings, the former crystal-beaded; a magenta frock, very short, of the kind Vionnet originally called a petal dress. About her waist she girded a broad band of brilliant watermelon-green satin with an ample sash; and added finally what the Breitmann saleswoman called a necklace of genuine vegetable ivory dyed in alternate blue and orange beads. There was still fifteen minutes' margin as she sped quickly downstairs.

Beansy was nowhere in sight, but Henry and Moresby Girard were sprawled, talking, in the living room. An odor of baking molasses permeated the halls and a plate of Norah's gingerbread, fresh baked, sat, not unnoticed, between the young literati.

They sprang to their feet as Helena entered, and greeted her with the unseeing eye of affection. But only for a second.

Henry literally howled, "Mother! Mother! What in the —— Wh—what ails —— What on earth ——"

"What do you mean, dear?" asked Helena.

She seated herself, her hands passively lying in her magenta lap, and looked at her firstborn.

"Mean! Look at your clothes! Look at your dress! Have you gone out of your mind?"

"My mind! My clothes! What's wrong with my clothes?" cried Helena.

"Why—why, look at you! Why, the way you're dressed. Why, they're a curse! Why, they're a crime! Why, they're an offense—to the aesthetic eye. To good taste. For the Lord's sake—what do you mean by this?"

"I—I know they're—different," said Helena in a low voice.

"Different!" Henry became speechless.

"I know," said Helena quickly, "that you've never seen me like this before, dear. That's because—well, that's because I've dressed like other people—as I haven't wanted to dress—at all! I—I've always wanted to wear colors—bright colors, all together—lots of 'em. People—other people don't usually. I've always thought I—I had to do what others thought was appropriate. I mean—pay some attention to—what you just said, Henry—the—the æsthetic—to good taste. That means, doesn't it, dear, in clothes—dressing in certain agreed-on ways of—of handling line—and form and color. So you don't shock people's sense of beauty? I mean—dressing in such a way that if everybody followed your example you'd get the greatest amount of peace—nervous peace.

"But what do I care what other people want—in my secret heart? Only all these years I've been a kind of slave. I've believed—fighting myself—that I was wrong. And now that I've heard you and Moresby it came to me like a flash of light, last evening. That's why I didn't even say good night to you. All my life"—Helena's voice grew low, penetrating—"all my life I've had a repression—a suppressed desire for magenta."

The color poured suddenly into Henry's face.

"Oh," he cried, "I suppose you think you're being funny, mother! You'd try to make fools of us, mother. You'd like to horse us. You'd hold us up to derision"

"If I could hold you up to derision it would only serve you right, sonny. That's what you've been doing to us, the older generation, for a long time. But I'm not jesting. No, no! Oh, Henry, let's not speak of clothes! They're only a beginning. A beginning of a liberty I never dreamed I should enjoy. I want to speak of something else. Sit down, Henry! Sit down, Moresby! I want to tell you something. I want to tell you—about Mr. James Trulow."

The name produced a curious effect. A complete suspension, a silence fell, then Henry, very pale, rose slowly, grimly, and approached his mother, with almost catlike grace.

"James Trulow!" he cried in a high breathy voice. "A-ha! So I was right! My instinct was not wrong. I've watched it—last summer, and at Christmas, and now. And now—it's come. You're going—to be foolish."

Helena lifted a pleading hand.

"Oh, Henry, don't blame me, too much. I've never done anything except along the old settled lines—like other people. How could I—I be different, until I had heard everything explained ——"

Henry was not attending. He had moistened his lips, swallowing hard.

"And so it's come to this. James Trulow. You—you would replace your husb—my father—with James Trulow. You would marry—again!"

"Oh," cried Helena quickly, "you have misunderstood me, dear. I did not speak of marrying. If—if I had—at any time—any such idea—oh, I realize the absurdity! Anything so permanent. I said, merely, Henry, that I wanted to tell you—about James Trulow. I wanted to tell you"—her voice lowered, she drooped her head—"I wanted to tell you that—James and I have decided to be for each other."

The room suddenly seemed to spin, the objects fused into a dark haze. There was a complete silence in which Henry stood, stricken and transfixed. It was Moresby Girard who spoke first, springing up with an intense gesture, a disordered pallor:

"Mrs. Tilden! But this is too terrible!"

Henry found a suffocated voice, his face suffused:

"Mother! Why—why, do you know what you are saying? You mean—what you are saying?"

"I mean—what I am saying," Helena bowed her graceful head. "Oh, Henry!" she cried, "I've thought things all out—and I see that—that any different—er—more conventional idea that I may have entertained—was an error. It would have displeased you—and I did not wish to displease you. In fact, I feared to displease you. I want your good opinion, your respect, dear; and when I realized that James and I had grown to care for each other—well, I didn't see any way really to secure it—to—to respect our own truth, our individual expression—yes, actually, our right—until you and Moresby came home. And then I listened to you. To the new widsom—to the freer way; and I saw how clear everything was, and how mistaken I had been. For here—see—Jim and I can belong together, for as long as we hold each other—and we're actually spoiling nothing. We sacrifice nothing. I remain as I was. My own name ——"

"Mother! Stop! Are you mad?" Henry threw up his hands. "Insulting yourself ——"

"Expressing myself," Helena corrected. "Oh, Henry! Oh, Moresby! You have

(Continued on Page 89)

THIS OLD BUILDING, erected in the fifties, was moved half a mile overland, placed on a barge and towed five miles down the Allegheny River. To get it under a low bridge the barge was sunk, pumped out, floated again, and moved on down the river to Pittsburgh, where it was placed in the center of the Heinz plant.

Where the "57" began

The LITTLE HOUSE *that was floated down the* RIVER

WHEN YOU visit the "Home of the 57" you see the little "House where we began" —surrounded, overshadowed by large modern buildings. To the visitor the little house may seem but an interesting relic—a thing of purely historical interest, signifying growth and prosperity. To us, this homely little brick building stands as a symbol—a constant reminder of the ideals established there, the principles on which the Heinz business has been built.

It was because of this, of what the little house meant to us all, that we moved it from its original location, floated it five miles down the river on a barge, and placed it where its inspiration would be most manifest. Loyalty to the standards which the little house represents is reflected in the spirit of service, care in preparation and pride in workmanship which characterizes the whole Heinz organization.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 *Varieties*

A Lesson from the Stars

IN the garden of a country home two men were talking. Near them sat a small boy, looking at the stars.

"Business," said one of the men, "grows worse every month. I am making a product that I know is the best in the field—and still I can't sell it."

There was a moment of silence. . . . Then the second man called to the boy who sat near them. "Son," he said, "if you had your choice of any of those stars up there, which one would you choose?"

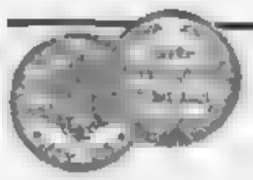
The boy promptly pointed to the brightest star in sight. "That big one over there!" he said.

The man who had addressed the boy turned to his companion. "As a matter of fact," he said, "there are other stars in the heavens, which the boy cannot see, that are far brighter and bigger than the one he chose. But he didn't know the other stars were there—and so he couldn't choose them. That's why your product isn't selling. People simply do not know it exists."

"I know what you mean," said the first man, "advertising. But I have tried advertising in the past—two or three times—and it didn't work."

His companion seemed preoccupied with the stars. . . . "If we stand here and watch the sky for a few minutes," he finally said, "we shall see a shooting star. It will spurt across the heavens for a second, and then it will die out. There are thousands of shooting stars every night. People pay little attention to them and they are instantly forgotten. That's the kind of an advertiser you were.

"The Pole Star," continued the speaker, "has stayed on the job so long and so faithfully that its very name has come to mean 'a guide, a controlling principle.' And that's the way to advertise. There are certain products today whose names are regarded as a guide to satisfaction and a controlling principle of quality. They are the pole-stars. In this present economic situation, it is the pole-stars that are doing the business."



N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 50)

taught me a very different way of thinking, I assure you, Jim, too. And we are firmly resolved -you have taught me the uses of individual liberty—and of the importance of individual truth as one sees it. I see things now—in the broader aspect. You are right! Beansy was right! I shall be right!"

"In my own family! To hear you like this. I little dreamed—I thought a stepfather! It was a horrible idea, but I'd rather a thousand times. I'd give my consent a hundred times rather ——"

"Ah, but that might be so foolish! How do I know that I may not tire of Jim—or Jim tire of me—though that last seems highly improbable. But there is the possibility. This the new way—leaves an opening for us. It is a truer way. The truth must prevail."

"Mrs. Tilden, this is too horrible!"

"Mother! At your age."

"I am not a nonagenarian, Henry."

"All mothers are old—too old for nonsense."

"Not for the truth. You have taught me, even with my failing powers, to recognize it."

"But we were speaking in the general—of the abstraction, Mrs. Tilden."

"Beansy's not an abstraction."

"We were speaking, Mrs. Tilden, of—of a new school of thought—or rather of something still in the making—processes not completed yet—they are only being sounded, tested, a very little way—by—er—the younger generation. They may perhaps be too radical -for—er—the mass. They may be merely for the individual - the special individual. We can't tell as yet."

"'One for all; all for one,'" cried Helena. "What man may do, men may do. And what," she added incorrectly, "is sauce for the kitten—must be sauce for the cat."

"In my own family!" Henry bleated.

"Well, dear—you need not pull so long a face at making a convert. For I've truly changed. I shouldn't dream of opposing your views on expression. Nor Beansy—now. Anyhow, James and I have fully decided. We are going to be for each other—on the fourteenth of April. We shall go to Bermuda for a month ——"

Henry cried out sharply, "Do you realize! Think of your home—of your town, of your place here. Of your memories. Oh, it would be bad enough to marry again—but—mother, why don't you? Why can't you do the thing as others do, like any other sane person?"

"But, Henry, I thought ——"

"Why, look what you'll do to yourself! Look what you'll do to us all. You can't buck the game alone. Look what you'll do to me! Why, Ann wouldn't look at me ——"

"Ann!"

"Yes, Ann. Do you think she'd have a thing to do with me? And just when I—why, if the Post Digest'll give me a raise next year I'll ——"

"Do you mean that you and Ann ——"

"We've been writing since last summer. I've never known anyone on earth like Ann. I want to marry Ann."

"You mean—in the old way? Forever and ever, and *per se*—and take your chance?"

"'Twouldn't be any chance at all—with Ann," cried Henry, just as though he had been born fifty years before.

Helena shook her head a little sadly.

"Well, I can't agree with you any more, dear. Anyhow, Jim and I have seen the light. He's coming at four. You can talk it over with him. But I doubt—oh! I want everything"—she paused in the doorway, looking like the Bohemian Girl in her bright attire—"I want everything to be open and expressed frankly. No secret repressions, no hidden longings, but light—light pouring through everything! I think I will have my lunch in my room," she added.

"If Jim," reflected Helena, "continues this line a minute longer I shall believe him—about us—myself. I shall believe we're going on a temperamental journey. He does it almost too well."

Helena, still in her blithe clothing, sat listening to her James—and two as impassioned and active aggressors in the cause of convention as could be imagined. Beansy had of course been excluded from the conference. But now the air was filled with argument for the obverse side of the question as formerly presented, and Helena could not forbear admiration for James, stoical patient manufacturer of umbrellas—and no slouch at his books, either—who sat stubbornly unmoved, carefully considering the persuasions the younger men offered. It was odd, indeed, to hear James returning one by one, with quiet determination, the Rolands given aforetime to his Olivers. He had been a pat and apt listener—old Jim.

It was odd to hear Moresby pleading now like any fogy—to hear Henry reasoning, bullying, demanding like any bourgeois Victorian.

Helena, by the window, planning a garden to be begun when she and Jim got home from their wedding trip, indulged a wicked old habit. She smiled down her sleeve with a rare sense of content. But now Henry threw up his hands, pacing up and down in a last exasperation.

"What can I do to make you see what you and mother are doing? Why, the thing is suicidal—it's monstrous!"

"Do you know," said Helena, "that's just the way I felt about what Beansy did—before I knew better."

Henry paled.

"Beansy! Harold!" he cried bitterly. "If he hadn't behaved like a young ass this would never have happened. Moresby and I would never ——"

"Have infected me. True. But I'm glad you did. I'm as glad as Pollyanna. I'm glad all around. I'm glad Beansy did it. I'm just—glad!" she added softly.

"I'd like to choke Beansy!" cried Henry. "I suppose," he added, "if he had yielded the point in the first place—the first day, you wouldn't have thought of —— Mother, you were going to do it differently—weren't you?"

"Oh, of course. But—I think you're very wrong to get so agitated, Henry. There's a principle involved here—that's all. I believe that's what you and Beansy stood on."

"But look here!" cried Henry. "Oh, mother!—I get your point—I—I—there's something in what you said before—I see that now—but if Beansy gave in—if we all gave in —— Upon my word, I believe you're stringing us!" He stopped suddenly.

"Jim," cried Helena, "are we ——"

"Friday, the fourteenth of April. On the steamship Carpathia, first cabin," said James gravely.

"Mother, then listen. If Beansy eats crow and tells old Anderson he was wrong—would you give it all up? At least"—he caught a strange glint in Helena's eyes—"would you—be willing to be—perfectly conventional, the two of you?"

"Well," said Helena, "I've never been pig-headed, Henry. But I may say that unless Beansy does—we shall continue precisely as we've planned."

Her son looked at her silently, consideringly a long minute, then before something in her eyes his face changed, the red of confusion, even sheepishness poured into his face.

"Mother!" he said with a low breath, "I stick 'em up. I hand it to you. You are simply—priceless." He looked at Moresby, but Moresby covered his mouth and the Parmachene Belle with a concealing hand.

"Where is Beansy?" he asked.

But Beansy was not far and, brought in, Henry, his hero, gave his instructions with clarity and abruptness.

"Beans," he said, "we've been considering it all over—your school stunt; and I've changed my mind. I guess you'll have to renege on the free-expression stuff. I guess you'll have to tell Anderson. It don't work out. We were wrong."

"To tell the truth, Hen," said Beansy, "I've always kinda felt I was. Only that you—I don't mind telling the old stoat I was in darn bad taste. I was. And of course it'll keep the track athletics up."

"Oh," cried Helena, "the track work's saved; and so is your arithmetic; and so are James and I. And I don't care who tries to contradict me, 'God's in His heaven: all's right with the world.' In mine anyhow. And now I'll go and tell Norah to cut a fresh pan of gingerbread."

v

THE white curl of smoke was the only thing left. The train had quite vanished into the horizon point where the fan of rails met.

The three radicals had departed and Helena stood alone with Jim, looking after them. Others—more remotely—looked, too; two opossum sport coats and a brace

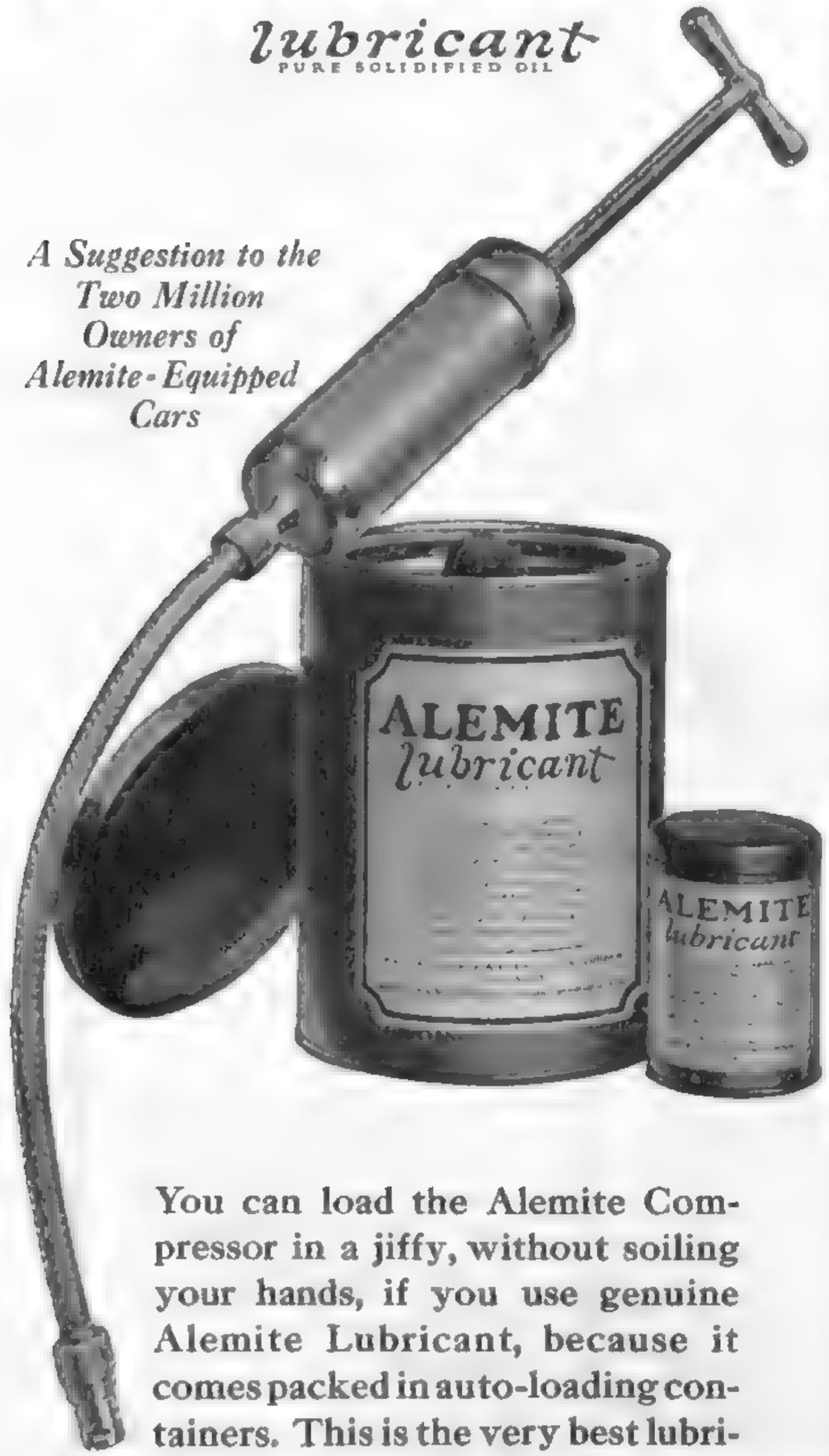
PITCAIRN
Sole-Proof
Colored Varnish and Enamel
White Enamel the Bathroom
YOU will find it a spare time pleasure if you use a free flowing enamel and a good brush which enable you to secure the immaculate surface that is the beauty of enamel decoration.
It is inexpensive and very easy to enamel or varnish your furniture, floors, and woodwork.
Pitcairn Sole Proof colored varnishes and enamels, ready-to-use, come in large and small cans of the right size for every possible household need.
Sold by quality dealers everywhere.
Write for "Proof" booklet
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
Paint-Pitcairn Division
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
Proof PRODUCTS
INTER-INDUSTRIES OF THE
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
PLATE AND WINDOW GLASS MIRRORS PAINTS VARNISHES BRUSHES AND SUNDRIES

ALEMITE

lubricant

PURE SOLIDIFIED OIL

A Suggestion to the Two Million Owners of Alemite-Equipped Cars



You can load the Alemite Compressor in a jiffy, without soiling your hands, if you use genuine Alemite Lubricant, because it comes packed in auto-loading containers. This is the very best lubricant that we know of for your car. It is pure solidified oil, containing no acids, grit or other foreign substance. Sold by dealers and garages everywhere in half-pound and five-pound cans.

A Product of

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Chicago, Illinois

Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

of velours hats—jade green and apricot. But Helena thought only of her loss.

"Good-by, novelist; good-by, editor-poet; good-by, athlete. Good-by, you golden boys," she cried. "Jim—I feel like an exhausted bellows. Comfort me."

"Comfort you? I ought to cast you into the street, woman. I ought to throw you before this south-bound freight. You haven't looked at me in three days. I'm half dead of jealousy."

"If you're jealous it's because of something you've lost. Both of us have lost, Jim. Something they've got now—but must lose too. But aren't they beautiful while they've got it? So deadly sure of things—so talky and full of words! As though the words mattered! It's using the spade as a spade that counts—not what you call it. They don't know for all their tearing down that they'll build their world on important things—like all the old beavers that lived before them."

"I see, my dear Mrs. Godfrey G. Gloom, that I really must comfort you. Just think of Bermuda—will you? And the greens coming up hard and smooth. Look at those fields over there."

But Helena still looked down the track

After a minute, Jim; but just now in a last look her eyes cried Godspeed to the boys.

BUSINESS LETTERS

By Floyd W. Parsons

LETTER writing, especially in business, is being rapidly reduced to something very much in the nature of an exact science. This transformation has been necessitated by changed conditions in commerce and industry. The letters of yesterday would fail in serving the needs of to-day. It is interesting, therefore, to note some of the ideas being evolved by students of the subject.

Personal talks are not always possible in the operation of businesses, and the result is that letters must be substituted for human contact. It follows, therefore, that to be effective in this rôle of proxy for humans, letters must have human qualities. Progressive corporations now realize not only this fact but also the magnitude of the service to the firm in the establishment of good will that well-written letters will render. Practically every large corporation deals with its customers a dozen times as frequently through correspondence as by personal contact. It is not surprising, therefore, that progressive managements are establishing well-planned courses of study within their own organizations to teach employes the most advanced practices in business correspondence. Several companies charge a small fee for the course, returning half the payment when the employe completes the study. This is done to make the course fully appreciated.

Such a course should be placed in the hands of a qualified executive of the company, or a letter-writing expert should be employed. If an outsider is called in it will be necessary for him to study the company's correspondence for several weeks before mapping out the course. Though personal coaching may be undertaken in a limited way, the principal instruction should be given by correspondence. The aim must be to establish uniformity of style, and this must be accomplished without destroying individuality and freshness. Stress should be placed on service to the company; easy, correct diction; forceful expression through concentration on the chief points; and progression to a natural, logical, convincing conclusion.

One concern in an effort to improve the letters written by its employes holds a meeting on company time twice a month, to which all workers of high and low degree are invited, but not officially required to attend. Several persons are appointed to bring in a letter apiece, which was received during the fortnight from some outside correspondent. The employes are expected to criticize their letters, and each one suggests the changes that should be made in his letter. After the several reports have been made a letter writer of recognized ability takes all the letters and comments on the criticisms of the critics. This plan has been found effective in improving the concern's standard of correspondence.

Different types of letters require different styles of treatment. Perhaps the most difficult communication to write is an adjustment letter. In such a communication the opening sentence is vital, for the recipient of the letter is likely to be in an unfavorable frame of mind. Never restate the complaint or commence with an expression of surprise that the customer or client has had trouble. If the writer has decided to make a concession it is far better to do so gracefully, and not at the same time state a number of reasons why he should not do so. Adjustment letters are especially designed to continue business relations, and therefore sarcasm or ill temper has no place in them. The writer should avoid flattery and attempts at humor. He should not instruct, but instead give information. Don't try to force the complainant to admit he is wrong. Avoid negative suggestions, and never reflect on the customer's veracity. Start the letter by saying: "It is a real pleasure to help straighten out this difficulty."

Don't waste words stating a letter has been received and that the contents have been noted. Your reply indicates all this. Some people call every letter a favor, whereas many letters are not favors at all. A lot of people continually use the word "beg" in writing business communications, which word conveys an unnecessary impression of subservience, besides being hackneyed. The clever letter writer always begins and ends his communications by stating in one form or another the point of view of the person to whom he is writing. It is generally wise to cover up or at least try to disguise the points that are of special interest to the writer. Many letters are spoiled by including exaggerated statements such as the expression, "the biggest value in the world for the money." The telegraph companies tell us that the word "please" used in telegrams costs more than one million dollars each year, and that the people spending the money have made an excellent investment. The word "please" can be used as effectively in letters as in telegrams.

The correspondent who trusts his punctuation to a stenographer admits his incompetence, and should not complain if his letters are misunderstood. Form letters thoughtfully composed and neatly typed are a valuable asset in business, except in cases where correspondents carelessly select paragraphs that do not fit the subject in hand and cause the letter to lack coherence. Form letters designed with care usually show restraint and sincerity, and are free of superlatives. In these points they are often superior to letters hastily dictated on the spot.

It is a good plan to avoid trying to cover two separate business transactions in one letter. A number of authorities go so far as even to suggest a different envelope for each letter, although the communications to the same person may be written at the same dictation. Don't use "Gentlemen"; instead say "Dear Sirs." Assume that your stenographer is the person you are writing to, and talk as you would in ordinary conversation. Try to strike a responsive chord, remembering that if you can get the other fellow to feel with you it will be easier to get him to act with you. Don't say "I wish to advise you"; you are not advising, but simply telling him something. The words "tell," "acquaint" and "inform" are far better usage.

Short paragraphs are often attractive, but they can be so brief as to be jerky. If it does not require too long a paragraph it is best to finish the idea or thought in mind in the same paragraph in which you introduce it. In closing a letter it is better to be positive, using a finite verb rather than a participial construction. The expressions, "Wishing you success," "Trusting you are well," and so on, are not as strong as "I wish," "I trust," "I hope," and the like. Thousands of correspondents interchange words that are not synonymous.

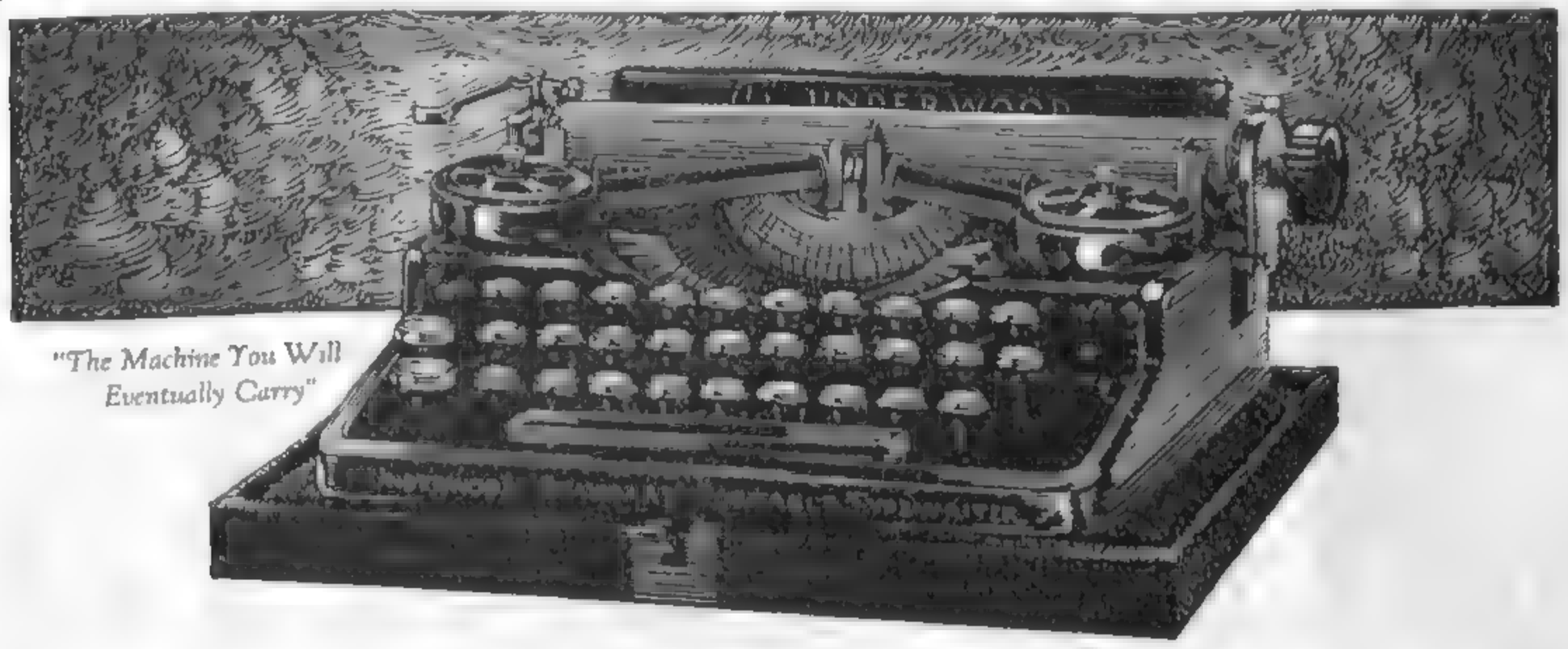
Few lines of effort to-day offer corporations as great an opportunity to improve their position in business as is presented in the field of commercial letter writing.

GIVING WINGS TO WORDS

Born on the swift keys of the Underwood Portable, words are *winged*. Fleet and free, they give speed to expression, clarity to thought, fluency to writing and ease to reading.

The Portable is obtainable at Underwood offices in all principal cities, or direct from the Underwood Typewriter Co., Inc., Underwood Bldg., N. Y.

IT WEIGHS 6½ LBS. UNCASED PRICE $50 IN THE U. S. A. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET



"The Machine You Will Eventually Carry"

UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

CHLOR-E-DIXO
The Tooth Paste for an Acid Mouth
Prevents Film on the Teeth

An AID to SUCCESS

OSCAR SHAW is one of many successful stars of the stage and screen who have given their unqualified endorsements to Chlor-E-Dixo as an aid to improved personal appearance and health, because—

CHLOR-E-DIXO whitens the teeth like peroxide—

CHLOR-E-DIXO keeps the gums firm and hard—

CHLOR-E-DIXO prevents the accumulation of film and tartar.

And Chlor-E-Dixo is economical because it will not harden in the tube and the ribbon strip clings to the brush, preventing waste.

AMERICAN DRUGGISTS SYNDICATE
Laboratories New York

OSCAR SHAW
starring in "Good Morning, Dearie," the premier musical success of the year in New York, writes:
"I consider the care of my teeth of the utmost importance, and so I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste."
Will not Harden in the Tube
Sold only at stores showing
A.D.S.
products

THE COVERED WAGON

Continued from Page 19

After a time they drew close together, running parallel and at top speed. At the distance, what Jackson saw was a swift rush of the black horse between the two bulls. For an instant the three seemed to run neck and neck. Then the rider's arms seemed extended, each on its side. Two puffs of blue smoke stained the gray dust. The black horse sprang straight ahead, not swerving to either side. Two stumbling forms slowed, staggered and presently fell. Then the dust passed, and he saw the rider trot back, glancing here and there over the broad rolling plain at the work of himself and his men.

"I seed ye do hit, boy!" exclaimed the grizzled old hunter when they met. "I seed ye plain, an' ef I hadn't, an' ye'd said ye'd did hit, I'd of said ye was a liar."

"Oh, the double?" Banion colored, not ill pleased at praise from Sir Hubert, praise indeed. "Well, I'd heard it could be done."

"Once is enough. Let 'em call ye a liar after this! Ef ary one o' them bulls had hit ye ye'd have had no boss; an' ary one was due to hit ye, or drive ye against the other, an' then he would. That's a trap I hain't ridin' inter noways, not me!"

He looked at his own battered piece a trifle ruefully.

"Well, Ole Sal," said he, "'pears like you an' me ain't newfangled enough fer these times, not none! When I git to Oregon, ef I ever do, I'm a goin' to stay thar. Times back, five year ago, no one dreamed o' wagons, let alone plows. Fust thing, they'll be makin' plows with wheels, an' rifles that's six-shooters too!"

He laughed loud and long at his own conceit.

"Well, anyways," said he, "we got meat. We've licked one red nation an' got enough meat to feed the white nation, all in a couple o' days. Not so bad—not so bad."

And that night, in the two separate encampments, the white nation, in bivouac, on its battle ground, sat around the fires of *bois des vaches* till near morning, roasting boss ribs, breaking marrowbones, laughing, singing, boasting, shaking high their weapons of war, men making love to their women—the Americans, most terrible and most successful of all savages in history.

But from one encampment two faces were missing until late—Banion and Jackson of the Missourians. Sam Woodhull, erstwhile column captain of the great train, of late more properly to be called unattached, also was absent. It was supposed by their friends that these men might be out late, superintending the butchering, or that at worst they were benighted far out and would find their way to camp the next morning.

Neither of these guesses was correct. Any guess, to be correct, must have included in one solution the missing men of both encampments, who had hunted miles apart.

XXI

AS BANION and Jackson ended their part in the buffalo running and gave instructions to the wagon men who followed to care for the meat, they found themselves at a distance of several miles from their starting point. They were deep into a high rolling plateau where the going was more difficult than in the level sunken valley of the Platte. Concluding that it would be easier to ride the two sides of the triangle than the one over which they had come out, they headed for the valley at a sharp angle. As they rode, the keen eye of Jackson caught sight of a black object apparently struggling on the ground at the bottom of a little swale which made down in a long ribbon of green.

"Look-ee yan!" he exclaimed. "Some feller's lost his buffler, I expect. Let's ride down an' put him out'n his misery afore the wolves does."

They swung off and rode for a time toward the strange object. Banion pulled up.

"That's no buffalo! That's a man and his horse! He's bogged down!"

"You're right, Will, an' bogged bad! I've knew that light-green slough to cover the worst sort o' quicksands. She runs black sand under the mud. God knows how deep. You can't run a buffler inter hit—he knows. Come on!"

They spurred down a half mile of gentle slope, hard and firm under foot, and halted at the edge of one of the strange man traps which sometimes were found in the undrained Plains—a slough of tall, coarse, waving grass which undoubtedly got its moisture from some lower stratum.

In places a small expanse of glistening black mud appeared, although for the most part the mask of innocent-looking grass covered all signs of danger. It was, in effect, the dreaded quicksand, the octopus of the Plains, which covered from view more than one victim and left no discoverable trace.

The rider had attempted to cross a narrow neck of the slough. His mount had begun to sink and flounder, had been urged forward until the danger was obvious. Then, too late, the rider had flung off and turned back, sinking until his feet and legs were gripped by the layer of deep soft sand below. It was one of the rarest but most terrible accidents of the savage wilderness.

Blackened by the mud which lay on the surface, his hat half buried, his arms beating convulsively as he threw himself forward again and again, the victim must in all likelihood soon have exhausted himself. The chill of night on the high Plains soon would have done the rest, and by good fortune he might have died before meeting his entombment. His horse ere this had accepted fate, and ceasing to struggle lay almost buried, his head and neck supported by a trembling bit of floating grass roots.

"Steady, friend!" called out Banion as he ran to the edge. "Don't fight it! Spread your arms and lie still! We'll get you out!

"Quick! My lariat, Jackson, and yours!" he added.

The scout was already freeing the saddle ropes. The two horses stood, reins down, snorting at the terror before them, whose menace they now could sense.

"Take the horse!" called Banion. "I'll get the man!"

He was coiling the thin, braided hide *reata*, soft as a glove and strong as steel, which always hung at the Spanish saddle.

He cast, and cast again—yet again, the loop at forty feet gone to nothing. The very silence of the victim nerved him to haste, and he stepped in knee deep, finding only mud, the trickle of black sands being farther out. The rope sped once more, and fell within reach—was caught. A sob or groan came, the first sound. Even then from the imprisoned animal beyond him came that terrifying sound, the scream of a horse in mortal terror. Jackson's rope fell short.

"Get the rope under your arms!" called Banion to the blackened, sodden figure before him. Slowly, feebly, his order was obeyed. With much effort the victim got the loop below one arm, across a shoulder, and then paused.

"Your rope, quick, Bill!"

Jackson hurried and they joined the ends of the two ropes.

"Not my horse—he's wild. Dally on to your own saddle, Bill, and go slow or you'll tear his head off."

The scout's pony, held by the head and backed slowly, squatted to its haunches, snorting, but heaving strongly. The head of the victim was drawn oddly toward his shoulder by the loop, but slowly, silently, his hands clutching at the rope, his body began to rise, to slip forward.

Banion, deep as he dared, at last caught him by the collar, turned up his face. He was safe. Jackson heard the rescuer's deep exclamation, but was busy.

"Cast free, Will, cast free quick, and I'll try for the horse!"

He did try, with the lengthened rope, cast after cast, paying little attention to the work of Banion, who dragged out his man and bent over him as he lay motionless on the safe edge of the treacherous sunken sands which still half buried him.

"No use!" exclaimed the older man. He ran to his saddle and got his deadly double barrel, then stepped as close to the sinking animal as he could.

There came a roar. The head of the horse dropped flat, began to sink. "Poor critter!" muttered the old man, and now hastened to aid Banion.

The latter turned a set face toward him and pointed. The rescued man had opened his eyes. He reached now convulsively for a tuft of grass, paused, stared.

"It's Sam Woodhull!" ejaculated the scout. Then, suddenly, "Git away, Will—move back!"

Banion looked over his shoulder as he stood, his own hands and arms, his clothing, black with mire. The old man's gray eye was like a strange gem, gleaming at the far end of the deadly double tube, which was leveled direct at the prostrate man's forehead.

"No!" Banion's call was quick and imperative. He flung up a hand, stepped between. "No! You'd kill him now?"

With a curse Jackson flung his gun from him, began to re-coil the muddied ropes. At length, without a word, he came to Banion's side. He reached down, caught an arm and helped Banion drag the man out on the grass. He caught off a handful of herbage and thrust it out to Woodhull, who remained silent before what seemed his certain fate.

"Wipe off yore face, you skunk!" said the scout. Then he seated himself, morosely, hands before knees.

"Will Banion," said he, "ye're a fool—ye're a nacher, borned, congenital, ingrain damned fool! Ye're flyin' in the face o' Proverdence, which planted this critter right here fer us to leave where no one'd ever be the wiser, an' where he couldn't never do no more devilment. Ye idjit, leave me kill him, ef ye're too chicken-hearted yoreself! Or leave us throw him back in agair!"

Banion would not speak at first, though his eyes never left Woodhull's streaked, ghastly face.

At length he said slowly, "If we hadn't joined Scott and climbed Chapultepec together, I'd kill you like a dog, right here! Shall I give you one more chance to square things for me? You know what I mean! Will you promise?"

"Promise?" broke in Jackson. "Ye damned fool, would ye believe ary promise he made even now? I tell-ee, boy, he'll murder ye the fust chanct he gets. He's tried hit one night afore. Leave me cut his throat, Will! Ye'll never be safe ontel I do. Leave me cut his throat er kill him with a rock. Hit's only right."

Banion shook his head.

"No," he said slowly, "I couldn't, and you must not.

"Do you promise?" he repeated to the helpless man. "Get up—stand up! Do you promise—will you swear?"

"Swear? Hell!" Jackson also rose as Woodhull staggered to his feet. "Ye know this man orto kill ye, and ye sneaked hit, didn't ye? Whar's yer gun?"

"There!" Woodhull nodded to the bog, over which no object now showed. "I'm helpless! I'll promise! I'll swear!"

"Then we'll not sound the no-quarter charge that you and I have heard the Spanish trumpets blow. You will remember the shoulder of a man who fought with you? You'll do what you can now—at any cost?"

"What cost?" demanded Woodhull thickly.

Banion's own white teeth showed as he smiled.

"What difference?" said he. "What odds?"

"That's hit!" Again Jackson cut in, inexorable. "Hit's no difference to him what he sw'ars, yet he'd bargain even now. Hit's about the gal!"

"Hush!" said Banion sternly. "Not another word!

"Figure on what it means to you." He turned to Woodhull. "I know what it means to me. I've got to have my own last chance, Woodhull, and I'm saving you for that only. Is your last chance now as good as mine? This isn't mercy. I'm trading now. You know what I mean."

Woodhull had freed his face of the mud as well as he could. He walked away, stooped at a trickle of water to wash himself. Jackson quietly rose and kicked the shotgun back farther from the edge. Woodhull now was near to Banion's horse, which, after his fashion, always came and stood close to his master. The butts of the two dragoon revolvers showed in their holsters at the saddle. When he rose from the muddy margin, shaking his hands as to dry them, he walked toward the horse. With a sudden leap, without a word, he sprang beyond the horse, with a swift clutch at both revolvers, all done with a catlike quickness not to have been predicted. He stood clear of the plunging horse, both weapons leveled, covering his two rescuers.

"Evener now!" His teeth bared. "Promise me!"

(Continued on Page 59)

The Small Car Deserves a Good Tire

"A Tire that Will be Known Everywhere"

The 30×3½ Clincher Cord at $12.50

You would doubtless like to have cord tires on your car, if you could be sure you could afford them and that they were really as good as the cords made for larger cars.

One of the first things the Seiberling organization determined to do was to satisfy you on both points.

Mr. Seiberling, after many years of cord-tire production—resulting in the world's largest cord-tire business—was satisfied that a high-grade 30 x 3½ Clincher Cord could be built and sold at a price which would put it within reach of the average owner of a small car, and which would at the same time relieve any doubt as to whether it really was a better investment than a good fabric tire.

Such a tire has now been produced. It has equally as good materials and construction advantages as the larger size (straight-side) Seiberling Cords.

This Seiberling Clincher Cord has very strong features to recommend it to the owner of a small car.

The tough, durable rubber of the tread is continuous from bead to bead, preventing tread-separation, assuring side-wall resistance to ruts, gravel and other rough going, and it is strong at the shoulder, where most small clincher cords have been weak.

The On-Air cure process gives uniform tension throughout (no wrinkles or buckles from pinching in the mold) and better distribution of tension in the finished tire.

It has one tread design (anti-skid) for all wheels, making tires interchangeable. It is semi-flat, giving better traction and longer wearing qualities.

Seiberling Cords and Tubes are now on sale by Seiberling Dealers. Write for name and address of one nearest to you.

TO TIRE DEALERS: Seiberling Cords and Tubes are distributed through regular retail channels. We desire to establish connections with good business men who agree with us that high-grade products, a policy of selected and not closely competitive distribution, and service to the user form the right basis for a lasting and mutually profitable relationship. Write or wire Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING CORDS

"CORDS ONLY": Seiberling Tires are Cords only. All Tires, Tubes and other products carrying the Seiberling name and trade-mark are of one grade only—as good as we can make it.

SEIBERLING TUBES: Seiberling Tubes, also are of "one grade only, as good as we can make it." They are heavy, large tubes, of long-lived "pure gum, floating stock," and should last as long as the casing itself.

How Manufacturers Reduce Cost of Building 15%

The Application of Mill Construction to Factory Building. Also Reduces Carrying Charges, Taxes, Insurance

MANY a business man has, in the last twelve months, come to realize the true meaning of costly factory buildings.

Extravagant building investments, entailing high, fixed overhead, are proving an almost insurmountable handicap in the present intensely competitive period.

A big price to pay for yielding to fear of fire, instead of investigating the causes of fire and the real facts of fire protection.

And entirely unnecessary when the application of a single established principle of commercial building construction, coupled with adequate sprinkler protection, might have *saved him* 15% *on building investment,* 15% *on interest carrying charges, a considerable amount on taxes and as much as* 75% *on actual insurance costs.*

NO wonder industrial executives are, more and more, figuring necessary industrial building in terms of fire resistant, sprinklered "mill construction."

They are finding that insurance rates are much lower than on so-called fire-proof buildings, unsprinklered, while the rate is, at the same time, applied on a lower valuation.

It is, after all, not buildings so much as contents that constitute fire hazard; and trying to reduce fire hazard by increasing building investment only piles up the overhead, and unnecessarily increases costs.

Engineers and architects, long familiar with the principle of fire-resistant, sprinklered "mill construction," yet obliged to limit its use because of lack of sufficient uniformly safe timbers with which to apply it, are now unhesitatingly recommending it.

Timber values are no longer a matter of guesswork.

The work of testing engineers, scientists and lumber experts, extending over a period of years, now makes possible the selection of timbers for "mill construction" *based on uniform values.*

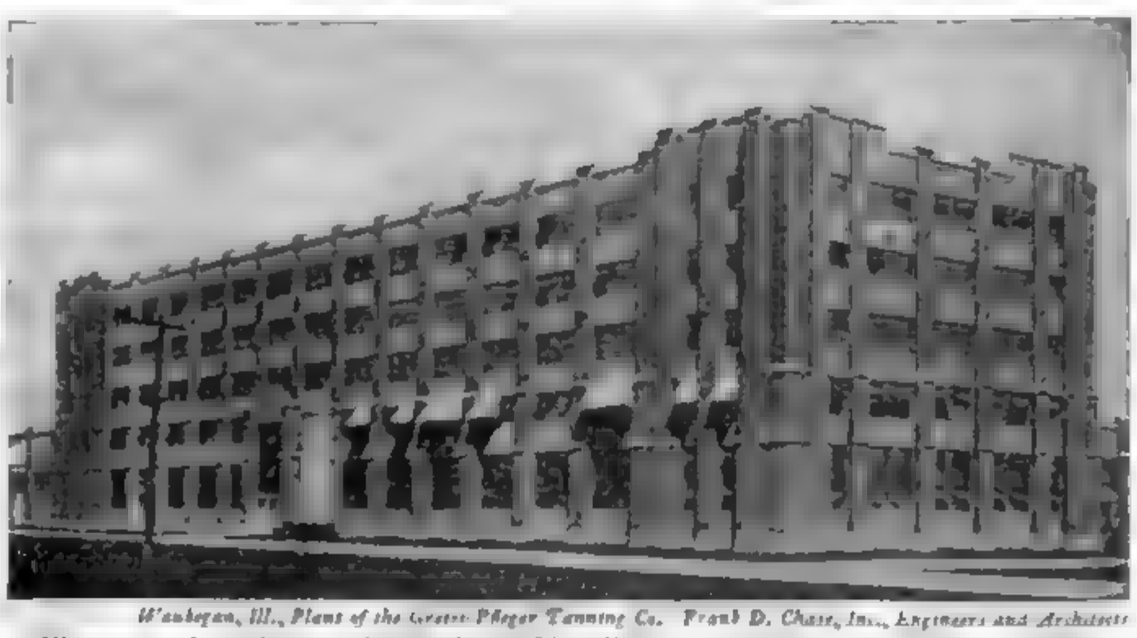
IT is now possible to secure selected timbers for the most exacting industrial uses from the Douglas Fir Mills of the Weyerhaeuser organization or from its great distributing plants in the heart of the Eastern and Mid-western markets.

Just what the principle of fire-resistant, sprinklered "mill construction" is as applied to commercial buildings, and just why Weyerhaeuser selection of timbers now makes this principle practical of application, is told in two booklets sent free on request.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Roberts Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

MANUFACTURERS who have assumed that so-called fire-proof building is necessary to lower insurance rates are surprised to discover that thousands of the greatest mills in the country — sprinklered "mill construction" buildings, in which brick and wood have been intelligently combined into factories of great utility and adaptability — are paying today lower insurance costs than almost any other class of insurance risks and that their losses over a recent three-year period have averaged only 3½ cents per $100.00 of insurance written.

Let us make every day "Fire Prevention Day"



Waukegan, Ill., Plant of the Great Pfleger Tanning Co. Frank D. Chase, Inc., Engineers and Architects

Illustrating the architectural possibilities of "mill construction" in modern factory building

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Pacific Coast Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

(Continued from Page 56

Jackson's deep curse was his answer. Banion rose, his arms folded.

"You're a liar and a coward, Sam!" said he. "Shoot, if you've got the nerve!"

Incredible, yet the man was a natural murderer. His eye narrowed. There came a swift motion, a double empty click!

"Try again, Sam!" said Banion, taunting him. "Bad luck—you landed on an empty!"

He did try again. Swift as an adder, his hands flung first one and then the other weapon into action. Click after click, no more; Jackson sat dumb, expecting death.

"They're all empty, Sam," said Banion at last as the murderer cast down the revolvers and stood with spread hands. "For the first time, I didn't reload. I didn't think I'd need them."

"You can't blame me!" broke out Woodhull. "You said it was no quarter! Isn't a prisoner justified in trying to escape?"

"You've not escaped," said Banion, coldly now. "Rope him, Jackson."

The thin soft hide cord fell around the man's neck, tightened.

"Now," shrilled Jackson, "I'll give ye a dog's death!"

He sprang to the side of the black Spaniard, who by training had settled back, tightening the rope.

XXII

CATCHING the intention of the maddened man, now bent only on swift revenge, Banion sprang to the head of his horse, flinging out an arm to keep Jackson out of the saddle. The horse, frightened at the stubborn struggle between the two, sprang away. Woodhull was pulled flat by the rope about his neck, nor could he loosen it now with his hands, for the horse kept steadily away. Any instant and he might be off in a mad flight, dragging the man to his death.

"Ho! Pronto—vien aqui!"

Banion's command again quieted the animal. His ears forward, he came up, whickering his own query as to what really was asked of him.

Banion caught the bridle rein once more and eased the rope. Jackson by now had his shotgun and was shouting, crazed with anger. Woodhull's life chance was not worth a bawbee.

It was his enemy who saved it once again, for inscrutable but unaltered reasons of his own.

"Drop that, Jackson!" called Banion. "Do as I tell you! This man's mine!"

Cursing himself, his friend, their captive, the horse, his gun and all animate and inanimate Nature in his blood rage, the old man, livid in wrath, stalked away at length. "I'll kill him sometime, ef ye don't yerself!" he screamed, his beard trembling. "Ye damned fool!"

"Get up, Woodhull!" commanded Banion. "You've tried once more to kill me. Of course, I'll not take any oath or promise from you now. You don't understand such things. The blood of a gentleman isn't anywhere in your strain. But I'll give you one more chance—give myself that chance too. There's only one thing you understand. That's fear. Yet I've seen you on a firing line, and you started with Doniphan's men. We didn't know we had a coward with us. But you are a coward.

"Now I leave you to your fear! You know what I want—more than life it is to me; but your life is all I have to offer for it. I'm going to wait till then.

"Come on now! You'll have to walk. Jackson won't let you have his horse. My own never carried a woman but once, and he's never carried a coward at all. Jackson shall not have the rope. I'll not let him kill you."

"What do you mean?" demanded the prisoner, not without his effrontery.

The blood came back to Banion's face, his control breaking.

"I mean for you to walk, trot, gallop, damn you! If you don't you'll strangle here instead of somewhere else in time."

He swung up, and Jackson sullenly followed.

"Give me that gun," ordered Banion, and took the shotgun and slung it in the pommel loop of his own saddle.

The gentle amble of the black stallion kept the prisoner at a trot. At times Banion checked, never looking at the man following, his hands at the rope, panting.

"Ye'll try him in the camp council, Will?" began Jackson once more. "Anyways that? He's a murderer. He tried to kill us both, and he will yet. Boy, ye rid with Doniphan, an' don't know the *lex refugio*? Hasn't the prisoner tried to escape? Ain't that old as Mayheeco Veeayho? Take this skunk in on a good rope like that? Boy, ye're crazy!"

"Almost," nodded Banion. "Almost. Come on. It's late."

It was late when they rode down into the valley of the Platte. Below them twinkled hundreds of little fires of the white nation, feasting. Above, myriad stars shone in a sky unbelievably clear. On every hand rose the roaring howls of the great gray wolves, also feasting now; the lesser chorus of yapping coyotes. The savage night of the Plains was on. Through it passed three savage figures, one a staggering, stumbling man with a rope around his neck.

They came into the guard circle, into the dog circle of the encampment; but when challenged answered, and were not stopped.

"Here, Jackson," said Banion at length, "take the rope. I'm going to our camp. I'll not go into this train. Take this pistol—it's loaded now. Let off the *reata*, walk close to this man. If he runs, kill him. Find Molly Wingate. Tell her Will Banion has sent her husband to her—once more. It's the last time."

He was gone in the dark. Bill Jackson, having first meticulously exhausted the entire vituperative resources of the English, the Spanish and all the Indian languages he knew, finally poked the muzzle of the pistol into Woodhull's back.

"Git, damn ye!" he commanded. "Center, guide! Forrerd, march! Ye "

He improvised now, all known terms of contempt having been heretofore employed.

Threading the way past many feast fires, he did find the Wingate wagons at length, did find Molly Wingate. But there his memory failed him. With a skinny hand at Sam Woodhull's collar, he flung him forward.

"Here, Miss Molly," said he, "this thing is somethin' Major Banion sont in ter ye by me. We find hit stuck in the mud. He said ye're welcome."

But neither he nor Molly really knew why that other man had spared Sam Woodhull's life, or what it was he awaited in return for Sam Woodhull's life.

All that Jackson could do he did. As he turned in the dark he implanted a heartfelt kick which sent Sam Woodhull on his knees before Molly Wingate as she stood in wondering silence.

Then arose sudden clamorings of those who had seen part of this—seen an armed man assault another, unarmed and defenseless, at their very firesides. Men came running up. Jesse Wingate came out from the side of his wagon.

"What's all this?" he demanded. "Woodhull, what's up? What's wrong here?"

XXIII

TO THE challenge of Wingate and his men Jackson made answer with a high-pitched fighting yell. Sweeping his pistol muzzle across and back again over the front of the closing line, he sprang into saddle and wheeled away.

"Hit means we've brung ye back a murderer. Git yer own rope—ye kain't have mine! Ef ye-all want trouble with Old Missoury over this, er anything else, come runnin' in the mornin'. Ye'll find us sp'ilin' fer a fight!"

He was off in the darkness.

Men clustered around the draggled man, one of their own men, recently one in authority. Their indignation rose, well grounded on the growing feeling between the two segments of the train. When Woodhull had told his own story, in his own way, some were for raiding the Missouri detachment forthwith. Soberer counsel prevailed. In the morning Price, Hall and Kelsey rode over to the Missouri encampment and asked for their leader. Banion met them while the work of breaking camp went on, the cattle herd being already driven in and held at the rear by lank youthful riders, themselves sp'ilin' fer a fight.

"Major Banion," began Caleb Price, "we've come over to get some sort of understanding between your men and ours. It looks like trouble. I don't want trouble."

"Nor do I," rejoined Banion. "We started out for Oregon as friends. It seems to me that should remain our purpose. No little things should alter that."

"Precisely. But little things have altered it. I don't propose to pass on any

(Continued on Page 61)

"Of course you want a Skinner Lining"

MERCHANT tailors who take pride in their work and want every detail as near perfection as possible, invariably advise Skinner's linings in suits and topcoats.

Experience has taught them that the satin lining that will give satisfaction under all circumstances is

Skinner's Satin

All-Silk or Cotton-Back

For 74 years it has been the recognized standard among satin linings—famous for its pure-dye silk and the strength of its closely woven fabric.

Like all superior products it has many imitations, but insist on the *genuine* and

"Look for the Name in the Selvage"

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

Established 1848 Mills, Holyoke, Mass.
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia

The world's largest manufacturers of satin linings—both All-silk and Cotton-back. Also makers of the famous Skinner Serges and Merveilleux and Skinner's Dress Silks.

On request, we supply this label to clothing manufacturers for ready-to-wear garments that are Skinner lined.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"
THE SATIN LINING
IN THIS GARMENT WAS MADE BY
WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS
WHICH IS A GUARANTEE OF DURABILITY

Another Endorsement of Ripolin. The Gare de Lyon, the Paris Terminal of one of Europe's Greatest Railways.

"It's the Famous Ripolin Enamel: I Saw it First in Paris"

For thirty years Ripolin, the famous Holland Enamel Paint, has been the standard all over Europe. For more than eighteen years its superior excellence has been recognized throughout America.

Not only in big, prominent structures, but in thousands of homes you will find Ripolin White Enamel today. Both exteriors and interiors living-rooms, dining-rooms, bed-rooms, bath-rooms, all have been beautifully and durably decorated with Ripolin at a less cost per room than is possible with lower priced enamels.

Ripolin dealers are in nearly every locality. If you cannot locate one conveniently, telephone to your local Tel-U-Where Bureau for free booklet and name of nearest dealer, or write to the nearest distributor listed here. Suggestions and specifications also sent on request.

American Importers and Distributors of RIPOLIN

The Glidden Company	Cleveland
Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company	Chicago
Adams and Elting Company	Chicago
Campbell Paint & Varnish Company	St. Louis
Campbell Paint & Varnish Company	Dallas
The A. Wilhelm Company	Reading, Pa.
T. L. Blood & Co.	St. Paul, Minn.
American Paint Works	New Orleans
Twin City Varnish Company	St. Paul, Minn.
The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co.	Cleveland
Nubian Paint & Varnish Company	Chicago
The Glidden Company of Mass.	Boston
The Glidden Company of Texas	Dallas
The Glidden Company of California	San Francisco
In Canada:	
The Glidden Co., Limited	Toronto, Ontario

Manufacturers of

Paints · Varnishes · Stains · Enamels

This design is the identification mark for genuine Ripolin Enamel. All Europe knows this famous Ripolin trade mark. The secret process of making Ripolin was discovered in Holland thirty years ago. Since that time Ripolin has become known throughout the civilized world.

RIPOLIN

RIPOLIN

THE ORIGINAL HOLLAND ENAMEL PAINT

(Continued from Page 59

quarrel between you and one of our people a man from your own town, your own regiment. But that has now reached a point where it might mean open war between two parts of our train. That would mean ruin. That's wrong."

"Yes," replied Banion, "surely it is. You see, to avoid that, I was just ordering my people to pull out. I doubt if we could go on together now. I don't want war with any friends. I reckon we can take care of any enemies. Will this please you?"

Caleb Price held out his hand.

"Major, I don't know the truth of any of the things I've heard, and I think those are matters that may be settled later on. But I am obliged to say that many of our people trust you and your leadership more than they do our own. I don't like to see you leave."

"Well, then we won't leave. We'll hold back and follow you. Isn't that fair?"

"It is more than fair, for you can go faster now than we can, like enough. But will you promise me one thing, sir?"

"What is it?"

"If we get in trouble and send back for you, will you come?"

"Yes, we'll come. But pull on out now, at once. My men want to travel. We've got our meat slung on lines along the wagons to cure as we move. We'll wait till noon for you."

"It is fair." Price turned to his associates. "Ride back, Kelsey, and tell Wingate we all think we should break camp at once.

"You see," he added to Banion, "he wouldn't even ride over with us. I regret this break between you and him. Can't it be mended?"

A sudden spasm passed across Will Banion's browned face.

"It cannot," said he, "at least not here and now. But the women and children shall have no risk on that account. If we can ever help, we'll come."

The two again shook hands, and the Wingate lieutenants rode away, so ratifying a formal division of the train.

"What do you make of all this, Hall?" asked sober-going Caleb Price at last. "What's the real trouble? Is it about the girl?"

"Oh, yes; but maybe more. You heard what Woodhull said. Even if Banion denied it, it would be one man's word against the other's. Well, it's wide out here, and no law."

"They'll fight?"

"Will two roosters that have been breasted?"

XXIV

CAME now once more the notes of the bugle in signal for the assembly. Word passed down the scattered Wingate lines, "Catch up! Catch up!"

Riders went out to the day guards with orders to round up the cattle. Dark lines of the driven stock began to dribble in from the edge of the valley. One by one the corralled vehicles broke park, swung front or rear, until the columns again held on the beaten road up the valley in answer to the command, "Roll out! Roll out!" The Missourians, long aligned and ready, fell in far behind and pitched camp early. There were two trains, not one.

Now, hour after hour and day by day, the toil of the trail through sand flats and dog towns, deadly in its monotony, held them all in apathy. The light-heartedness of the start in early spring was gone. By this time the spare spaces in the wagons were kept filled with meat, for always there were buffalo now. Lines along the sides of the wagons held loads of rudely made jerky—pieces of meat slightly salted and exposed to the clear dry air to finish curing.

But as the people fed full there began a curious sloughing off of the social compact, a change in personal attitude. A dozen wagons, short of supplies or guided by faint hearts, had their fill of the Far West and sullenly started back east. Three dozen broke train and pulled out independently for the West, ahead of Wingate, mule and horse transport again rebelling against being held back by the ox teams. More and more community cleavages began to define. The curse of flies by day, of mosquitoes by night added increasing miseries for the travelers. The hot midday sun wore sore on them. Restless high spirits, grief over personal losses, fear of the future, alike combined to lessen the solidarity of the great train; but still it inched along on its way to Oregon, putting behind mile after mile of the great valley of the Platte.

The grass now lay yellow in the blaze of the sun, the sandy dust was inches deep in the great road, cut by thousands of wheels. Flotsam and jetsam, wreckage, showed more and more. Skeletons of cattle, bodies not yet skeletons, aroused no more than a casual look. Furniture lay cast aside, even broken wagons, their wheels fallen apart, showing intimate disaster. The actual hardships of the great trek thrust themselves into evidence on every hand, at every hour. Often was passed a little cross, half buried in the sand, or the tail gate of a wagon served as head board for some ragged epitaph of some ragged man.

It was decided to cross the South Fork at the upper ford, so called. Here was pause again for the Wingate train. The shallow and fickle stream, fed by the June rise in the mountains, now offered a score of channels, all treacherous. A long line of oxen, now wading and now swimming, dragging a long rope to which a chain was rigged—the latter to pull the wagon forward when the animals got footing on ahead—made a constant sight for hours at a time. One wagon after another was snaked through as rapidly as possible. Once bogged down in a fast channel, the fluent sand so rapidly filled in the spokes that the settling wagon was held as though in a giant vise. It was new country, new work for them all; but they were Americans of the frontier.

The men were in the water all day long for four days, swimming, wading, digging. Perhaps the first plow furrow west of the Kaw was cast when some plows eased down the precipitous bank which fronted one of the fording places. Beyond that lay no mark of any plow for more than a thousand miles.

They now had passed the Plains, as first they crossed the prairie. The thin tongue of land between the two forks, known as the Highlands of the Platte, made vestibule to the mountains. The scenery began to change, to become rugged, semimountainous. They noted and held in sight for a day the Courthouse Rock, the Chimney Rock, long known to the fur traders, and opened up wide vistas of desert architecture new to their experiences.

They were now amid great and varied abundance of game. A thousand buffalo, five, ten, might be in sight at one time, and the ambition of every man to kill his buffalo long since had been gratified. Black-tailed deer and antelope were common, and even the mysterious bighorn sheep of which some of them had read. Each tributary stream now had its delicious mountain trout. The fires at night had abundance of the best of food, cooked for the most part over the native fuel of the *bois des vaches*.

The grass showed yet shorter, proving the late presence of the toiling Mormon caravan on ahead. The weather of late June was hot, the glare of the road blinding. The wagons began to fall apart in the

The Shingle that never curls_
Because of the extra heavy felt used in the base and the experienced tempering of the waterproofing asphalt, Carey Asfaltslate Shingles will never curl.
They are surfaced with crushed slate in the natural fadeless red or green or blue-black. Select the color that will best beautify your home.
The crushed slate makes the Shingle spark-proof, permitting low insurance rates and complying with municipal fire ordinances.
On sale at lumber and building supply dealers' almost everywhere. If you don't find them, write
THE PHILIP CAREY CO.
4 Millsdale Avenue
Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio
Carey
ASFALTSLATE
SHINGLES

Another Detachment of the Great Army Following the Hegira of the Mormons Was Now Approaching Laramie

dry, absorbent air of the high country. And always skeletons lay along the trail. An ox abandoned by its owners as too footsore for further travel might better have been shot than abandoned. The gray wolves would surely pull it down before another day. Continuously such tragedies of the wilderness went on before their wearying eyes.

Breaking down from the highlands through the Ash Hollow gap, the train felt its way to the level of the North Fork of the great river which had led them for so long. Here some trapper once had built a cabin—the first work of the sort in six hundred miles—and by some strange concert this deserted cabin had years earlier been constituted a post office of the desert. Hundreds of letters, bundles of papers were addressed to people all over the world, east and west. No government recognized this office, no postage was employed in it. Only, in the hope that someone passing east or west would carry on the inclosures without price, folk here sent out their souls into the invisible.

"How far'll we be out, at Laramie?" demanded Molly Wingate of the train scout, Bridger, whom Banion had sent on to Wingate in spite of his protest.

"Nigh onto six hundred and sixty-seven mile they call it, ma'am, from Independence to Laramie, an' we'll be two months a-makin' hit, which everges around ten mile a day."

"But it's most to Oregon, hain't it?"

"Most to Oregon? Ma'am, it's nigh three hundred mile beyond Laramie to the South Pass, an' the South Pass hain't halfway to Oregon. Why, ma'am, we ain't well begun!"

XXV

AN OLD gray man in buckskins sat on the ground in the shade of the adobe stockade at old Fort Laramie, his knees high in front of him, his eyes fixed on the ground. His hair fell over his shoulders in long curls which had once been brown. His pointed beard fell on his breast. He sat silent and motionless, save that constantly he twisted a curl around a forefinger, over and over again. It was his way. He was a long-hair, a man of another day. He had seen the world change in six short years, since the first wagon crossed yonder ridges, where now showed yet one more wagon train approaching.

He paid no attention to the débris and discard of this new day which lay all about him as he sat and dreamed of the days of trap and packet. Near at hand were pieces of furniture leaning against the walls, not bought or sold, but abandoned as useless here at Laramie. Wagon wheels, tireless, their fellies falling apart, lay on the ground, and other ruins of great wagons, dried and disjointed now.

Dust lay on the ground. The grass near by was all cropped short. Far off, a village of the Cheyennes, come to trade, and sullen over the fact that little now could be had for robes or pelteries, grazed their ponies aside from the white man's road. Six hundred lodges of the Sioux were on the tributary river a few miles distant. The old West was making a last gallant stand at Laramie.

Inside the gate a mob of white men, some silent and businesslike, many drunken and boisterous, pushed here and there for access to the trading shelves, long since almost bare of goods. Six thousand emigrants passed that year.

It was the Fourth of July in Old Laramie, and men in jeans and wool and buckskin were celebrating. Old Laramie had seen life—all of life, since the fur days of La Ramée in 1821. Having now superciliously sold out to these pilgrims, reserving only alcohol enough for its own consumption, Old Laramie was willing to let the world wag, and content to twiddle a man curl around a finger.

But yet another detachment of the great army following the hegira of the Mormons was now approaching Laramie. In the warm sun of mid-morning, its worn wheels rattling, its cattle limping and with lolling tongues, this caravan forded and swung wide into corral below the crowded tepees of the sullen tribesmen.

Ahead of it now dashed a horseman, swinging his rifle over his head and uttering Indian yells. He pulled up at the very door of the old adobe guard tower with its mounted swivel guns; swung off, pushed on into the honeycomb of the inner structure.

The famous border fortress was built around a square, the living quarters on one side, the trading rooms on another. Few Indians were admitted at one time, other than the Indian wives of the *engagés*, the officials of the fur company or of the attached white or halfbreed hunters. Above some of the inner buildings were sleeping lofts. The inner open space served as a general meeting ground. Indolent but on guard, Old Laramie held her watch, a rear guard of the passing West in its wild days before the plow.

All residents here knew Jim Bridger. He sought out the man in charge.

"How, Bordeaux?" he began. "Whar's the bourgeois, Papin?"

"Down river—h'east after goods."

The trader, hands on his little counter, nodded to his shelves.

"Nada!" he said in his polyglot speech. "Hi'll not got a damned thing lef'. How many loads you'll got for your h'own post, Jeem?"

"Eight wagons. Iron, flour and bacon."

"Hi'll pay ye double here what you'll kin git retail there, Jeem, and take it h'all h'off your hand. This h'emigrant, she'll beat the fur."

"I'll give ye half," said Bridger. "Thar's people here needs supplies that ain't halfway acrost. But what's the news, Bordeaux? Are the Crows down?"

"On the Sweetwater, h'awaitin' for the peelgrim. Hi'll heard of your beeg fight on the Platte. Plenty beeg fight on ahead, too, maybe so. You'll bust up the trade, Jeem. My Sioux, she's scare to come h'on the post an' trade. He'll stay h'on the veellage, her."

"Every dog to his own yard. Is that all the news?"

"Five thousand Mormons, he'll gone by h'aready. H'womans pullin' the han'cart, *sacre Enfant!* News—you'll ought to know the news. You'll been h'on the settlement six mont'!"

"Hit seemed six year. The hull white nation's movin'. So. That all?"

"Well, go h'ask Keet. He's come up South Fork yesterdays. Maybe so *quelq'cho' des nouvelles* h'out West. I dunno, me."

"Kit—Kit Carson, you mean? What's Kit doing here?"

"*Oui*. I dunno, me."

He nodded to a door. Bridger pushed past him. In an inner room a party of border men were playing cards at a table. Among these was a slight, sandy-haired man of middle age and mild blue eye. It was indeed Carson, the redoubtable scout and guide, a better man even than Bridger in the work of the wilderness.

"How are you, Jim?" he said quietly, reaching up a hand as he sat. "Haven't seen you for five years. What are you doing here?"

He rose now and put down his cards. The game broke up. Others gathered around Bridger and greeted him. It was some time before the two mountain men got apart from the others.

"What brung ye north, Kit?" demanded Bridger at length. "You was in Californy in '47, with the general."

"Yes, I was in California this spring. The treaty's been signed with Mexico. We get the country from the Rio Grande west, including California. I'm carrying dispatches to General Kearny at Leavenworth. There's talk about taking over Laramie for an army post. The tribes are up in arms. The trade's over, Jim."

"What I know, an' have been sayin'! Let's have a drink, Kit, fer old times."

Laughing, Carson turned his pockets inside out. As he did so something heavy fell from his pocket to the floor. In courtesy as much as curiosity Bridger stooped first to pick it up. As he rose he saw Carson's face change as he held out his hand.

"What's this stone, Kit—yer medicine?"

But Bridger's own face altered suddenly as he now guessed the truth. He looked about him suddenly, his mouth tight. Kit Carson rose and they passed from the room.

"Only one thing heavy as that, Mister Kit!" said Bridger fiercely. "Where'd you git hit? My gran'pap had some o' that. Hit come from North Carliny years ago. I know what hit is—hit's gold! Kit Carson, damn ye, hit's the gold!"

"Shut your mouth, you fool!" said Carson. "Yes, it's gold. But do you want me to be a liar to my general? That's part of my dispatches."

"Hit come from Californy?"

"Curse me, yes, California! I was ordered to get the news to the Army first. You're loose-tongued, Jim. Can you keep this?"

"Like a grave, Kit."

"Then here!"

Carson felt inside his shirt and pulled out a meager and ill-printed sheet which told the most epochal news that this or any country has known—the midwinter discovery of gold at Sutter's Mills.

A flag was flying over Laramie stockade, and this flag the mountain men saw fit to salute with many libations, hearing now that it was to fly forever over California as over Oregon. Crowding the stockade inclosure full was a motley throng—border men in buckskins, *engagés* swart as Indians, French breeds, full-blood Cheyennes and Sioux of the northern hills, all mingling with the curious emigrants who had come in from the wagon camps. Plump Indian girls, many of them very comely, some of them wives of the trappers who still hung about Laramie, ogled the newcomers, laughing, giggling together as young women of any color do, their black hair sleek with oil, their cheeks red with vermilion, their wrists heavy with brass or copper or pinchbeck circlets, their small moccasined feet peeping beneath gaudy calico given them by their white lords. Older squaws, envious but perforce resigned, muttered as their own stern-faced stolid red masters ordered them to keep close. Of the full-bloods, whether Sioux or Cheyennes, only those drunk were other than sullenly silent and resentful as they watched the white man's orgy at Old Laramie on the Fourth of July of 1848.

Far flung along the pleasant valley lay a vast picture possible in no other land or day. The scattered covered wagons, the bands of cattle and horses, the white tents rising now in scores, the blue of many fires, all proved that now the white man had come to fly his flag over a new frontier.

Bridger stood, chanting an Indian song. A group of men came out, also excited with patriotic drink. A tall man in moccasins led, his fringed shirt open over a naked breast, his young squaw following him.

"Let me see one o' them damned things!" he was exclaiming. "That's why I left home fifty year ago. Pap wanted to make me plow! I ain't seed one since, but I'll bet a pony I kin run her right now! Go git yer plow things, boys, and fotch on ary sort of cow critter suits ye. I'll bet I kin hook 'em up and plow with 'em, too, right yere!"

The old gray man at the gate sat and twisted his long curls.

The sweet wind of the foothills blew aslant the smokes of a thousand fires. Over the vast landscape passed many moving figures. Young Indian men, mostly Sioux, some Cheyennes, a few Gros Ventres of the Prairie, all peaceable under the tacit truce of the trading post, rode out from their villages to their pony herds. From the post came the occasional note of an inharmonic drum, struck without rhythm by a hand gone lax. The singers no longer knew they sang. The border feast had lasted long. Keg after keg had been broached. The Indian drums were going. Came the sound of monotonous singing, broken with staccato yells as the border dance, two races still mingling, went on with aboriginal excesses on either side. On the slopes as dusk came twinkled countless tepee fires. Dogs barked mournfully a-distant. The heavy half roar of the buffalo wolves, superciliously confident, echoed from the broken country.

Now and again a tall Indian, naked save where he clutched his robe to him unconsciously, came staggering to his tepee, his face distorted, yelling obscene words and not knowing what he said. Patient, his youngest squaw stood by his tepee, his spear held aloft to mark his door plate, waiting for her lord to come. Wolfish dogs lay along the tepee edges, noses in tails, eying the master cautiously. A grumbling old woman mended the fire at her own side of the room, nearest the door, spreading smooth robes where the man's medicine hung at the willow tripod, his slatted lazy-back near by. In due time all would know whether at the game of "hands," while the feast went on, the little elusive bone had won or lost for him. Perhaps he had lost his horses, his robes, his weapons—his squaws. The white man's medicine was strong, and there was much of it on his feasting day.

From the stockade a band of mounted Indians, brave in new finery, decked with eagle bonnets and gaudy in beaded shirts and leggings, rode out into the slopes, chanting maudlin songs. They were led by the most beautiful young woman of the tribe, carrying a wand topped by a gilded ball, and ornamented with bells, feathers, natural flowers. As the wild pageant passed the proud savages paid no attention to the white men.

The old gray man at the gate sat and twisted his long curls. And none of them knew the news from California.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Avoid engine troubles

by changing to "summer oil" now

You can't drive your car on the same oil, summer and winter, and *give your engine a fair deal.* (Not unless it is one of a few cars for which one type of oil is specified.)

The wrong oil cripples its power and shortens its life. And it increases your gas and oil consumption and eventually leads to trouble and repairs.

Oils of proper body for winter driving are too thin for almost all engines in warm weather.

Combustion chambers are not properly sealed—compression escapes—the power stroke is weakened—*raw gas gets by the pistons into the crankcase.*

And gasoline-contaminated oil—thinned out and impoverished—is a cause of scored cylinders, worn pistons, damaged bearings and *breakdowns on the road.*

Your engine is a good engine—built for power and speed. But you must treat it fairly—*give it the right oil*—if you want these results from it.

Why not insure its proper lubrication—in warm or cold weather—by using the right type of SUNOCO Motor Oil? *Now is an opportune time to begin.*

Drive your car to the nearest SUNOCO dealer. He will drain the "dead" oil from your crankcase and refill with the type of SUNOCO *designed for summer use* in your car.

SUNOCO is unlike any other oil. And this trial in your engine will prove its vast superiority.

Being wholly-distilled—NOT *a compound of a light and a residual oil*—SUNOCO will not clog your engine with carbon, foul the spark plugs or gum the valves.

And SUNOCO is made in six scientifically refined types to provide a free-flowing oil of proper body *for any condition of service.*

Don't put off changing to summer oil. Delay simply invites trouble and expense. And look for the SUNOCO sign. It's the mark of a dealer who sells lubrication—not just "oil."

SUN COMPANY

Producer and Refiner of Lubricating Oils, Fuel Oil, Gas Oil, Gasoline and Other Petroleum Products

More than 1,500,000 gallons of lubricating oils per week — **Philadelphia** — *Branch Offices and Warehouses in 32 Principal Cities*

SUNOCO

MOTOR OIL

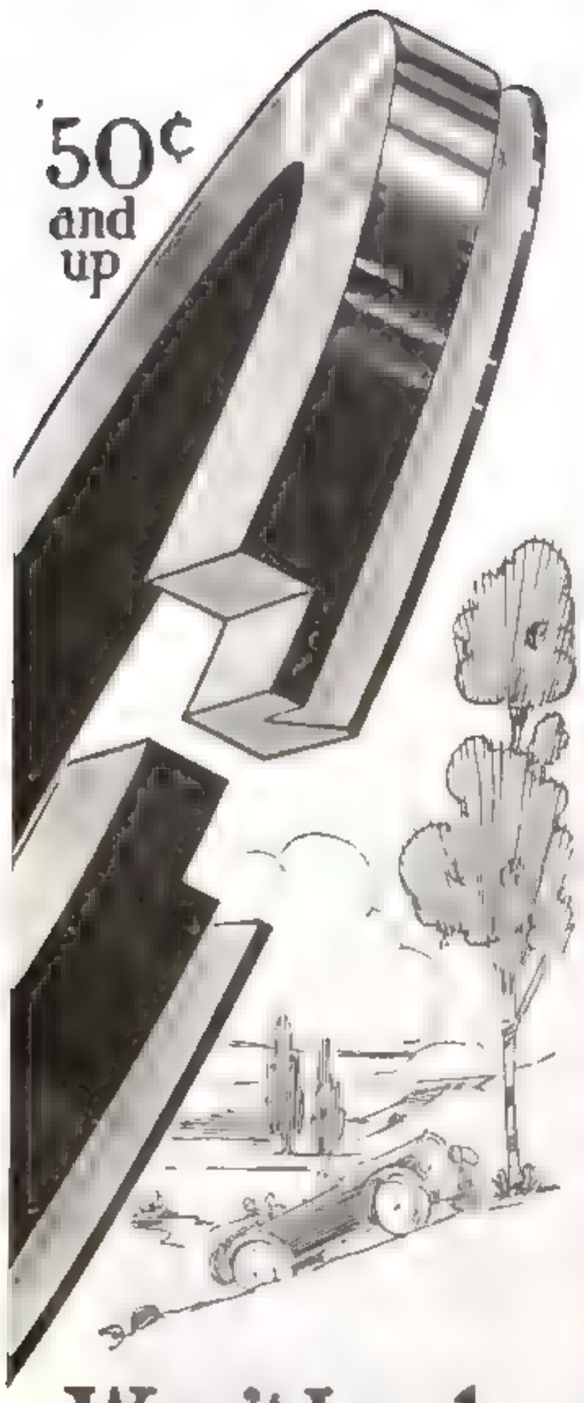
GIVE A THOUGHT TO LUBRICATION

Dress well—at small cost

Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

have the style; and fine quality that keeps them stylish; makes them last

Copyright 1919, Hart Schaffner & Marx



Won't Leak
Because They're Sealed With Oil

IF your piston rings leak your engine "eats up gas" and your cylinders become carbon-clogged.

No-Leak-O Piston Rings won't leak.

Their "oilSEALing" groove, a specially cut groove, found only in No-Leak-O, collects and holds a film of oil between piston and cylinder wall.

This "film" forms an impassable stop between combustion chamber and oil pit. Both exploding gas and lubricating oil stay where they belong.

You get full five gallon power for every five gallon of gas in your tank, and no carbonized cylinders with NO-LEAK-O Piston Rings.

NO-LEAK-O
Piston Ring Company
Baltimore, Maryland

Seven years of continued success

This Sign marks a Live Garage or Supply Store. Look for it. Write for Free Book—The Piston Ring Problem and Its Solution.

NO-LEAK-O
PISTON RINGS

THE GENTLE CRIMINAL

(Continued from Page 13)

dozen leagues, associations, committees and societies of which, as usual, he was treasurer. It remained only for him to determine how and when and whither he should go thereafter.

One warm June morning, when the red thread in the tube of the thermometer by the door was climbing steadily for the first time that year, Warren Selfridge came into the bank in his Palm Beach suit, wrinkled from its winter in the press, and walked over to the cashier's desk.

"Gid," he said, mopping his forehead and smiling affably, "the old lady's got her mind made up to a trip. We set up half the night figurin' it out. She wants to start Sat'day."

The cashier glanced out the south window. The promises of spring were being unmistakably redeemed in every shrinking snowbank on the mountain tops; in the tumultuous booming of Little Creek under the bridge on Main Street; in the outcry raised by the red-tipped blackbirds swooping in noisy clouds from the tops of the full-leafed cottonwoods to the acre piece where Milt Downer was planting corn, and back again; and in the languor of the soft, sweet air. Worrick continued to snap rubber bands around bundles of canceled checks.

"It's nice weather, all right," he volunteered.

"Yes, that's what the old lady says. She wants to go up to Oregon an' around."

"I see."

"We'd prob'ly be gone quite a spell, Gid, so I want to check things up with you. 'Fore we start I'll give you a list of the places where you c'n telegraph me."

The president went to his own desk, humming a little old tune. He took his cashier's probity and trustworthiness for granted with every syllable he had uttered, with his casual announcement and turning away, with the very lines of his broad back. His voice rose now and again in that humming. Several times he went into the vault for papers or books. Just before noon he called Worrick in.

"I don't know's I'd ought to go for long this summer," he began doubtfully. "I'd forgot about quite a jag o' things."

"I guess I could manage," Gideon said. "I always have."

"Yes, you always have, Gid. But there's matters here"—he waved a hand—"well, let's see. First of all, there's the water-company note. Due this month. They won't have the money."

"Not likely."

"Not possibly. Next here's Giff Duncan's note—extension on his loan—twenty-eight hundred. He said he'd have it by the fifteenth. Don't reckon he will. An' Mrs. Dorrit's havin' bad luck with that millin-ary business of hern. Only eight hundred, to be sure, but we might need it." The president broke off. "Consarn it," he cried aggrievedly, "I'm always gettin' my old stiff leg pulled! Never have sense enough to say no!"

"You've kept going, though, for quite a while."

"Oh, laws, yes! Sure! Bungler's luck. Well ——"

"The examiner hasn't been here this spring," Worrick reminded him.

"No. But he don't worry me any. Templeton always gives me plenty of warnin'. Lucky he does. Saves a power of scandal, I expect. No, he won't bother none. Just wire me if you hear from him, or ask him to wait till I get back."

"That might make him suspicious."

"What? Templeton? Templeton suspicious of me?"

"No. But of me, perhaps."

The president's glasses fell down on his nose and his mouth opened. He looked at his cashier in stupefied amazement.

"What in nation you talkin' about, Gid Worrick?" he cried when he could get his breath. "Where you pickin' up such fantastic idees? Suspicious of you? Why, drat my suspenders, the man that's suspicious of you'd ought to have his head examined—that's the fact! Ho-ho-ho! That's the funniest thing I've heard tell of since Bije Linder got drunk at revival!"

The cashier winced a little, but he only said, "Well, you never can tell, Mr. Selfridge. How about the mortgage on Rich Galloway's timberland?"

The president paused in his mirth and shot a quick look at Worrick.

"Don't recollect tellin' you anything about that deal, Gid," he said.

Worrick smiled one of his rare, lugubrious smiles.

"That shows you can't trust me as much as you think, Mr. Selfridge," he observed. "I happened to find the papers when I was looking for something one day."

"Humph! Did, eh? Can't think what in nation you was lookin' for to run onto that. But never mind. Rich, eh? Well, now, Rich needed that four thousand mighty bad, and he's goin' to come out all right in the end."

"The note is overdue."

"Well, I know it is—I know it is. But plague on it, what you want me to do? If I'd 'a' called Rich's note in I'd 'a' ruined him and had to take the prope'ty over. An' I wouldn't give ninety cents an acre for it as it stands."

"You mortgaged it on a valuation of ten dollars an acre."

"Sure I did! Certainly I did! What of that? If those power people have to build a narrow gauge up past Rich's they'll pay him more than four thousand for right of way alone. Never thought of that, did you?"

"I haven't thought at all, Mr. Selfridge," Gideon replied. "I only asked about the mortgage so I'd know what you wanted me to do."

"Don't want you to do anything."

"I see. That's all then?"

"Certainly it is. You're all right, Gid, and I ain't no complaint to make about you at all. You're a good cashier and you earn your money. Fact is I been thinkin' you earn more'n you been gettin'. But when it comes to loans and mortgages, and so on and et cetry, you've got to leave that to me. Now ——"

The Selfridges left before daybreak on Saturday morning, according to Mrs. Selfridge's original plans. They usually followed Mrs. Selfridge's original plans.

Two weeks passed, each one of them bringing to Gideon Worrick some fresh and sharp reminder of the lowly position he held in Derbyville, and his mind was made up. He had known from the first that he could not loot the bank for any large sum of money, simply because there was never a large sum in its vault; but now he was determined to find out exactly what there was to be stolen. After dinner one evening at Mrs. Cassity's select boarding house on Inyo Street, therefore, the cashier went to the bank to make inventory.

The cash on hand totaled seven thousand dollars and odd. There was less than eight hundred dollars in a special gold reserve the president kept in a small safe in the vault. There was a sack containing one hundred dollars that Mrs. Stoney, the cautious little widow woman, had intrusted to the bank's care but had not deposited to her account. There were odds and ends of trifling sums set aside for special purposes, most of them known only to Warren Selfridge; and there were the funds, kept in special envelopes, of which Gideon himself was the treasurer and custodian. Outside of notes, mortgages, stocks and bonds, I. O. U.'s and various evidences of indebtedness, none of which could be counted as cash, eight thousand dollars would cover the amount available to the prospective embezzler if he started that night. As he could not do that he had to figure that the total would vary day by day. He looked at a calendar, sat down at his own desk and began to plan.

The following Monday was a state holiday; if he left Derbyville Saturday afternoon, ostensibly for a pleasure trip to Merced or Stockton, it would be Tuesday before any inquiry for him would be made or any search begun. In his desk was a railroad time-table. From it he constructed an itinerary that would put him over the Mexican border not later than Monday morning, several hours before the hue and cry in Derbyville could possibly be raised. It was true that there was little immediately beyond the Mexican line to attract a country bank cashier of Gideon Worrick's temperament and habits; but he would be safe from pursuit there, and could arrange further flight at his leisure. So far so good. He went to Mrs. Cassity's and to bed, but he slept little.

What puzzled him was that all this imminent enterprise seemed a dream. Try as he would he could not imagine himself actually going over the border, a fugitive. It was much easier to think of himself as dying of old age, in the dim future, at his cashier's desk in the State Bank of Derbyville.

On the following morning he made his first step towards flight, however. He remarked to Henry Peacock that he thought he'd take a little trip down to the Valley over the week-end. Henry bit a penholder and grunted abstractedly. But he would remember to tell his wife and two spinster daughters that evening at supper, Gid knew, and Anne and Maud Peacock were as dependable as a chatty evening paper in Derbyville when it came to disseminating the news. So that his bridges should be set afire behind him, Gideon that afternoon bought a one-way ticket to Stockton for the 1:10 train Saturday. Further, he cleaned up his room at Mrs. Cassity's that night, burning all his letters and papers and inspecting the ashes carefully to see that no scraps were left for the feasting of curious eyes. Friday morning he started packing. Also, he bought a state map on his way to the bank and spent a few minutes conning it to help him with the adventure southward towards that elusive and sometimes illusory Mexican line. By Friday noon he was practically ready for the great crime.

Henry Peacock went to lunch at his usual hour. The bank was empty of customers. Main Street was drowsing in the sun. Two or three blue flies buzzed intemperately against the plate-glass windows, and one of Doctor Witherspoon's setters ambled in, panting, sniffed along the counter and lay down in a shaded corner. Gideon Worrick went through the motions of being a trusted and law-abiding and respectable cashier; but all his thoughts were on a defalcation and embezzlement of the funds, down to the last penny, of the State Bank and of divers and sundry trusts, organizations, leagues and committees of the village. In a little more than twenty-four hours the accommodation would roll out of the Derbyville station, carrying among its unsuspecting passengers a bank wrecker!

Gideon looked up from his routine as someone pushed in through the swinging screen doors of the bank. For a moment or two he stared without comprehending the phenomenon presented. There was no precedent for it, and Gideon was a little slow to move to meet it.

Frank Van Lythe, the cattle baron, in his picturesque cream-colored corduroy suit, his shining boots and his broad sombrero with its famous grass-green silk band secured with an enormous golden disk, was entering the State Bank for the first time in its history.

These two—the surprised and obfuscated cashier and the millionaire stockman—held a fifteen-minute conference. At the end of that conference Van Lythe walked out of the bank with five thousand dollars of its funds, in cash, in his wallet. Cashier Gideon Worrick had broken every rule of his life and of his employment by Warren Selfridge; he had met an emergency with an air of grave carelessness, as though accustomed to doing so, and now he moved in a daze.

He had made a loan—he, himself, Gideon Worrick, without so much as glancing at the carefully penned itinerary of President Selfridge and his wife!

After that, Gideon felt, anything might happen. And, as is often the case after months in which nothing at all happens, something did.

Gideon had not recovered from the shock and surprise of Van Lythe's visit and errand; he had not yet telegraphed the president, and was beginning to wonder whether he would do so; and he had decided not to communicate his news to Henry Peacock, when the waning hours of the banking brought in through the doors Mrs. Dorcas Stephens. Mrs. Stephens was the relict of a first citizen some years deceased, and was a temper-touched and irritable old lady whom the villagers scrupulously avoided crossing. Gideon greeted her with a mechanical politeness, but she ignored his amenity.

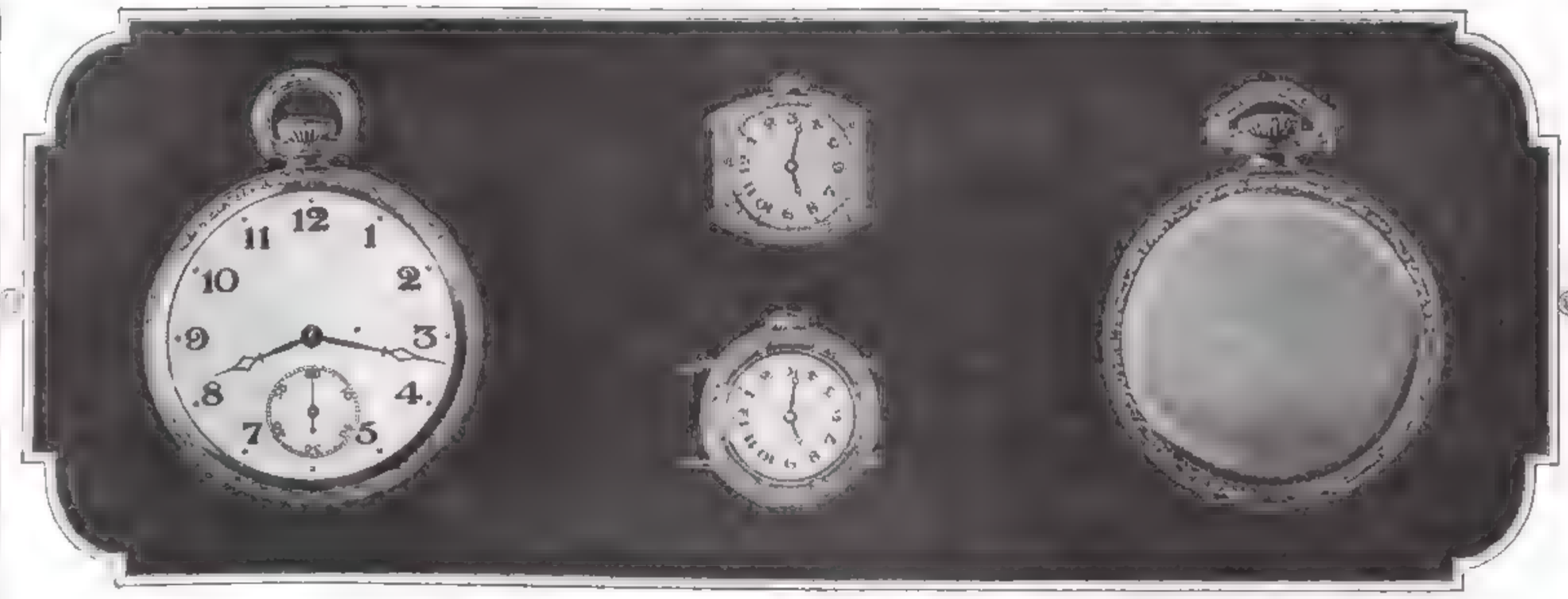
"Nice day, Mrs. Stephens," Gideon said, reaching for the check she presented.

"Is it?" the old lady replied tartly. "I ain't noticed. I'm movin' an' tol'ble busy. What's the matter, man?"

(Continued on Page 69)

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



Designs in Wadsworth White Gold have the brilliance of full-cut diamonds

WHEN a manufacturer achieves a greater perfection in a product, immediately the thing produced becomes a standard by which all others of its kind are judged.

Such is the story of Wadsworth white gold in Wadsworth cases.

For several years there have been watch cases made of white gold. But it remained for Wadsworth to refine this precious metal to the point of *perfect* adaptability to watch cases.

The Wadsworth creations pictured here bear worthy evidence to this greater Wadsworth achievement. Here are cases with a new charm, with a luster that will remain undimmed through the wear of years—

Cases fashioned in a metal harder and more durable than yellow or green gold or silver—

Cases that disclose, in their hand-chasing or engraving, a brilliance as of full-cut diamonds.

These Wadsworth designs, adapted from the works of the great artists of the ages, will mark your watch as more than a mere timekeeper. Your pride in its possession will be the greater, for in it will dwell something of the spirit of the masters.

Unsurpassed for beauty, and for endurance and exactness of fit as well, the Wadsworth cases in white gold remain in keeping with the modest purse.

The watch—a product of two industries

With great skill the movement maker constructs the movement, an intricate mechanism for the measurement of time. But, for the completion of the watch he now turns to the case maker, who employs such artistry in the designing of the case as will make the completed watch a beautiful article of personal wear.

Thus it is that for thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.
Dayton, Ky., suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Copyright, 1922, The Wadsworth Watch Case Co.

BEAUTY AND PROTECTION

Plus Lowest Cost Per Square Foot

The retail price of *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* is as high, if not higher, per gallon than any other house paint on the market.

And yet it is actually the lowest priced paint you can buy.

There are three important elements that determine the actual cost of paint—so consider them carefully.

First—Thorough and complete grinding in a *Lucas* factory reduces the pigments to such a fineness that *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* has a covering capacity of nearly double that of ordinary paint. One gallon of *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* covers 400 square feet or more, depending upon the condition of the surface,—100% more than ordinary paint. This immediately reduces the price of *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* to a *lower cost* per square foot.

Second—The exceptionally high percentage of pure raw linseed oil used in *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* produces a full, even gloss of enduring beauty. Then, the hours of heavy milling that blend the various elements into *one* perfect paint product assure longer life and greater durability. Thus, *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* costs very much less per year of service.

Third—In painting the average house the paint represents about one-third of the cost, and the labor two-thirds. So that it costs just as much in labor to put on a paint that will last only two or three years as it does to put on a good paint that will give good service five years or longer.

Thus, paints costing less than *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* are actually more expensive. *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint*, in Beauty, Spreading Qualities, Protection, and Durability, is not an expense. It is an investment.

Write to Dept. 14 for color card and name of your nearest dealer.

John Lucas & Co., Inc.
PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK PITTSBURGH CHICAGO BOSTON
BUFFALO, N. Y. DENVER, COLO. TEXAS JACKSONVILLE, FLA
MEMPHIS, TENN RICHMOND, VA SAVANNAH, GA

Lucas
Paints and Varnishes

(Continued from Page 66)

The cashier had picked up the check carelessly, expecting the usual demand for five or ten dollars which Mrs. Stephens made for her weekly budget, and had been struck dumb by beholding that it called for $3604.50.

There was at that moment in the State Bank vaults exactly $3697.11.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Stephens," Gideon Worrick gulped. "I—you—this check ——"

"Look here, young man," Mrs. Stephens snapped, "don't stutter and stare at me that way! My bank book shows that's the amount you got here belongin' to me, an' I want it."

"But, Mrs. Stephens ——"

"I s'pose you ain't got that much here."

"Oh, absolutely! Of course we have! But ——"

"Then fork it over. I'm goin' down to live with my daughter Elmiry, in Fresno, an' her husband's brother is comin' up to run my place for a spell. I ain't in the habit of tellin' my business to every ninny that wants to know it, but I'd just as lief tell you. D'ye want to find out anything else about me?"

Gideon smiled weakly.

"I didn't mean to be prying," he said. "It's such a surprise to me, that's all. How much of this would you like in cash?"

"All on it."

"But a cashier's check or a draft ——"

"You heard what I said, didn't you? I'm old-fashioned maybe, but I know what I want."

"It's only that cash will be pretty bulky to carry ——"

The angular and sharp-faced widow smiled grimly.

"You hand me over my money! I'll undertake to carry it, all right."

"Very well," Gideon said stiffly.

He was not angry or spiteful—just stunned. Mechanically he counted out Mrs. Stephens' money. All but some sixty dollars he was able to give her in bank notes; the rest was silver and pennies. She glared at him when he handed her the heavy sack, but she was not the sort to admit confusion, and she walked out with her head high. Gideon Worrick sat down hard and stared at the floor.

His loan to Frank Lythe had been made for several reasons—because the old cattleman had a peremptory and compelling way with him; because the cash deal for the consummation of which he declared his need of the money was one Gideon could see the great profit in; because he had always felt that Frank Lythe would become a patron of Derbyville, to the great advantage of the town, if he were properly handled; and finally because he was in revolt anyway and welcomed this opportunity to express the fact. Under ordinary circumstances that loan would have been possible without hampering the bank for cash, since its normal routine was simply that of a clearing house for the merchants and townspeople, with their checks drawn for the most part on the State Bank itself. Van Lythe, of course, was as good as the United States Treasury, and he had promised to return the money within a few days. Gideon had thought that it would be a nice little sum for President Selfridge to receive in the midst of the confusion and chaos caused by the cashier's imminent flight with what moneys were left.

But now there were no moneys left. Mrs. Stephens had seen to that. Gideon tried to laugh. His plans for robbing the bank and departing were still flawless, with the single exception of this consideration—that something under one hundred dollars remained to be embezzled. Of course he could stage an embezzlement novel in the annals of crime: he could flee with this small amount, paying the expenses of the flight and resultant outlawry out of his own pockets. That, it seemed, was all that was left for him. He would carry it through. But he wondered if, leaving ruin and consternation behind him, he would not provide a spectacle savoring more of comedy than of high tragedy.

Here Monk Moore wandered in, whistling. Monk was a silly boy of seventeen, whose brain was addled and who functioned as errand bearer and messenger for the village. He stood in the front door of the bank for several minutes, gazing as though fascinated at the ceiling and whistling shrilly.

Then he sat down on the floor, took off one shoe, shook a pebble from it, rose with the shoe in his hand and crossed to the cashier's window.

"Go on away, Monk," Gideon said mechanically. "I'm going to close the bank now."

"Close it?" Monk echoed vacantly with a giggle. "What for? Shut the door? Keep Monk out? Where's your money? You got a lot of money? You're rich, ain't you? I had a dollar once. Drummer give it to me. Know what I spent it for?"

"Candy, I guess, Monk," Gideon replied. He was slowly counting the little heap of cash and his mind was not on the idiot boy. "Run along, Monk; I'm busy."

"You busy? So'm I. I'm busy. Got to take a telegraph. Know who to? Don't, eh? It's to you."

"Well, hand it over, Monk; that's a good boy."

"I'm a good boy. You bet! Hid the telegraph. In my hat. Looka here."

He peered around cautiously, took off his cap, extracted from it a buff envelope, gazed at it a moment as though trying to remember what it was, then put it down on the ledge and ran out abruptly, whistling and shouting and swinging his shoe around his head.

Gideon picked up the envelope, slit it idly, read the thin sheet inside:

SELFRIDGE,
STATE BANK, DERBYVILLE.

ARRIVE there Sunday A.M. Want to check up your business in time to make east-bound at three Sunday for Truckee. Please be ready for me.

B. S. TEMPLETON.

The state bank examiner's deputy! Gideon tried to laugh and failed. Perhaps when he was in Mexico, Sunday night late or Monday morning, he would be able to laugh. But he couldn't now. He had some twenty-one hours ahead of him as cashier of the State Bank of Derbyville, and it began to appear that at least eight of those twenty-one hours would each be made up of sixty minutes jammed full of grief.

All that afternoon and evening and most of the night Gideon spent trying to see a way out. It was too late now to summon President Selfridge. If he went to Frank Van Lythe and frankly confessed that the bank was without cash he would probably fail to get help from that source, in time, and he would most certainly end all chance of bringing any good to Derbyville from the irascible old stockman. Better to go down in defeat than to do that. If President Selfridge had ever trusted him before as messenger or bank's representative he could have taken some of the securities down to the Valley by automobile and there have borrowed enough cash on them to keep the institution open for a few days. But they would probably arrest him in Stockton for embezzlement, and even Gideon could see the rich and spicy humor in that situation! No, he must stay by his guns. His train would not leave until 1:10 on Saturday and up to that time he was cashier of the State Bank. That was the simple logic of his position as he saw it.

He opened the doors on Saturday morning with total cash resources of $92.64, exclusive of trust and treasurer's funds. The first customer to appear was Terry Casey, the plasterer. Terry was full of rich Irish humor that morning, and he made cheerful remarks to which Gideon found himself hard pressed to rally. For Casey wanted to draw—and did draw—the sum of seventy-five dollars to make a quarterly payment on his two-acre piece at the edge of town.

Immediately Casey had gone out, carefree and joyous, Gideon took down an old calendar, reversed it, found himself a stub pen and a bottle of ink and began to design a notice, reading:

THIS BANK TEMPORARILY CLOSED
TO REOPEN ——

On his labors entered Ed Walsh, the plumber. The cashier watched him breathlessly. Walsh nodded, walked to the sidewall writing desk and reached for a pen. Was he going to deposit or draw? The plumber, his back to the cashier, was very deliberate. He took a long time—hours, it seemed. Then Gideon sighed with relief, and hastily whisked his sign under the counter. There were bank notes in the plumber's knubbly hand. Walsh, with conversation, deposited $28.50 and went away.

The two McCormick girls, from over the hill, came in and drew twenty-five dollars. Gideon took an unreasoning dislike to them that he had never felt before. After them came Sam Shore, and on his heels Parrott, the cashier of the water company. Gideon's heart stopped beating. He had

(Continued on Page 71)

Where the important value is always hidden

Two different raincoats—the same price. Which is the better? Even experts are often fooled. A clever makeshift may look as well as the best raincoat ever made.

The real value of a raincoat is always hidden. It depends both on the quality of the rubber itself and on how thoroughly every crease and crevice in the fabric has been waterproofed. Looks alone are no guide to quality.

That's why it will pay you to look for the name Raynster. Raynsters are made and backed by the oldest rubber organization in the world. Everything that money and skill can provide is used to give you real protection.

Many different Raynster models, from rugged rubber-surface types to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. Special types for boys, too. Whether you want a raincoat for work, motoring, or business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Look for the name Raynster! If your dealer hasn't just the type you want, he can get it in no time from our nearest branch.

United States Rubber Company
NEW YORK

US

Raynsters
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS 24 types for every need

For the woman who's too busy to listen to reams of advice

MOST women have had about all the housekeeping advice they can stand. Now for some real *help* with the housework.

If you have ever used a Hotpoint Electric Iron, you know by experience something at least of what electricity *can do* toward taking the drudgery out of housework.

But the Hotpoint people have met the American woman's needs *at other places* besides the ironing-board. The story is better told in pictures in this particular instance.

And it might be said also, that the following scenes have been drawn with utmost care as to *practical fidelity*.

7 a.m. The Hedlite Heater, with its glowing heat for bedroom or bath.

7-15 a.m. The Immersion Heater for heating shaving water or the baby's milk.

7-30 a.m. The Percolator—uniformly good coffee day after day.

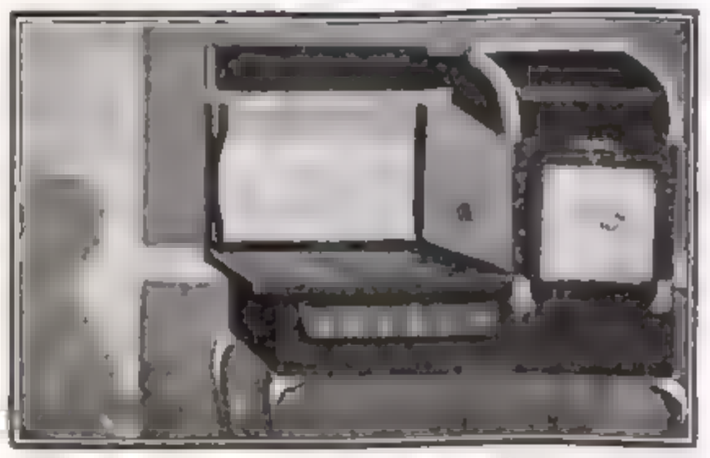
9 a.m. The Vacuum Cleaner—equally effective on carpets, rugs and bare floors.

10 a.m. The Electric Iron—the most celebrated electric iron in the world. Its point even hotter than the rest of the iron.

12-20 p.m. The Radiant Grill—boils, broils, fries and toasts, any two operations at the same time.★

3 p.m. The Curling Iron—the hair lies *flat* in the iron, and a uniform wave is assured. The only electric iron that gives a true Marcel wave.

4 p.m. The Teapot—continuous heat. Tea is served without jumping up to reheat the water.



5-30 p.m. Hotpoint-Hughes Range—the most responsive cooking equipment a woman ever had in her kitchen.

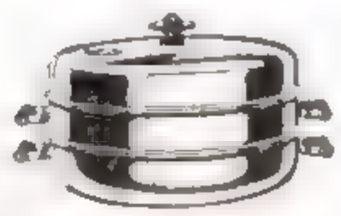
The Hotpoint Utility Set

It might have been called "The Intimate Set"—so *personal* is its service. The three-pound *Iron* finds many opportunities to help—freshening up a blouse, for instance, or pressing out a vestee. The *Curling Iron* is quickly heated in the place provided for it in the Iron. While for heating a little water in a hurry, one simply reverses the Iron in the *Stand*—and it becomes a hot plate. The whole comes in a Cretonne-covered case which opens out into a compact *Ironing Board*.

Hotpoint SERVANTS

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.

Boston New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City



★ With your Radiant Grill, get a Hotpoint Orenette. A baking or roasting oven, which fits on the Grill. Bakes biscuits, pies, cakes, etc. Roasts meats, poultry, and small game of all kinds.

(Continued from Page 69)

forgotten the water company's weekly pay roll. It was eighty-five dollars. Before either of the two customers could reach his window he had his sign out and was about to put it up in his wicket.

Then he had a brilliant inspiration—whisked the sign away once more. In the vault was Mrs. Stoney's $100 in gold. He walked back coolly, rifled the sack deliberately and returned to his place. Parrott was taciturn, and Gideon wanted very much to tell him that, as the water company had been operating for five months on the bank's money, it might be more decent in him to show a certain apologetic reticence or shame now. But he held his tongue, and Parrott took the money as though it belonged to him and went out. Sam Shore desired to draw twenty dollars, and was given it.

"What is that shiftless farm hand going to do with twenty dollars?" Gideon thought angrily. But again he forbore expressing his thoughts.

As Shore disappeared through the door Henry Peacock, at his high desk against the wall, coughed and looked up from his work. Gideon started. He had not thought of Peacock before.

"By the way, Henry," he said, catching the bookkeeper's eye, "Mr. Selfridge and I were talking over that loan to Richmond Galloway before he left, and we aren't just satisfied about it."

Peacock caught the unusual use of the plural pronoun and looked at the cashier quizzically. But he only said, "He's bound to be slow, Rich is. Not crooked, don't suppose, but ain't much idea of business, I'd say."

"That's what we were thinking, and I'll tell you what occurred to us: We'd like you to get a rig and drive up to Galloway's place. Don't tell him what you've come for. Just look around and see if you can make out what he's doing."

"I can go out this afternoon, I guess."

"No, you couldn't make it comfortably. It's a long drive. You deserve a change anyway, Henry. Get the wife and spin out there right now—take a lunch, maybe. No reason why you shouldn't."

The old man fairly beamed.

"Well, now, I ain't sayin' Sarah and I wouldn't like a buggy ride. Of course if Mr. Selfridge ——"

"Absolutely!" the cashier interrupted. "Get out with you!"

"Well, of course, it's for you to say, Gideon."

The old accountant shuffled across towards his coat hook, shedding his ink-smeared office jacket as he went. He went back to close a book and straighten his pens. Then rubbing his hands and chuckling he moved towards Gideon's desk. The cashier kicked his closing sign farther out of sight.

"Sarah and I ain't been buggy ridin' since I courted her, I do believe," Peacock averred. "How about the cash f'r the rig, Gideon?"

Gideon replied airily.

"Oh, charge it to the bank, Henry," he said.

And it struck him afterwards that that was one of the richest pieces of comedy in this whole phantasmagoria.

With the bank to himself, Gideon faced its dissolution with less anxiety. He would keep it going as long as he could. He did not stop to ask himself why he should. He did not analyze the futility of trying to save the face of an institution all morning, only to rob it of its last penny at noon. His mind was a small one, and duty and habit rode him hard. Besides, his train did not leave until 1:10 that afternoon!

John Patterson, the grocer, sent over a twenty-dollar bill about eleven o'clock to be changed. There was about sixteen dollars in the money drawer. To send the bill back unbroken would have been to bring Patterson over, bellicose and profane, to demand an explanation. Gideon reached for his sign. Then he remembered the few dollars in silver that he carried in his own pockets. He made change hastily.

With Patterson's messenger gone, he faced the world with a twenty-dollar bill and a little over three dollars in silver and copper. But half the banking day was past and there was still hope. Tom Mott and Clyde Sparrow, two ranchers, came in, discussing the water shortage and the relative food values for a dairy string of dry and green alfalfa for summer feeding. Their argument absorbed them while Gideon Worrick sat in his cage and held his breath. With a nod to the two debaters, Doctor Witherspoon entered. He deposited two checks and asked for ten dollars in cash.

"Driving up to Nash's Mill," the medical man explained casually. "I'd like silver, Gid."

Gideon smiled his watery smile.

"Just a minute, doctor. I've given out so much silver this morning ——"

He walked back towards the vault, his sentence trailing. He violated the trust fund of the Young People's League for ten dollars in silver, came back and handed the amount to Doctor Witherspoon.

"Couldn't sell you a nice Gordon setter pup for eight dollars, could I, Gid? Not full-blood, but ——"

Gideon tried not to laugh—to answer off-handedly.

"No, doctor," he said. "Don't know what I'd do with one."

The doctor left, and the two ranchers suspended their argument long enough to attend to business. Tom Mott deposited $42.25, of which thirty was in the form of a check. Gideon cast up his trial balance hastily. A twenty-dollar bill, four checks, three of them on his own bank, and $23.64 in change. Clyde Sparrow put down a check. It called for $25. Gideon gave up Patterson's twenty-dollar bill and the balance in silver, and sighed. He felt as he imagined a slack-wire artist might who, balancing on one toe, juggles a knitting needle, a five-pound weight and an open umbrella.

A glance at the clock showed him that it was half past eleven.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Stoney appeared, bustling and panting as usual, for she was a fat little lady who moved quickly, and chirped to Gideon, "Good morning, Mr. Worrick. I've decided to buy that sewing machine I've been trying, and I'd like that money you folks have been keeping for me. 'Twon't take quite all of it, but ——"

Gideon faltered. This was a demand he had not at all anticipated, and the shock of it left him winded.

"Probably you would prefer our check," he began hopefully.

"I was going to give the agent a check myself," Mrs. Stoney interrupted, "but he said he'd like cash. It's sixty-two dollars. He bought a horse, seems like, from the Mill boys, down below the highway bridge, and he wants to pay 'em to-day. You know how the Mill boys are about checks."

Yes, Gideon knew. He also knew how he himself was about cash. His hand traveled towards his closing sign; he tried to frame an explanation that would tell Mrs. Stoney the worst but in the gentlest manner. Then Miss Harris, Patterson's cashier, swung jauntily in through the front doors. She carried with her the morning's receipts. She was generally considered plain, and she was certainly all of thirty-seven, yet Gideon Worrick thought her in that moment the most beautiful vision of a woman he had ever beheld.

"Do you mind my waiting on Miss Harris first, Mrs. Stoney?" Gideon asked.

"Not a bit. I've got all day. Good morning, Harriet. How's your ma? Has she tried that flaxseed cough medicine? She ain't? Well, now, when Daniel used to have those ter'ble spells of his ——"

Gideon was frantically running through the Patterson store deposits. One hundred thirty-two dollars in cash and several checks. The cashier paid no heed to the latter—his mind was on the currency. There was enough to pay Mrs. Stoney, at any rate, and after that the deluge!

Tomlinson, the druggist, was behind the two women, and beyond him again two or three others were entering. With machinelike accuracy and his usual subdued politeness Gideon transacted the business as it came to him. But things were happening too rapidly for him to keep more than a rough account of balances. They demanded and drew money; they deposited money; they asked for silver when there was none in the box; they tendered him bank notes when he would have given his soul for a shiny fifty-cent piece, and Dick Drury, the retired rancher, almost brought the sign up at the very end when he scrutinized, then sounded, then rejected a five-dollar gold piece as a counterfeit. Gideon had no time to argue the point, and no spirit, either. He excused himself on a plea of putting the coin in the vault for later examination, and came out with the last five dollars from the last of the funds of which he had been until now the trusted and trustworthy treasurer and custodian.

At one minute past twelve o'clock he shut the front doors on the back of Mary Symonds, the school-teacher, and almost in the faces of two or three flustered—and immediately angry—customers, went back to his place again and fell into a chair, weak-kneed, trembling, hoarse with tension, shivering with the reaction, completely done up. Not counting postage stamps, he had in the bank a grand and final and complete total of ninety-eight cents!

Now that he had time to cast up his circumstances and return to his own affairs, Gideon Worrick awoke to a realization of the fact that he could not even abscond. In the rush of those last ten minutes he had put all that out of reach. His own money was gone, to a penny, and all there was left to steal was ninety-eight cents. He had his railroad ticket, to be sure, but that would carry him only sixty or seventy miles to Stockton, and there lay some six hundred miles between that thriving city and the Mexican border—at three cents a mile and up! He told himself ruefully that the game was played out.

The carefully lettered sign he had begun—and by the skin of his teeth avoided having to use—winked at him sardonically from the floor, where it had fallen in the excitement. It might as well be hung up now as later, of course, for Templeton would come, in the majesty and dignity of his position as deputy state bank examiner, on an early morning train Sunday, and he would put the sign up if Gideon did not. Why all the effort and the strain of the struggles of this hectic morning? To what good end had he sacrificed his plans, his own money, his schemes for revenge on a stupid and an ungrateful community, his predilection for a career of crime?

Gideon did not know. He tried to think it out. But there was no use. He supposed dimly that it was a matter of business with him. It did not occur to him—which was the truth—that it was a matter of habit, the habit of being a tried and true and trusted man. All he did know was that everything was gone save honor. And honor, in Derbyville ——

The reaction passed, and Gideon became again, by slow steps, the reckless and desperate character of a few days since. By golly, he'd show them! He'd make them catch breath and raise their hands in horror. He would shock them somehow into recognition that he was human and frail and weak and a bad egg!

He would learn to play pool and poker. He would take to gambling and swearing and hanging around Tom Noddy's place, where it was rumored a blind pig was conducted. He had never done any of these things before in his life, but he wasn't too old to learn!

He rose and went into the president's cubicle of an office, pried open a drawer and took from a box therein a fat brown cigar. He lighted it after a moment's search for a match and puffed at it. The taste gagged him and the smoke made him cough. But he persisted, spitting into Selfridge's cuspidor inaccurately, but with a desperate and rakish swagger. He returned to his own place and appropriated the bank's last cash assets—that ninety-eight cents. It was too late now for lunch at Mrs. Cassity's, and he would get a bite at the Mint Chop House, where all the Derbyville bloods ate, telling bad stories. At that moment he heard the 1:10 whistle for the station. He started towards the safe, to close it.

Then someone rattled on the front door. Gideon frowned and pretended not to hear. The demand there became importunate. Gideon faced around, prepared to tell the late comer to go to—well, Halifax.

But he did not sully his lips, after all. He crossed hastily and opened the door. Old Frank Van Lythe, the cattle king, came in, ruddy, agreeable, hearty.

"Closing up, eh?" he inquired in his rumbling big voice. "I'm just in time, then. Here! Stick this in for me, will you? That loan you made me sure came handy. I bought a Hereford herd yesterday morning and sold last night. No kick on the deal, either. Not a particle of it!"

"That's good," Gideon said feebly. The cigar had dropped from his sagging jaw; he was fumbling with the great roll of bills the cattleman had thrust at him. "You want me to hold these for you—till Monday, Mr. Van Lythe?" he stammered.

"Hell, no!" Van Lythe bellowed. "Open an account with 'em. Never thought much of old Warren Selfridge's way of running a bank, but you seem to know your business, young fellow. Open an account. That is, if ten thousand and odd is enough for you. Is it?"

Colorado River Bridge From the North Bank

MO

Guaranteed by the Morris Supreme Yellow and Black Label

R R I S

Supreme Ham *and* **Eggs**

At any meal—you'll enjoy the delicious, mild, delicate flavor of Morris Supreme Ham. Serve it with Supreme Eggs and let your taste tell you why we label them Supreme.

We're proud of our famous yellow and black Morris Supreme label—the great variety of good foods, packed under it, are the best—Supreme.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

Ole Evinrude's New Motor
Elto
Light Twin Outboard Motor
His Biggest Achievement
Twenty years ago, while building marine motors, Ole Evinrude conceived the idea of the outboard motor. Fourteen years ago he built his first motor of this type. Three years later, rowboat motoring had become a universal sport.
The rapid growth of this industry in which he figured so prominently, inspired Ole Evinrude to develop the outboard motor to a point approximating perfection. The Elto Light Twin marks the goal of his effort. It is his biggest achievement, embodying 19 big, new features.
The Elto develops more horse-power than any other light-weight motor. And it's more compact. Light, powerful, extremely substantial. Starts quickly and easily. Runs quietly and smoothly. Tilts automatically. Operates at perfect trolling speed.
Write to Ole Evinrude's new organization for descriptive literature and name of the Elto dealer nearest you.
Elto Outboard Motor Co.,
Ole Evinrude, Pres.
Dept. M Mfrs. Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
Comfortable Steering
3 H. P.
48 lbs.
19
BIG NEW FEATURES

THE RETURN TO NORMALCY

(Continued from Page 4)

"Margaret?" replied Hermione. She drooped her thick eyelids and smiled, as if the name itself were comic—she never broke her beautiful mask with a laugh. "No, that didn't last long. He bounced Margaret as soon as he got over being delirious."

"And was it then that he sent for you?" asked Cora with an edge to her voice that a Damascus blade might have envied.

"As a matter of fact, he didn't; it was Thorpe who sent for me," said Hermione. "Thorpe had a wholesome recollection that I used to keep Val in order. Nice little job, keeping Val in order. Ever tried it? No, I remember Thorpe said that wasn't your line."

Cora would have given a good deal to know just how Thorpe had characterized her line, but not even curiosity could make her address an unnecessary word to the coarse, cold woman before her. She was not jealous, as she understood the word, but the disgust she felt for Hermione included Valentine, too, and made her hate him for the moment with an intimate disturbing warmth.

Hermione went on: "And, after all, as I said to Val yesterday, what does it matter to me whether he gets well or not? It takes too much vitality—making him mind. I'm through. I'm off to Palm Beach to-morrow. Thorpe's taking him home."

"It's amiable of you—to come and go as Thorpe orders."

Hermione moved her eloquent shoulders. "Oh, Thorpe and I understand each other."

"I knew Thorpe understood you," said Cora insolently.

But the woman was insensitive to anything but a bludgeon, for she answered, "I understand Thorpe too. All he objects to is wives. He's like the—whatever it is, you know—that fishes in troubled waters."

Cora merely moved past her and went away. It wasn't until she was outside that she took in how pleasant had been the unconscious suggestion behind Hermione's last words. Thorpe objected to wives. That was why he had not sent for her—she wasn't a mother, like Margaret; nor a vice, like Hermione. She was a wife. The story-teller, the magic builder of castles that is in everyone, suddenly made for Cora a splendid scene, in which she, reunited to Valentine, was dismissing Thorpe.

Ten days later she took title to her new property and her architects filed the plans. Both events were announced in the newspapers.

That very morning her telephone rang, and Thorpe's voice—a voice so associated with all her emotional life that her nerves trembled even before her mind recognized it—was heard saying, "I'm telephoning for Mr. Bing, madam. Mr. Bing would be pleased if you could make it convenient to stop in and see him this afternoon."

"Tell Mr. Bing I'm sorry. I can't," answered Cora promptly. She was not a Hermione to come and go at Thorpe's invitation. And then just to show that she was not spiteful she added, "I hope Mr. Bing is better."

"Yes, madam," said Thorpe, "he's better, but he hasn't thoroughly regained his strength. He tests it every day."

Cora hung up the receiver. Her thought was, "He can't test it on me." She was aware of a certain self-satisfaction in having been able so firmly to refuse, to set her will against Valentine's. In old times she had been weak in yielding to every wish and opinion that he had expressed, until she had almost ceased to be a person. Of course in this case her ability to refuse had been strengthened by the incredible impertinence of allowing Thorpe to be the one to communicate Valentine's invitation. A few minutes later the telephone rang again. This time she let the servant answer it, and when the woman came to her with interested eyes and said that Mr. Bing was on the wire Cora answered without a quaver, "Say I'm out."

But she knew Valentine well enough to know she was not going to get off so easily as that. He kept steadily calling until at last, chance, or perhaps Cora's own wish, directed that he should catch her at the telephone.

He must see her; it was about this new house of hers. Her heart beat so she could hardly breathe, while Valentine ran on as of old:

"It's folly, Cora, absolute folly! Why didn't you consult me before you bought? You can't live there—the railroad on one side and a gas tank on the other. Besides, the railroad is going to enlarge its yards, in two years you'll have switching engines in your drawing-room."

On and on, giving her no chance to answer him, during the ten minutes he kept her at the telephone. Yet when she hung up the receiver she found she had spoken one important word: she had promised to come and see him late the following afternoon. She had made him beg; she had refused to come that day, she had put it off; she had, in fact, teased him as much as was consistent with ultimately agreeing to do what he wanted. Before she did agree the impertinence of Thorpe was explained. Valentine had simply told him to get her on the telephone. Of course he had meant to speak to her himself. Thorpe was an idiot—overzealous. Cora had her own view about that, but she let it pass. Thorpe feared her, and Thorpe knew what was to be feared. He knew that if she once entered that house she might never be allowed to leave it.

"No," she said to herself the next day, as she tried various veils, and with hands that shook a little put on the dangling earrings that Valentine had given her in Madrid, "it will be Thorpe who will leave."

If there was fear in Thorpe's heart he did not betray it when he opened the door and led her upstairs to the library. The room was empty.

"Mr. Bing has been expecting you for some time, madam," he said.

The slight reproach was agreeable to Cora. She had waited long enough for Valentine in old times, and sometimes he had not turned up at all.

The room was familiar to her. They had not been much in New York during their brief marriage, but she had spent part of the previous winter in this house. She had left her own imprint in the decorations. Valentine used his house as he might use a hotel—asking nothing but that it should be convenient for the purposes of his stay. Cora had been greeted on her first arrival by hideous tasseled gold cushions and imitation Japanese lamp shades; remnants, she believed, of Hermione's taste. She had instantly banished them, and now she saw with pleasure that the shades of her own choosing were still on the lamps. Everything had remained as she had arranged it; he had seen that her way was best. A wood fire was burning on the hearth—not the detestable gas logs which Hermione had left behind her. She found herself wondering for the first time what Hermione had found—what Margaret had left. Then she remembered that Valentine had not bought the house in the simple days of Margaret's reign; he had had a small apartment far uptown and at first Margaret had had no servant.

A wish to know if Valentine had kept a paper cutter she had given him—lapis lazuli, the color of his eyes—made her get up and go to the desk. Yes, it was there, but something else was there, too: an unframed photograph propped against a paper weight—the photograph of a woman.

She bent cautiously to look at it, as one bends to examine the spot where the trembling of the grass suggests the presence of a venomous serpent. It was the picture of a slender woman with heavy dark hair and long slanting eyes, the cruelty of her high cheek bones softened by the sweet drooping curve of her mouth. A terrible and fascinating woman. Then as the light struck across the surface of the picture she saw it was a glossy print for reproduction. It might mean business a feature for the syndicate not love.

She was sitting far away from the desk when, a minute or two later, Valentine entered—Valentine a little thinner than before, but no less vital. He greeted her as if they had parted yesterday, or rather he did not greet her at all. He simply began to talk to her as he came into the room. He had a roll of blue prints in his hand.

"Now, my dear girl, these plans of yours—have you thought them over at all? . . . You practically made them? But don't you see what you've done—sacrificed everything to a patio. A patio—only good for hot weather, when you'll never be here anyhow. The whole comfort of the house arranged for the season you'll be away They are without exception the most ridiculous plans —— Oh! Yes, I sent down for a copy of them at once. I'm glad I did. If I hadn't ——"

"But, Valentine," she interrupted—she knew by experience that you were forced to interrupt Valentine if you wished to speak at all—"it is my house, you know."

"And that's why I want it to be right for you," he answered. "But we'll get it right—never fear."

"It's exactly what I want as it is," she returned, and she heard with a mixture of disgust and fear that the old tone of false determination was creeping into her voice.

"It isn't at all what you want," he said. "You only imagine it is, Cora."

"Valentine, I've thought it all out with the greatest care."

"But it's absurd—you won't like it. Do listen to reason. Don't be obstinate."

Obstinate—the old accusation.

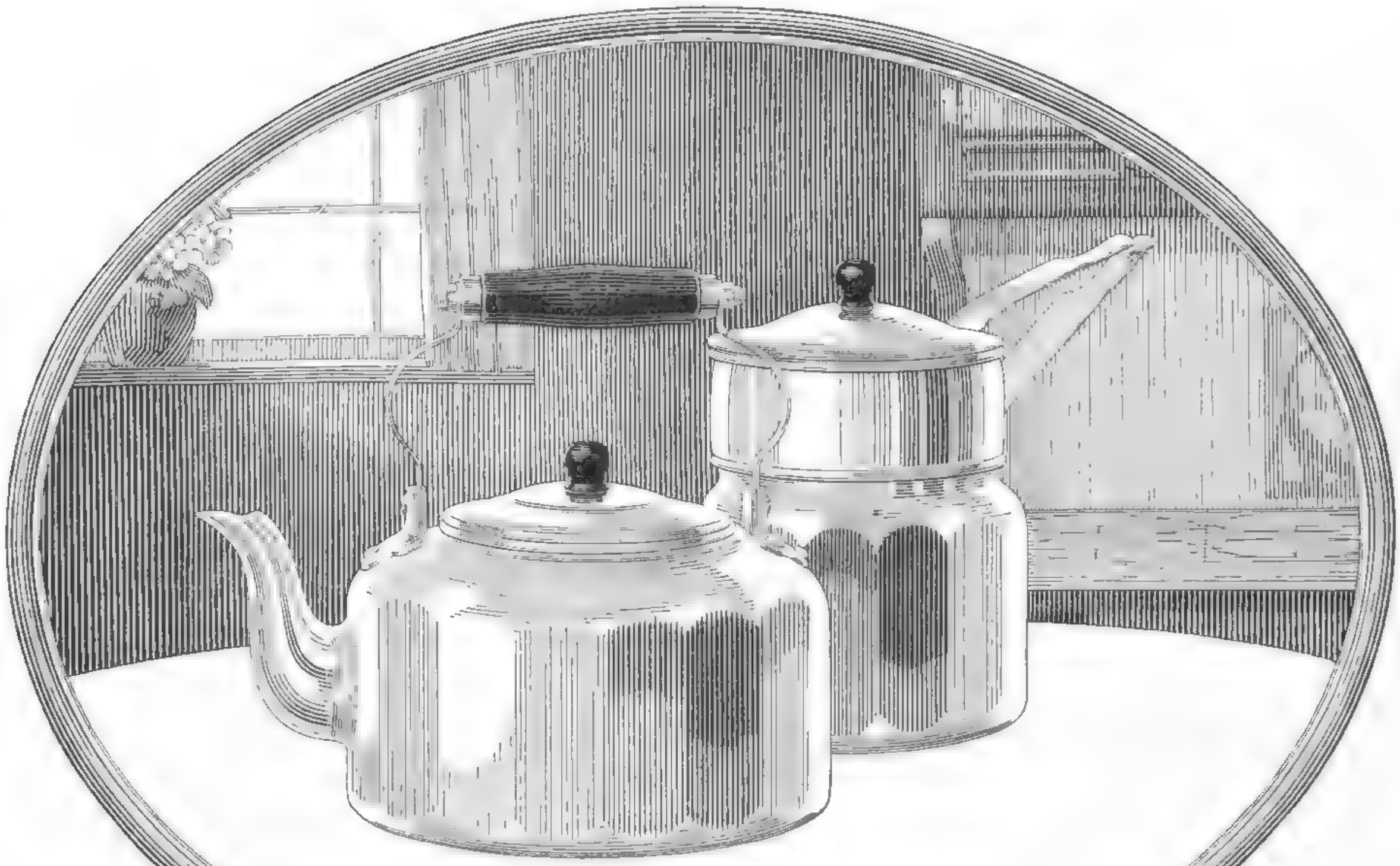
"That's what you always say when I insist on doing anything my own way."

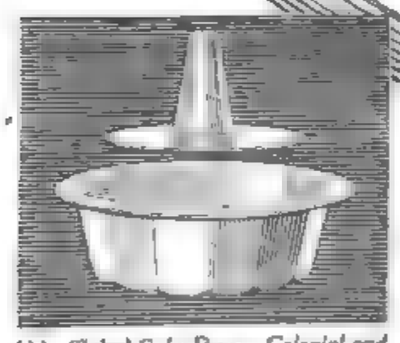
"But your way is wrong. Now just listen to me, my dear girl - "

It was, to the identical phrases, the quarrel of their whole short turbulent married life. He had always made her feel that she was pig-headed and unreasonable not to yield at once to his superior knowledge of her own inmost wishes. The trouble was that the turmoil and the fighting slowly extinguished her own wishes—they weren't changed, they were killed—so that after a little while she was left gallantly defending a corpse; she ceased to care what happened; whereas Valentine's poignant interest grew with each word he uttered—and he uttered a great many—until he seemed to burn with an almost religious conviction that she must not do the thing in the way she wanted to do it.

It always ended the same way: "Now, my dear girl, don't be so obstinate." Was she obstinate? she wondered; and as she

(Continued on Page 76)



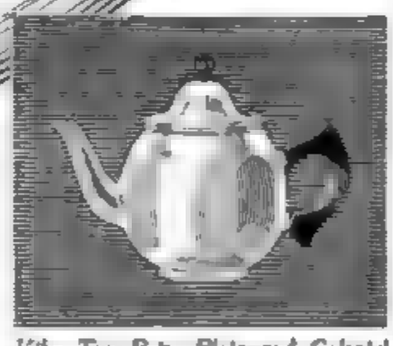


Viko Tubed Cake Pans. Colonial and plain styles. Bake uniformly. Priced from 70c to $1.15

Viko Tea Kettles—four sizes, 3½ to 8 qts. Priced from $1.85 to $3.55

A·G·M CO. VIKO ALUMINUM

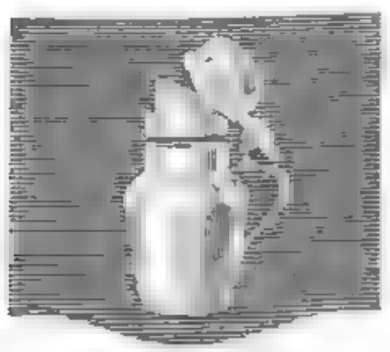
Viko Double Boilers—easy-lifting handles; four sizes, 1 to 3 qts. Priced from $1.30 to $2.20



Viko Tea Pots. Plain and Colonial styles. Welded spouts. Priced from $1.60 to $2.70

Here Is Real Utensil Economy!

Viko Lipped Fry Pans. Extra heavy metal, three styles and sizes. Priced from 50c to $2.45



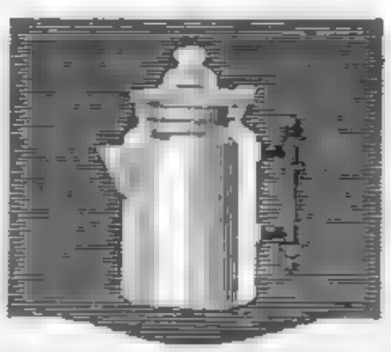
Viko Dripless Syrup Pitchers. Removable lip for cleaning. Priced from 90c to $1.00

You will find real utensil economy in VIKO, The Popular Aluminum. Viko ware is durably made from thick sheet aluminum, 99% pure. And its price is so low that you obtain this durability without extra cost. Viko utensils cost no more than ordinary ware—less than most of it.

Viko utensils combine all the advantages of aluminum with features which belong only to Viko manufacture. They are finely designed, beautifully finished. Handles are solidly riveted. Cover knobs are ebonized, no-burn type. Every detail is constructed to give unusual wear.

Note the beauty of the Viko Aluminum utensils pictured on this page. You will easily see their extra thickness of metal when you examine them at the Viko dealer's near you. Start now on a campaign for utensil economy in your kitchen. Buy Viko! Booklet gladly sent on request.

Viko Colanders. Tightly rolled, sanitary bead. Three styles and sizes. Priced from 45c to $1.30



Viko Percolating Coffee Pots. Plain and Colonial styles. Welded spouts. Priced from $1.50 to $3.00

Dealers—Ask Your Jobber

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

VIKO

The Popular Aluminum

(Continued from Page 74)

wondered Valentine rushed in like an army through a breach in the wall. He was doing it now.

"All I ask," he was saying, "is that you should look at the set of plans I had my man draw—he's a real architect—not a bungalow wizard like that fellow you employed. Now you might at least do that—it isn't much to ask that you should just look at them. Oh, well, you'll see they call for another piece of land, but honestly, Cora, I cannot let you settle on that switching yard that you picked out ——"

She could not refuse to look at his plans; in fact, she was not a little touched by the idea that he had taken such an infinity of trouble for her.

And at this instant Thorpe entered. Valentine shouted at him to get that other roll of plans from his room.

"Yes, sir," said Thorpe, "directly; but the message has come that the steamer is docking and I've sent for a taxi, sir."

Valentine collected himself. "Oh, yes, the steamer," he said, and then he glanced at Cora. "I don't think I'll go to the steamer, Thorpe."

Cora's heart rose; she knew that look, that tone; he did not want to go. She looked at Thorpe, not a muscle of his face had changed, and yet she knew he was in opposition.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Would you have any objection if I went to the dock? I doubt if the princess will understand the American customs without assistance, sir."

There was a little pause.

"The princess?" said Cora.

Valentine waved toward the photograph on the desk. "She's coming—Hungarian princess. Great stuff, if she's as per invoice. I'm sending her to China for the syndicate. Hun to Hun, you know. Good idea, isn't it? Thorpe told me about her. He lived with her uncle when he was ambassador in London; the uncle, you know, not Thorpe—though why not?"

Valentine rose. The recital of the facts in the case of the princess had revived his interest in her.

"I'll just go and grasp her by the hand. We've got her transportation for the Coast for this evening, and she may not relish starting at once, unless it's put just right. I'll show her it's the best thing for her to do. Her last cable suggested she wished to linger in New York, but she would enjoy it more on her way back. I'll explain that to her. It won't take a minute. You'll wait, won't you? Stay and dine with me. I'm alone. Or no; I see by Thorpe's face that I have someone to dinner."

"Indeed, you have, sir."

"Who is it? I don't remember."

"Mrs. Johnson-Bing, sir."

"Oh, Margaret—good old Margaret—so it is." Thorpe and Cora, a little embarrassed for him, averted their eyes, but Valentine was not embarrassed at all. "You have no idea how good she was to me when I was at the hospital. And I wasn't very grateful—out of my head, you know. I thought I ought to tell her —— You'll wait, Cora; just give you time to look over my plans, and when I come back I'll tell you about the land I bought for you. Well, I have an option on it ——"

She lost the end of his sentence, for Thorpe, who during the speech had been putting him into his overcoat and handing him his hat and gloves, finally succeeded in hurrying him out of the door, still talking. But Cora did not require the end of the sentence; no woman who has lived two years with a man does. She knew what he was going to say, but even more important, she knew what was in his mind—that her welfare was as important to him as it had ever been. The marriage ceremony, she had always known, did not unite people, but now she was discovering that a decree of divorce did not always separate them. She was as much married to Valentine as she had ever been no more and no less. How astonishing!

She sank into a chair. Perhaps the really astonishing fact was that they should ever have parted. They parted because they quarreled, but now she saw that their quarreling was the expression of their love. Her relations with everyone in the world except Valentine were suave and untroubled. And she was sure there was no one else with whom Valentine enjoyed the struggle for mastery. The mere notion of attempting to master the docile Margaret was comic, and as for Hermione, she was like a dish of blanc mange—you liked it and ate it or else you let it alone. No, it was useless to evade the truth that she, Cora, of all women was to him unique.

Thorpe returned presently and brought the new plans. She nodded without looking at him and told him to leave them on the table. She had plenty of time. Valentine's few minutes were always an hour.

"If you don't care to wait, madam, I'm sure Mr. Bing would be very glad to have you take them home with you," said Thorpe.

Cora did not trouble to repress a smile. "I shall wait, Thorpe," she said, with the good humor that comes from perfect confidence.

Thorpe bent very slightly from the waist, and left the room.

At last she rose and began to unroll the plans. She became immediately absorbed in them; they were not only beautiful and ingenious but, better to her than any beauty, they showed how he had remembered her tastes, her needs. She had always loved growing plants, and he had arranged a glassed passageway with sun and heat to be a small conservatory for her; there was a place for her piano; a clever arrangement for hanging her dresses. He had remembered, or rather he had never forgotten. The idea came to her that this was not a house for her alone, but for her and him together. How simply that would explain his passionate interest in the prospect of her building. She began to read the plans as if they were a love letter.

She was still bending over them when later—much later—the door opened and closed. She did not immediately look up. It was not her plan to betray that she had guessed what lay behind his actions. She waited with bent head for Valentine's accustomed opening, and then hearing nothing she looked up, to find the newcomer was Margaret.

In their last meeting the shadow of death had obliterated the pattern of convention, but now both women were aware of an awkward moment. Margaret smiled first.

"I suppose, as no one sees us, we may shake hands," she said. Cora looked at her predecessor. Even in the low becoming lights of Valentine's big room she was frankly middle-aged, large waisted and dowdy, and yet glowingly human. Cora held out her hand.

"Is it so late?" she said. "Valentine mentioned that you were coming to dinner. He said he hadn't thanked you for all you did for him when he was ill.

Mrs. Johnson-Bing smiled. "That isn't what he wants," she said. She undid her coat and began to remove stout black gloves. She was in a high dark dress—very different from what Cora would have worn if she had decided to come back and dine with Valentine.

"What does he want?" Cora asked. She was really curious to hear.

"He's heard I'm going into business—supplying food to invalids. He wants me to organize according to his ideas, and not according to mine." Margaret smiled. "But poor Valentine doesn't know anything about invalids; just wants the fun of having everything done his way."

"What Does It Matter to Me Whether He Gets Well or Not? It Takes Too Much Vitality—Making Him Mind. I'm Through. I'm Off to Palm Beach Tomorrow"

The words for some reason sounded like a knell in Cora's ears. Was that all Valentine really cared about—getting his own way? There was a brief silence; far away in some other part of the house she was dimly aware of a clock striking and a telephone bell ringing. It must be dinnertime, she thought—Margaret's hour. No, they couldn't both stay to dinner. She found herself wondering which of them Val would put at the head of the table. He would sit there himself, of course, with one on each side of him.

"I suppose you'll do it all just as he says," she remarked mechanically.

Margaret laughed; she had a pleasant laugh, almost a chuckle. "Indeed I shan't!" she answered. "But I may let him think I'm going to. It saves such a lot of trouble, as I suppose you found out too."

No, Cora had not found that out. She felt shocked and admiring—as a little boy feels who sees another one smoking. How was it that Hermione, the faithless, and Margaret, the maternal, dared to treat Valentine more carelessly than she did? Perhaps they did not understand him as well as she did, with her more subtle reactions.

Before she could answer, Thorpe was in the room. When she thought of that moment afterwards she appreciated the power of the man, for there was no trace of elation or excitement or even of hurry about him. He addressed Margaret:

"Mr. Bing is very sorry, madam, he will not be able to get home to dinner to-night."

Cora's mind working with the quickness of lightning waited for a second part of the message—something that would detain her and let Margaret depart in peace. But Thorpe having delivered himself of this one sentence turned to the desk and began collecting various objects—a fountain pen, a package of letters.

"When will Mr. Bing be back?" Cora asked.

"Mr. Bing is obliged to start for China this evening, madam," said Thorpe, and his eye just wavered across hers. "I'm packing for him now—as well as I can at such short notice." The reason, his tone suggested, was sufficient excuse for leaving the two ladies to see each other out. He left the room, his eyes still roving about in search of necessary objects.

In this bitter moment Cora felt vaguely envious of Margaret, who, unmoved by the intelligence, was beginning to replace her heavy gloves.

"To China," she observed placidly. "Now I wonder what the reason for that is."

Cora snatched up the glossy photograph and thrust it between Margaret's shapeless black fingers. "That's the reason!" she said passionately. "He left me for just half an hour to meet her steamer—a princess—'great stuff if as per invoice.' Well, evidently she is as 'per invoice,' if he's going to China with her the first time they meet—he and his princess!"

Margaret took the photograph and studied it with irritating calm.

"I don't suppose there ever lived a human male who would not enjoy going to China with a princess," she said, and she almost smiled at the thought of their departure.

Tears were already running down Cora's cheeks. "What does it mean?" she said. "Are men incapable of permanent attachments?"

"Oh, no," replied Margaret. "Valentine's attachments are very permanent—only they're not exclusive. He will always want me when he's sick—and you when he wants to test his will power."

She stopped, for Thorpe had come into the room again. He had come for the photograph, which he now took gently out of Margaret's unresisting hand. She hardly noticed his action, so intently was her mind working upon the question of Valentine's health.

"Thorpe," she said, as if consulting a fellow expert, "do you think Mr. Bing is strong enough to make this journey?"

For the first time Thorpe allowed himself a smile—a faint fleeting lighting of the eyes.

"Oh, yes, madam," he said. "I think now Mr. Bing is quite himself—quite normal. And then, madam, I shall be with him."

MODEL NO. C-147

Burton Brown
—a Brown bilt Shoe

Quality in shoes is due to three factors—(1) leathers; (2) shoemaking; (3) determination to excel. All three must blend in the perfect product.

When you seek class, comfort and quality in shoes, look for the trademark "Brown bilt" stamped in the outer shank of the shoe.

Every shoe marked "Brown bilt" is built from dependable leathers by expert shoe makers and conforms to a definite standard which represents exceptional value.

Burton Brown Shoes for Men all bear the "Brown bilt" mark — all have Goodyear Welt Construction—all represent unusual values at $7.00, $8.00, $9.00 and up.

MODEL NO. A-136

Barbara Brown
—a Brown bilt Shoe

Women admire Barbara Brown Shoes for their style qualities and for their wearing qualities—for their artistic excellence and for their intrinsic worth.

All Barbara Brown models are genuine "Brown bilt" Shoes for Women—made by master-craftsmen — and emphasize women's natural graces by nicety in finish and perfection in fit.

Barbara Brown Shoes are health-builders — because they encourage the graceful exercise of walking by the ease and comfort they give the feet.

The latest models in the most fashionable leathers sell at $7.00, $8.00, $9.00 and up —with the name "Brown bilt" in the outer shank.

For Boys **BUSTER BROWN** For Girls

—A BROWN BILT SHOE

THE Brown Shaping Lasts give to Buster Brown Shoes their distinctive, health-building qualities. Other lasts are based upon *four* measurements—as contrasted to the *eighteen* necessary to bring each Brown Shaping Last to scientific perfection.

Consequently, Buster Brown Shoes must insure niceties in fit—must properly support each bone and muscle—must protect and develop the growing feet—must prevent those ailments which invariably come from wrongly shaped shoes.

Besides these exclusive health features, Buster Brown Shoes are skillfully made from dependable leathers—with soles cut from the heart of the hide—Goodyear Welt Construction —and are sold at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up, according to style and size.

MODEL NO. F-363

BUSTER BROWN
—A BROWN BILT SHOE

Brown bilt Shoes are manufactured only by

Brown Shoe Company St. Louis, U. S. A.

and are sold by good stores everywhere

The Tiny plant your body craves as food

So small that 600 of these infinitesimal plants could go in a spot no bigger than a pin point

Yet so rich in life-giving food factors that millions of men and women are adding it to their daily diet and finding a health and vigor unknown for years.

Did you know that fresh yeast is a plant?—that in addition to the vitamin for which it is famous it contains other equally important food elements?

It is one of the tiniest plants in the whole vegetable kingdom. Yet it possesses the food factors your body tissues crave.

The startling difference between civilized foods and natural diets

"The chief causes of disease and death lie in food and drink," says an international authority on food and its relation to health. This doctor tells of his nine years' experience in the East. There he found a primitive people, far removed from the refinements of civilization, who never had digestive troubles, never suffered from intestinal inactivity, and who never heard of appendicitis.

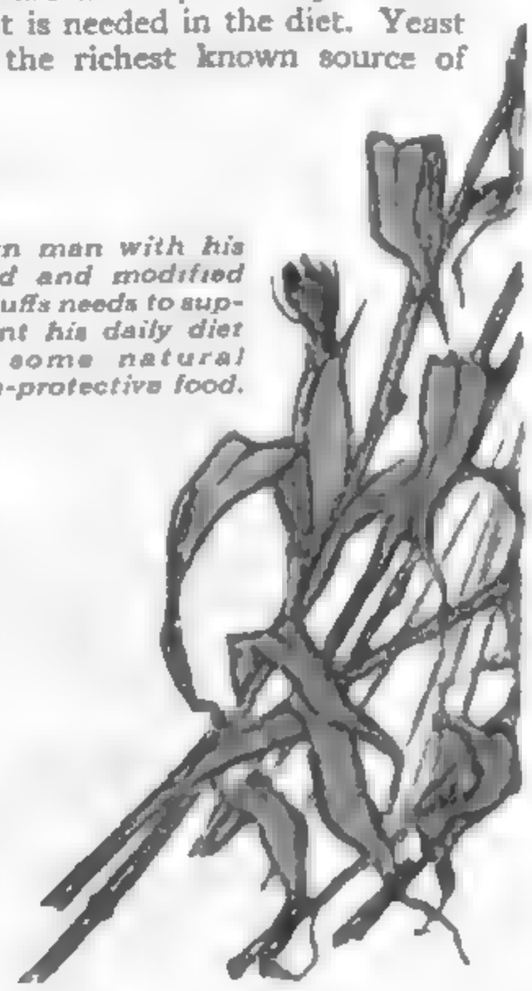
These primitive people, he says, are "content with natural foods, protective foods, . . ." "But," he continues, "the case is different with civilized man. No longer is he content with the unsophisticated foods made in nature's laboratory; his foods must be preserved, purified, polished, pickled and canned. Some he extracts and distils with the object of procuring concentrates agreeable to his taste. His animal food he heats, dries, freezes, thaws and stores.

"One way or another, by desiccation, by chemicals, by heating, by freezing and thawing, by oxidization, by decomposition, by milling and polishing, he applies the principles of his civilization—the elimination of the natural and the substitution of the artificial—to the food he eats and fluids he drinks. With such skill does he do so that he often converts his food into a dead fuel mass, devoid of those vitamins which are to it as the magneto's spark to the fuel mixture of a petrol-driven engine."

A fresh food rich in health-protective elements

Now that we are learning about the real seriousness of wrong habits of eating, we are vitally interested in knowing just how valuable a food fresh yeast is.

The big chart will explain why Fleischmann's Yeast is needed in the diet. Yeast is not only the richest known source of



Modern man with his refined and modified foodstuffs needs to supplement his daily diet with some natural health-protective food.

vitamin-B, a necessary protective element, but it is also a source of other food factors essential to health. It is a fresh natural food sprung from clean, wholesome grains—corn, rye, barley—containing factors which must be present in your daily meals. It contains precious mineral salts. It has valuable protein—the chief body building material.

The tissue building factors in fresh yeast are so valuable that the same noted authority quoted above says, "It may occasionally be substituted for meat in the dietary with advantage."

The fresh yeast cake contains highly important mineral matter—phosphorus which is vital to all the living tissues of the body, calcium for the teeth and bones, and iron, which is an essential element of the blood.

The little cake contains carbohydrate and fat which give energy and heat to the body.

The full value of this wonderful plant can best be obtained in its fresh form. This is why the body craves fresh yeast!

Laxatives made unnecessary

Laxatives are made unnecessary by this natural food. Of course we know that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble, but often make it worse. They weaken the intestinal muscles. One physician says that probably one of the *chief causes* of intestinal inactivity is the indiscriminate use of cathartics.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a simple food, corrective in its nature, which increases the action of the intestines and maintains normal functions. By adding this fresh food to your daily diet you will find the need for laxatives gradually disappear.

Digestion kept in sound working order

Thousands today are realizing that faulty eating is the cause of their digestive troubles. These people are now eating Fleischmann's Yeast and finding increased appetite and improved digestion.

Fleischmann's Yeast supplies abundantly the elements which help the flow of bile and the pancreatic juice. It will help you get the full benefit from the other foods you eat. Without this help even good foods may fail to give you sufficient nourishment.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day before or between meals. It will help keep your intestines clean and active, your stomach normal, your appetite keen, your whole being radiant with health.

Your grocer will send you Fleischmann's Yeast fresh daily. Place a standing order. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.

Send for free booklet telling more about fresh yeast and what it can do for you.

Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 607, 701 Washington Street, New York

Primitive man with his natural fresh foodstuffs gets all the food factors he needs to protect him from digestive disturbance and intestinal inactivity

The five great fundamental food factors in the remarkable little yeast plant

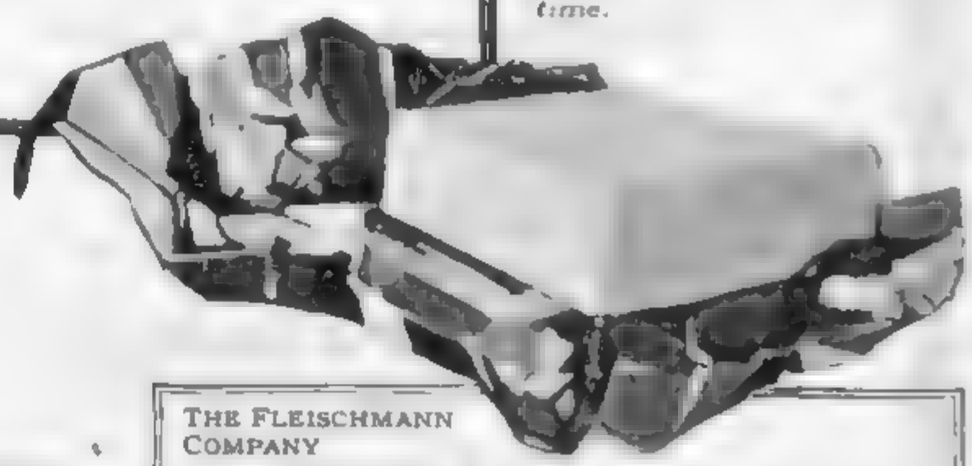
Protein—builds up muscle and repairs waste tissue

Carbohydrate and Fat—give energy and heat to the body

Mineral matter—regulates the body functions and helps maintain the body's health

Vitamin—increases appetite, helps digestion. Without vitamin, neither protein, carbohydrate, fat, nor mineral matter can be properly utilized by the body. Without vitamin the body starves.

Fleischmann's Yeast combines excellently with jams as a sandwich spread. Some like it in very hot water, others prefer it in cold. The simplest way is to eat it plain, nibbling it from the cake a little at a time.



Yeast is grown from a mixture of the most wholesome grains—corn, rye and barley. The grain is carefully selected and thoroughly cleansed from all dust or other foreign substances. When these grains are ground and soaked in water they provide the most nourishing mixture for the yeast. These tiny remarkable plants then grow with astonishing rapidity. The familiar cake of Fleischmann's Yeast consists of millions of these microscopic plants.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast supplies the factors you need in your everyday food

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 607, 701 Washington St., New York City.

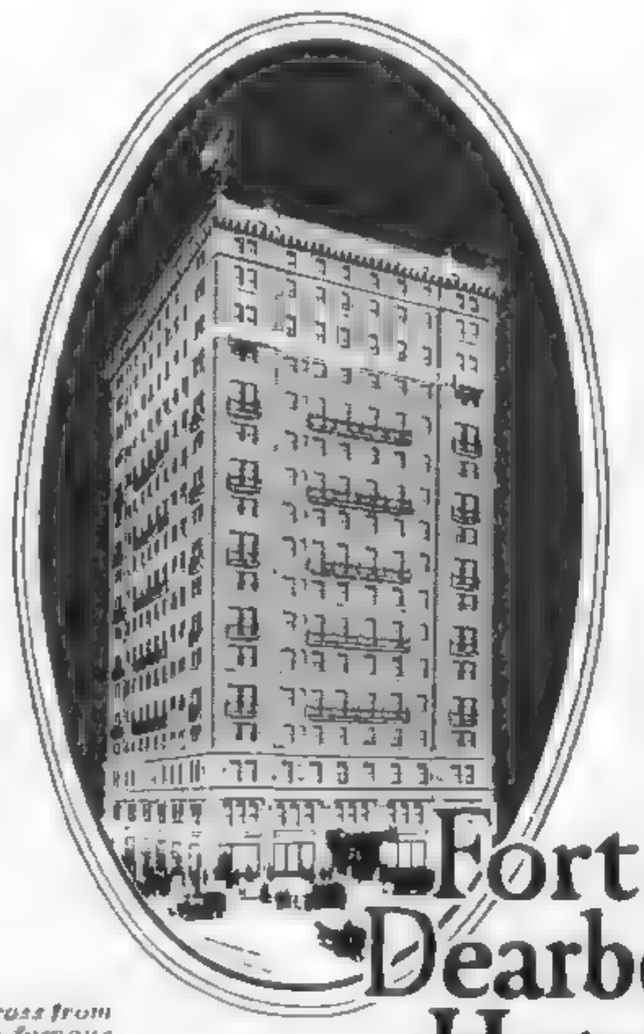
Please send me free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name _____

Street _____ City _____ State _____

Again Making Hotel History

SENSATIONAL
RATE REDUCTION



Fort Dearborn Hotel
Chicago

Directly across from Chicago's famous Board of Trade and the La Salle Station

227 Outside rooms with private toilet. For one person — $1.95 Per day Was $2.50

294 Outside rooms with private bath. For one person — $2.45 Per day Was $3.00

Rates for two persons at a slight increase

NO HIGHER

Every room in the hotel is available at these rates

THE FORT DEARBORN CAFETERIA GRILL

Offers delicious food at extremely moderate prices. All other departments of the hotel make equally reasonable charges.

La Salle Street at Van Buren
in
Chicago

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY Owner

RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 17)

he had known she would, and feeling that he had not said enough, he went on apologetically: "I can't imagine its being nice to see me, though. I know I'm an utterly unsatisfactory person to be with this evening, Alice. I'm as restless as a cat. That's why I thought of the theater—something bright to take our minds off things."

"There's nothing the matter, is there?" she asked tenderly.

"Oh, no; nothing special." He sighed. "Apparently there just isn't any bottom to this market. And a lot of little things have bothered me to-day. You know how it goes sometimes."

Feeling as he did, he found it pleasant, after all, to be with Alice—someone to whom he could grumble, even though he could not grumble about the one thing that was on his mind

"I wish I could help you."

Even more definitely than her words, her eyes, with their expression of solicitude, informed him of that wish.

"You do," he assured her honestly, looking into her face with a peculiar and not too happy little smile. "You help a lot, my dear. You're a mighty comfortable person to be with."

And she was. She was the sort of woman who, when the waiter hands her a menu, lays it down and says to her escort: "You order, please."

The head coat-room boy at the Tuileries, the quiet and fashionable French restaurant at which they dined, possessed a gift for obtaining, at the last moment, seats for the most popular theatrical performances, the one provision being that the purchaser should be willing to pay well for the service. And the mere fact that one dined at the Tuileries was proof of willingness to pay.

The place was dedicated to the affluent, critical and self-indulgent. Two could dine excellently at the Tuileries for approximately twenty-five dollars—this sum including, in this post-Volstead period, a bright yellow beverage at twelve dollars a quart, which was served only to guests known to the management, and was mentioned with wise glints of the eye by the waiters as special cider, although it tasted so precisely like sauterne that it was sometimes ordered by that name, albeit in a low tone, by those lacking a full degree of delicacy.

One got what one paid for at the Tuileries. The dining room was not too large, and was decorated with a restrained elegance which knew neither red nor gold nor marble. The tables stood upon soft carpet, not too close together; the chairs were comfortable, and the cushioned benches against the walls more comfortable still; the cuisine was irreproachable, the waiters sympathetic as only the most expert French waiters know how to be, and among the guests were always to be seen celebrities and beautifully costumed women. And best of all, one paid not only for what one got but for what one was spared. There was no orchestra.

A few years earlier Parrish could have bought a box with seats for six for what he gave to-night for two seats for Gladys. But his two seats were in the third row on the aisle. No one knew better than the coat-room boy where patrons of the Tuileries preferred to sit.

When they arrived at the theater the first act was over, but once the curtain rose they had no difficulty in picking up the thread of story. A thread was all there was.

The star, a pretty Broadway favorite, figured as a Russian grand duchess who had escaped the revolution and come to New York with her guardian, a middle-aged prince with comic legs. Incognito, the two were working in a restaurant, he as a waiter, she as a kitchen maid. Poor though they were, they had brought with them elaborate wardrobes, and they were thus able to lead a dual life, going at times into the fashionable world to which their titles gave them access.

A young man with wavy golden hair, a tenor voice and wealthy parents fell in love with the beautiful kitchen maid, but did not recognize her when he met her in black velvet at a ball; nor did the lank society woman recognize the prince of the night before in the waiter who spilled things on her and tripped and fell with trays of dishes.

These confusions of identity lasted through several scenes enriched with songs and specialties, but were cleared up at the end when the kitchen maid, having fled her sweetheart, was suddenly revealed to him standing at the head of an impressive flight of stairs, up center, in a prismatic gown which was the climax of the show a gown which took the honors of the evening from the girl, the librettist, the composer, and even the Italian master of melody with whose famous operatic themes the composer was apparently familiar.

As the sumptuous garment descended the stairs to meet its lover the truth burst upon him. The person it contained and embellished was of royal blood and therefore fit to be accepted on terms of social equality by any American family, however wealthy. The young man put his arm around the gown, and from the careful way he did it the audience knew that he would cherish it as long as that show should live.

At least so far as Parrish was concerned, the evening's offering had served its deadening purpose. His eyes had been engaged with bright stage pictures, his ears with trifling jests and melodies, his mind with nothing. But as his limousine nosed its way cautiously through the glittering inferno of the after-theater streets, reverberating with the snarls of angry motor horns and the shrill whistle blasts of traffic policemen, he began to think again. He did not want to, but he could not help it.

XIII

"YOU'LL come up for a little while?" Alice suggested hopefully as they turned into the lofty cañon of Park Avenue, with its double asphalt trail.

"It's pretty late."

"How would you like me to fix you some bacon and eggs?"

"No; nothing to eat, thanks."

"You look tired."

"I am, rather."

"Then you're right—you'd better go home and to bed. I did want you to see the photograph of Margaret and the children, though. It's so sweet."

"How is Margaret?"

He asked the question not so much because of interest in her married sister, whom he had never seen, as to keep her talking of matters unrelated to him.

"I'm worried about her. She's all run down. George's business keeps him tied up so he can't take long vacations, and Margaret won't go away for any length of time without him. I ask her here—time and again I've asked her—but there's always some reason why she thinks she can't come. If it isn't George it's the children. Instead, she's always urging me to come out there."

"Naturally," he said, "when she's so fond of you. Of course you haven't been home often." And as the car drew near her door he added: "I believe I will stop in for a few minutes."

She gave a little sigh of contentment.

"I didn't want to urge you," she told him, "but I'd have been disappointed if you hadn't stopped in. I've felt lately as if things weren't—I don't know—as if you were different somehow."

"Nonsense," he said. He was glad the car was stopping.

"Well, that's the way I've felt."

"You shouldn't get ideas like that," he said.

Going up in the elevator he made small talk about the musical comedy. She gave him her latchkey and when he unlocked the door preceded him into the living room, turning on the lamps. Then, as he had slipped off his overcoat, she came and led him to "his chair," where she made him comfortable, tucking a pillow behind him as a trained nurse might for an invalid; after which she brought the photograph and placing it in his hands perched upon the arm of the chair where she could look at it over his shoulder.

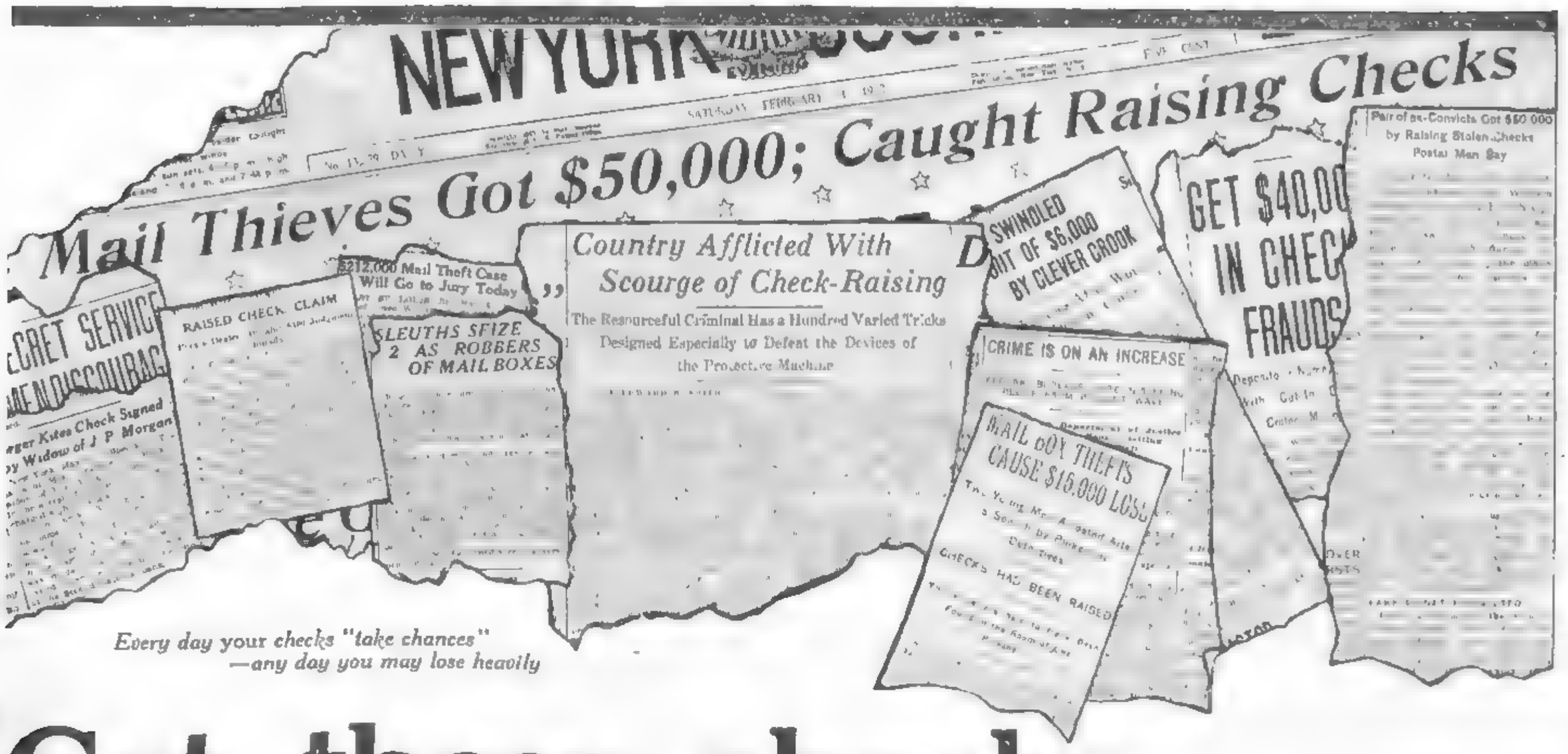
"Very nice," said he, nodding.

"Did you ever see a sweeter picture?" she demanded.

"Don't believe so." He continued to look at it. "Margaret isn't so pretty as you are."

"Oh, isn't she though! You wouldn't say that if you could see her. She's a regular little madonna. And did you ever see such darling children? Georgie's such a

(Continued on Page 83)


NEW YORK
Mail Thieves Got $50,000; Caught Raising Checks
Country Afflicted With Scourge of Check-Raising
The Resourceful Criminal Has a Hundred Varied Tricks Designed Especially to Defeat the Devices of the Prospective Machine
$212,000 Mail Theft Case Will Go to Jury Today
RAISED CHECK CLAIM
SLEUTHS SEIZE 2 AS ROBBERS OF MAIL BOXES
SWINDLED OUT OF $6,000 BY CLEVER CROOK
CRIME IS ON AN INCREASE
MAIL BOX THEFTS CAUSE $15,000 LOSS
CHECKS HAD BEEN RAISED
GET $40,00 IN CHEC FRAUDS
Pair of ex-Convicts Got $50 000 by Raising Stolen Checks Postal Man Say

Every day your checks "take chances"
—any day you may lose heavily

Get these checks

with a $1,000.00 insurance policy between you and such loss

WHAT BANKERS SAY

TOLEDO, OHIO
"These checks are unquestionably the finest checks we have ever had"

CHICAGO, ILL.
"When we use your Super-Safety Insured checks we feel satisfied that our depositors enjoy positive protection against any alteration"

DESHLER, OHIO
"We do not hesitate to recommend them"

WARSAW, ILL.
"We believe that they are the safest checks that we have ever seen"

DENVER, COLO.
"We take pleasure in advising the people that we are one of the banks which can give them this service."

ROME, GA.
"It pleases our customers to have $1000.00 insurance against the raising of checks"

SOUTH BEND, IND.
"We have been very well satisfied with the checks and in due time we will be glad to place duplicate order with you"

KANSAS CITY, MO.
"We are delighted with the high quality of our checks and we are feeling a sense of additional security in using them"

WINTER PARK, FLA.
"These checks, together with the bond and identification card are creating a great deal of very favorable comment"

LELAND, ILL.
"We can say for them that they fill a long felt need for protection against the check raiser"

BUNKIE, LA.
"The added values which Super-Safety Insured checks possess can only be appreciated by the banks who have used them"

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.
"In regard to national advertising, we can safely say that you have created a greater public confidence in the use of checking accounts."

NEW WINDSOR, ILL.
"The satisfaction of our customers to know that they enjoy positive protection is satisfaction to us"

FRANKLIN, OHIO
We are pleased to advise that your Super-Safety Insured checks have met with the approval of many of our customers"

GET these checks, *because* they positively protect your money from "check-raisers." Without charge for this extra service, you are protected by an individual $1,000.00 certificate of insurance. Ask for them at your bank.

Newspaper stories like those above frequently appear. A check stolen from the mails provides the easiest way for the check raiser to operate. Perhaps none of those bank depositors whose checks were raised ever thought that he himself would suffer such loss. You never can tell where the next blow will fall.

Why take any chance?

The risk exists. Why not feel *positively* safe?

Thousands of good banks all over the United States now provide the *positive protection* of Super-Safety Insured bank checks. Read what some of them say in the column to the left.

These checks are made on our finest grade of safety paper, highly sensitized against erasures and then protected with an individual $1,000.00 guarantee that you will not lose if one of your checks *should* be raised.

The finger of suspicion might even be pointed at you if one of your checks should be raised so skillfully as to create doubt that it had actually been changed. Your credit might be doubted; your integrity might be doubted; your standing in the community might be questioned—all because of your negligence concerning positive protection of your checks.

Go to your bank today and ask for these Super-Safety Insured bank checks and get your $1,000.00 guarantee against fraudulent alteration losses. Ask your banker for this positive protection, or write us for the name of one who will gladly accommodate you.

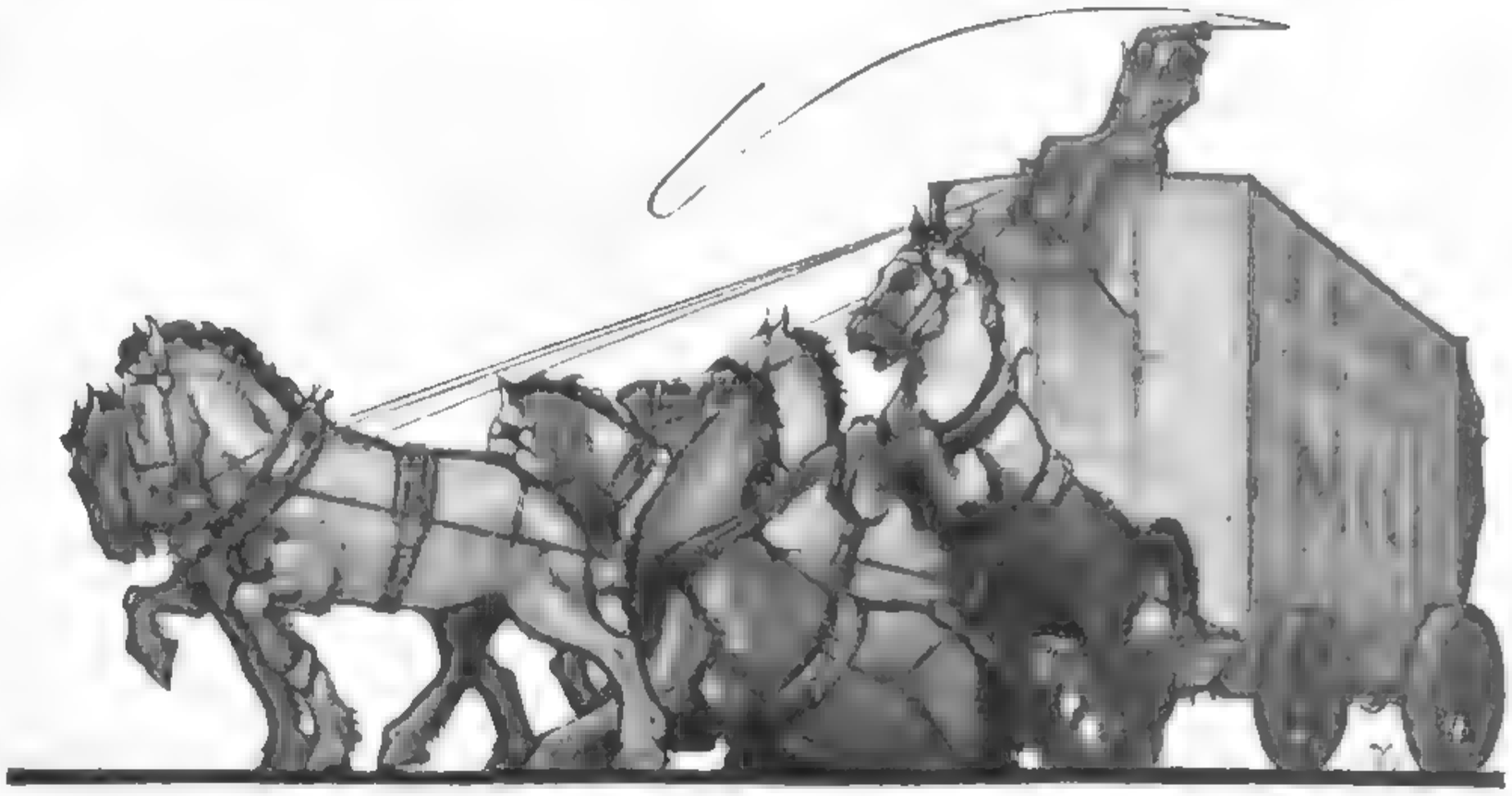
SUPER-SAFETY **Insured** BANK-CHECKS

The Bankers Supply Company

The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

NEW YORK
ATLANTA
CHICAGO
DES MOINES
DENVER
SAN FRANCISCO

Insured in the HARTFORD *against loss through fraudulent or felonious alterations*



What happens when the explosion doesn't?

When one cylinder in a gas engine misses fire, there is more than a loss of power. The other cylinders must not only work without the one that misses, but must also fight the unexploded charge of compressed gas.

This compressed gas acts as an air-brake, and you know what that means.

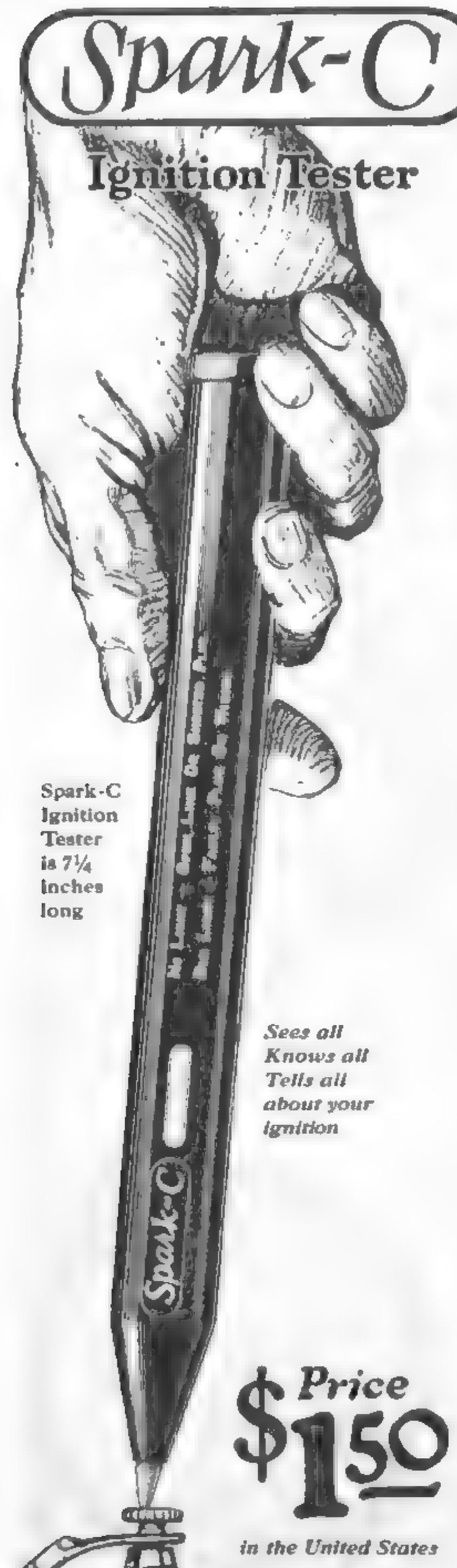
Previously it has been hard to detect a missing cylinder that didn't miss regularly. This is especially true of engines with more than four cylinders.

But now, any man, amateur or expert, with Spark-C Ignition Tester can check up an ignition system in a few minutes and determine whether or not every spark plug is firing properly.

Touch the plug with Spark-C and you can read the result in the little window in the side of Spark-C.

If the plugs are firing properly, the regular flash in the window will show it. If not, the dim flash or absence of any light will show the condition in the cylinder.

Get Spark-C Ignition Tester from your garageman or automotive dealer. Test your ignition system now—car, boat, airplane or stationary gas engine. Test it periodically. It will prevent waste of power. It will remove the invisible brake in the cylinder that sometimes misses.



Spark-C Ignition Tester is 7¼ inches long

Sees all
Knows all
Tells all
about your ignition

Price $1.50

in the United States

Westinghouse Lamp Company

Executive Offices: 165 Broadway, New York

District Sales Offices in

Atlanta	Cincinnati	Davenport	Memphis	New York	Seattle
Boston	Cleveland	Detroit	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Syracuse
Buffalo	Columbus	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Pittsburgh	St. Louis
Chicago	Dallas	Los Angeles	New Orleans	San Francisco	Washington

W Spark-C

Westinghouse

(Continued from Page 80)

serious little thing, and little Alice—isn't she adorable? Just look at her hair, too—naturally curly."

"Yes, very pretty."

She rested her cheek against his temple, gazing at the photograph.

Presently he stirred a little, dislodging her from the position, and turning his head looked up at her, asking:

"You say Margaret has been urging you to come out and visit?"

"Oh, she's always doing it. Even now that I have my own apartment in New York she and George insist that their home is really my home—the dears! And of course in a way it is."

"Yes, of course," he agreed; then: "Well, why don't you take a little run out there?"

"But I was out there last fall," she answered almost defensively.

"For two or three days."

"A week," she corrected. "And I've been there three other times, remember—I mean since I met you." She had a way of dating time in that fashion.

"But," he went on, gently persistent, "if your sister isn't very well ——" He left the sentence unfinished.

Alice sighed.

"Of course I've been thinking about that," she said. "I do want to see them all, and I hate to have Margaret feeling hurt because I don't come oftener. And little Alice—being her godmother ——"

"Yes," he encouraged, "naturally she wants to see more of her Aunt Alice."

She nodded.

"And Georgie's so sweet too. They're the dearest pair of youngsters! But"—again she sighed—"well, I guess you know why I don't want to go, don't you?" She straightened, looking at him with eyes luminously tender.

"You find it dull?" he suggested, wishing to fend off the declaration.

"Oh, no. It's not half bad. They have a pretty house and the people are nice—at least they seem so to me, being a Middle Westerner. Of course they aren't like New Yorkers; perhaps you'd think them provincial; but they're mighty comfortable to be with."

"I'm sure of it. In fact, I've often wondered that you didn't spend more time with your sister."

"You've wondered?" She looked surprised and somewhat hurt. "You think I ought to? Surely you know why I haven't, Dick. Why, at first you didn't want me to go! You didn't like it if I even spoke of it. You said you'd be so lonesome. You told me ——"

"I'm afraid I've been very selfish," he said.

"No, I wanted to be with you as much as you wanted me. You know that, dear."

"Perhaps," said he somberly, "we've both been thinking too much of what we wanted."

"Not you. It's no fault of yours if I ——"

"Yes, it is. I have no right to come between you and your only sister."

"Come between us?" she repeated, astonished. "Why, you haven't done anything like that! Margaret and I adore each other."

"She's hurt because you don't go oftener."

"Not hurt, exactly. It's just that she—she misses me, because after father and mother died we were always together."

"Until you came East," he added. "That's where my responsibility begins."

"But I didn't have to stay East if I didn't want to."

"That's not the point." He gazed at her gravely. "Alice, I think you ought to take a run out there. It would probably make Margaret feel better if she could just have a look at you."

"I thought I'd go early in the summer."

"You ought to go right now."

"Now? Oh, I couldn't!"

"Why not?"

"A lot of things I have to do."

"What?"

"Well, I want to clean house— and I've ordered some clothes."

"Nonsense! Those things will wait."

"I don't want to leave you," she declared; "not when you're feeling the way you are."

"I?" he said, taken aback. "Why, I'm all right."

She shook her head.

"Something's been troubling you."

"Business," said he a little bit defensively; "but that's only another reason why you might better go now. I can't tell when I'll be called out of town again. I'm going to be frightfully rushed in the next few weeks. If you were out there with your sister I'd know you were all right. I'd know you weren't waiting around for me."

"But, Dick dear," she interposed, "you mustn't feel that way about me. That means I'm a drag on you—the very thing above all others that I never want to be."

"Not a drag," he corrected. "But honestly, Alice, I won't be happy until this thing is set right."

"Then I'll go of course," she said.

"That's the girl! Now the question is, when?"

"Next week sometime?"

"Why wait until next week? Why not now—to-morow?"

"To-morrow?" The idea seemed to take her breath away.

"Yes, the sooner the better. The sooner you go the sooner you'll be back."

"But I ——"

"To please me," he urged in a final appeal the effectiveness of which he well knew.

"Well, then ——"

She was assenting, though a little doubtfully. At once he became expansive.

"Splendid!" He threw an arm about her waist. "I'll stop and get your tickets on the way down in the morning. You can go in the late afternoon and be in Cleveland early next day. You'd better wire them to-night that you're coming. I'll be around to drive you to the station." Then, perhaps because she looked a trifle dazed, causing him to fear that she was still uncertain, he added encouragingly, "It's just possible that I'll be going to Chicago again, and if I do we might arrange to meet on the train coming back."

Immediately she brightened.

"Oh, that would be lovely! Maybe you could get off and come up and meet Margaret and George. And I'd love to have you see the children. You probably think it's just because they're my niece and nephew that I talk so much about them, but it's not. They're really —— Do you think you could stop off?"

"Well," he said, "we'll see."

"In about a week, you think?"

"I can't say surely yet. I'll let you know as soon as I know myself. The main thing now is for you to get started. We can fix up the rest later." Then observing that she looked cast down again he patted her shoulder reassuringly, exclaiming in a voice intended to be stimulating, "Buck up, my dear! Think how happy you're going to make them all! You mustn't be looking like Grief on a monument, you know!"

"I shall miss you awfully," she said.

"No, no! You're going to have a fine time. You'll see! Why, you may meet some fellow out there who'll make you forget all about me."

"I wish you wouldn't say things like that, Dick."

"Why be so hideously serious, dear?"

"Well, I am—about you. I don't see how you can joke about such things. You know that no one could ——"

"Of course I know." Again he patted her shoulder.

"I'm always thinking of you," she went on. "Every night of my life I pray for you the same as for Margaret and George and the children."

"You sweet girl!"

He rose to his feet; she followed, standing close beside him and looking up into his face as she asked, "Will you miss me?"

"Of course."

"Much?"

"Lots." He kissed her lightly. "Now it's time for me to be running along."

"Already?"

"It's after twelve."

She glanced at the clock.

"Only five minutes after."

"Yes, but you've a busy day ahead of you, packing and getting off. And I'm tired."

She made no further effort to detain him. But in the hall, just as he was leaving, she flung her arms around him and for a moment clung to him like a frightened child.

XIV

WITHIN the hour Parrish, in pajamas and dressing gown, was settled in a comfortable position on his bed. At his back were three large pillows and a good light fell over his shoulder upon the book which he hoped would keep his thoughts engaged until Rita's call should come. He had switched the telephone off from his study to the extension instrument at his bedside, which he could reach at the first sound of the bell.

But there would be a long wait before the bell would ring. She had sung Aïda to-night, and Aïda ran rather late, as he remembered it—until about half past eleven. Then there was all that dark make-up to be removed before she could dress. That meant three-quarters of an hour at least. By now she was at Frémecourt's, but she would hardly be leaving there before two hours more had passed. It would be three or four o'clock in the morning when she reached home and got his message.

But would she get it? He had been explicit enough with Pierre, certainly; but would Pierre, in passing on his word, lay stress enough upon the fact that he wished her to call him up, regardless of the hour? He lacked confidence in Pierre. This business of communicating always through a third person, and that a butler who spoke usually in French, was irritating—irritating as the devil! So much depended upon Rita's understanding the messages he left! It wasn't a mere case of "Call me up some day." He must hear from her! He must! Worn out as he was, he felt he could not sleep until he heard her voice.

The large volume in his hands was admirably suited for ordinary bedtime reading. It was the first volume of the memoirs of a British diplomat who had spent the past half century in various capitals, and who described in an easy rambling style events he had witnessed in those capitals. It was a book of gilded gossip and anecdote which could be opened at any point and closed at any point—a first essential in a bedtime book.

But this was not apparently the kind of reading Parrish needed now. Time and again he found that his eyes had traversed pages while his thoughts were otherwise engaged. He was neither reading coherently nor thinking coherently. He would turn back and reread, endeavoring to concentrate, but only to find himself presently drifting again into shadowy, dreamlike speculations and imaginings.

He saw himself with Rita in foreign places amid spectacular surroundings. Now they would be strolling along the borders of some sapphire lake in the North Italian hills, now dining in a brilliant restaurant at Monte Carlo, now roaming the garden of a villa at Taormina—a villa sparkling white against the green mountainside, with the sea spread out below, and smoke-plumed Ætna lifting its white crest through a far-away blue haze.

At two the striking of the old clock in the study roused him. He had been lying with closed eyes, the open book propped against his knees. Once more he began to read. There was a description of a ball and supper at the Winter Palace, vast and beautiful apartments lighted by thousands of candles—a noble company. He seemed to see Rita there. Constantinople, the Bosporus, the Golden Horn—a succession of strange places, strange people, strange happenings, always with Rita at his side.

Now they were on the stage at the opera. No, not the opera. They were standing at the prow of a great galley surging through a summer sea. Richly colored sails bellied in the soft, sweet wind. Rita was dressed in trailing robes of white brocade. Her glorious dark hair was hanging about her shoulders. There was music. She was singing to him, but in a language he did not know. The sailors, too, were speaking a strange tongue. He listened, spellbound.

Then came Alice. Sailors held her roughly by the wrists. They were dragging her to the ship's side. They were going to throw her into the sea. Rita was not looking at them; she did not know what was happening. He tried to tell her, but she could not understand. She continued to sing, smiling at him, and while she sang there was a charm upon him—he was unable to move.

The sailors were lifting Alice now. Something must be done to save her. She looked at him imploringly, but he stood horror-stricken, rooted to the spot. He heard her pleading with them. He tried to shout and stop them, but was dumb.

They were holding her out over the water now. He could see it rushing by below. In a moment she would be gone. Rita still smiled and sang her song. In agony he watched. What were they waiting for? Ah, yes, the signal. They were awaiting the signal, which, he somehow knew, was to be

(Continued on Page 86

Home-Study
Business Courses

Do you want a more important, high-salaried position? You can [illegible] to the [illegible] Just check and mail the coupon today. No obligation to you. Let us prove how this step has helped thousands of ambitious men to real success.

Coupon

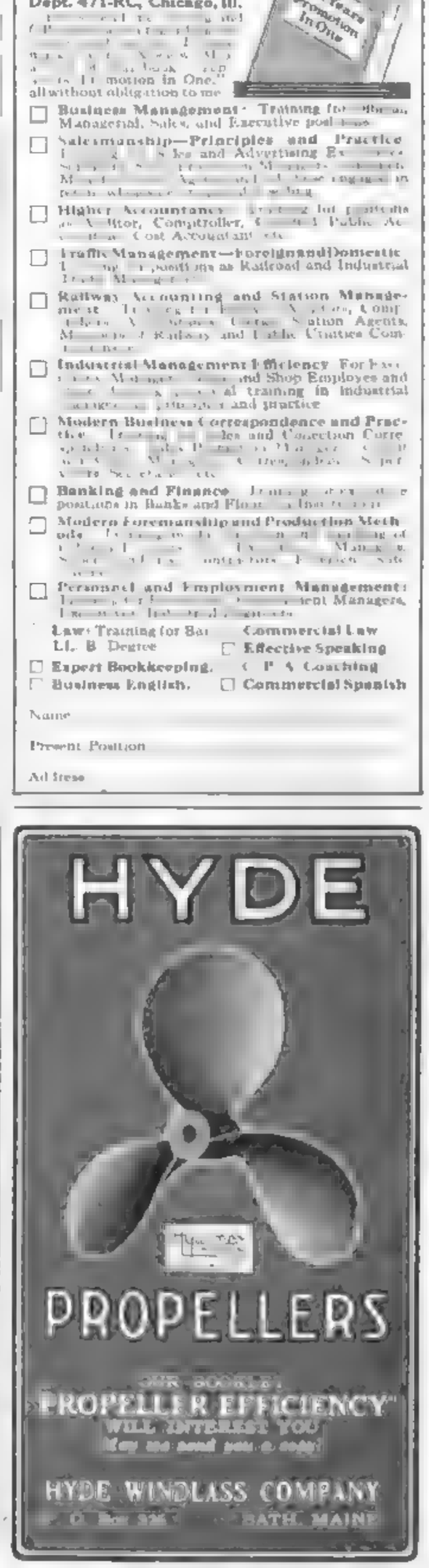
La Salle Extension University
Dept. 471-RC, Chicago, Ill.

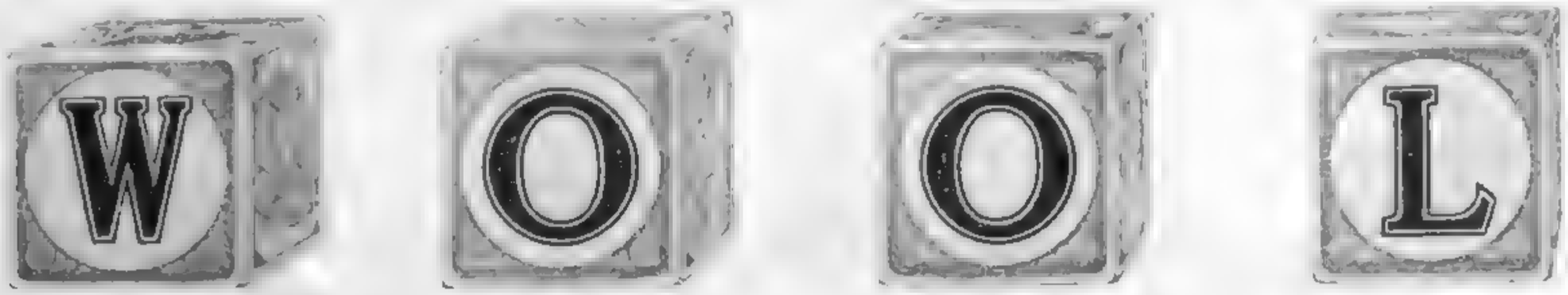
[illegible] all without obligation to me.

- ☐ Business Management: Training for Executive, Managerial, Sales, and Executive positions
- ☐ Salesmanship—Principles and Practice
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic
- ☐ Railway Accounting and Station Management
- ☐ Industrial Management Efficiency
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management

☐ Law: Training for Bar, LL. B. Degree
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish

Name
Present Position
Address





Send for a set of our Wool Soap Toy Blocks—20 to the set, round-cornered, 1¾ inches square, attractively embossed. The children will love them as a plaything of delightful and instructive amusement. Send 5 Wool Soap Wrappers, together with 25c in stamps or cash

A Fleecy Lather

Specially priced for one week

April 24 to 29

This family carton of Wool Soap

DURING the week of April 24 to 29, dealers everywhere will feature, at a special discount price, the family carton of Wool Soap, containing 24 six-ounce cakes.

This unusual economy offer holds a particular interest for every home in which there are babies or growing children. It affords a decided price saving and the convenience of a supply on hand.

Mothers have been using Wool Soap for more than a quarter of a century now. Its purity, its dependable quality, have made it the chosen soap for children in thousands of homes.

There are still many thousands of mothers who have not yet experienced real satisfaction in a soap for children's use. It is to introduce Wool Soap to them that this special offer is made—for one week only.

Advantages of this special offer to mothers

To nearly every household comes an occasional emergency of suddenly finding itself without soap. Mothers realize the convenience of having a several weeks' supply in the house.

In addition to the saving always possible in quantity buying, dealers everywhere will extend to you a special price advantage on the Wool Soap family carton during this week.

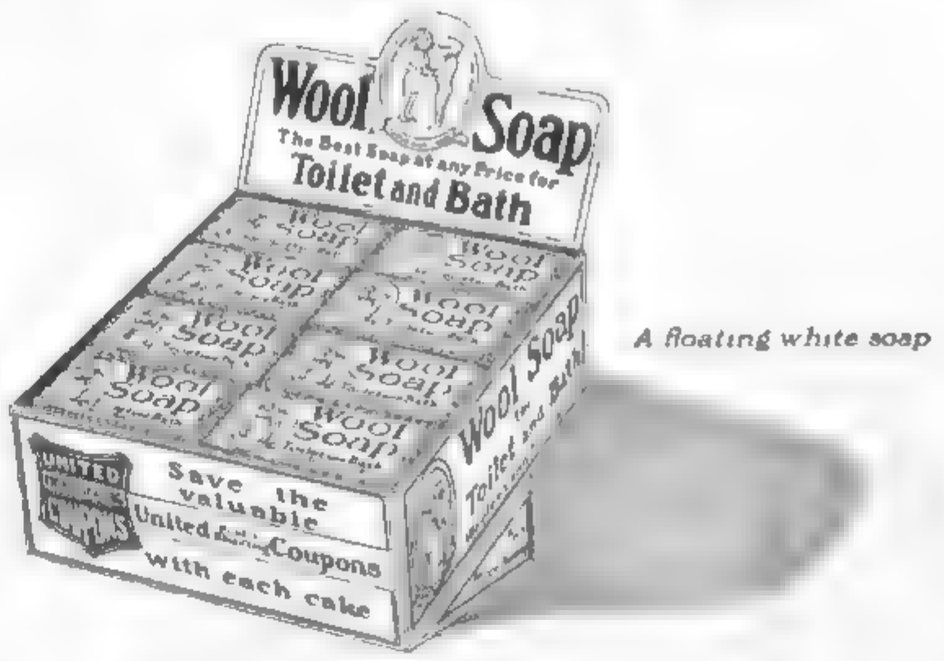
Wool Soap is the only white soap with which United Profit Sharing premium coupons are given. All Wool Soap coupons are exchangeable for valuable articles which every woman is glad to have.

The ideal soap for children's use

Skin and baby specialists place great emphasis on the necessity of a pure soap for children's tender skins. They say that mothers cannot be too careful about this one bath necessity.

A child's skin is so sensitive that it is easily irritated and coarsened if too strong soap is used. Only a mild, pure soap, suited to the unusually delicate requirements of tender young skin, should be used.

Wool Soap is ideally made for children's use.



A floating white soap

The materials are the purest that can be obtained—the fats could be used to cook with. Every process of its manufacture is a step toward perfecting it.

Wool Soap lathers freely and cleanses quickly. For this reason children like to use it. It lasts well—a quality in soap that mothers appreciate.

Its effect on the skin is mild and pleasant. It never draws the skin or stings or irritates.

As a successor to the pure old imported Castile soap, now so seldom obtainable, Wool Soap is fast being chosen by careful, discriminating mothers everywhere, as the *one soap* best suited for family use.

Remember—this offer holds good only one week

The special price offer dealers are making on the family carton of Wool Soap, continues for one week only. Don't forget the dates! April 24–29. You can get it at your dealer's—anywhere. Just ask him to send it out. Telephone him today.

If your dealer does not have this carton in stock, send us his name, address and a check or money order for $1.65 and we will see that you are supplied.

Swift & Company, Chicago 4825

My dealer does not have the family carton of Wool Soap in stock. Enclosed is $1.65 for which please send a carton to

Name

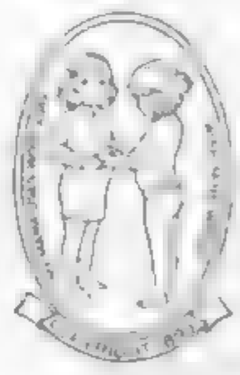
Address

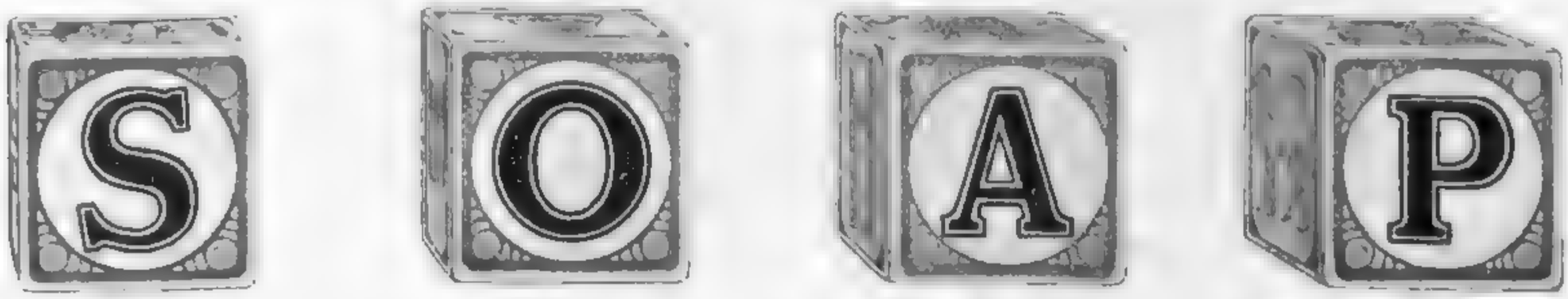
My dealer is

Name

Address

For toilet and bath





For Children's Skins

BUILD YOUR HOME ON THE EXPERIENCE OF OTHERS

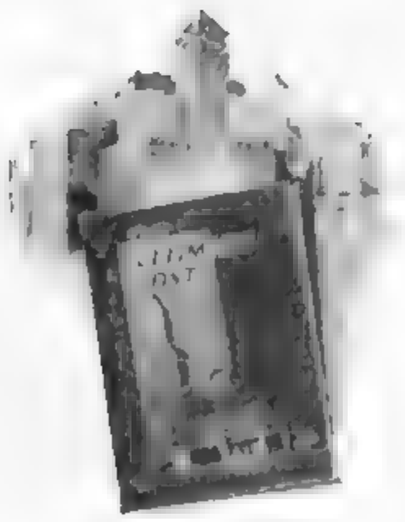
EVERYTHING for the huge buildings you see is bought with care, with foresight, and with exact knowledge that it is the best to be had for the money.

The Ambassador Hotel at Atlantic City, for instance, designed by Warren & Wetmore, architects, is installed throughout with Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe. Hundreds of other large buildings use Reading, too. Why? Because Reading lasts longer. It resists corrosion.

If you intend to build a home, you should follow the example of the big builder and use Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe. It is your best insurance against corrosion and short pipe life. These evils mean replacement. Replacement means added expense, such as tearing out walls and floors, installing new pipe and then repairing all the damage done.

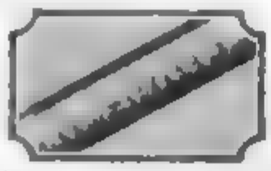
Good architects specify Reading. If you follow your architect's advice and use Reading, you will be taking the best and most economical course.

Write for the booklet, "The Ultimate Cost." It is of unusual interest to the home builder.



SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET

It contains instructive information on pipe costs and the best installation methods. Also literature on Reading Cut Nails which hold and prevent squeaking floors.



"'Reading' on every length"

READING IRON COMPANY
READING, PENNA.

Largest Producers of Wrought Iron Pipe in the World

READING
WROUGHT IRON PIPE

(Continued from Page 83)

the ringing of a bell. Then they would let her fall. That bell must not ring! Oh, it must not!

But it did ring, and as he heard it the whole scene faded out. In an instant he was wide awake, trembling and perspiring with the terror of that dream.

One thing, however, he knew he had not dreamed. A bell had in truth rung. It had awakened him. Even now he seemed to hear the echo of its last reverberations.

The telephone! Rita!

He snatched the instrument from the stand beside his bed and answered.

For a moment there was silence on the wire. Then came the droning voice of the operator, "Number, please?"

Without a word he hung up the receiver.

Through the net curtains gently swaying in his open windows he saw daylight. He squinted at the little clock upon his dresser. Twenty minutes to eight. He heard his servant pass down the hall, open the front door and say good morning to the elevator man, who always brought the mail and newspapers. It was the doorbell he had heard—only the doorbell.

He reached above his head and turned off the reading light. As he moved, the book of memoirs slipped from the bed and fell with a dull bump and flap of leaves to the floor. One of the tassels of his dressing gown was digging into his side where he had lain upon it as he slept. The night was gone. Another day had dawned; and not a word from Rita.

For a time he lay there miserable. He ached. But he must get up. There was that infernal tassel to encourage him, and there was so much to be done to-day. He must buy Alice's tickets, go to the office and come up later to see her off.

And Rita—that matter must be definitely settled. The waiting, the uncertainty were no longer to be endured. He had not known a moment's peace since he first laid eyes on Rita. She was driving him mad.

He arose, hurried through his toilet, bolted his breakfast and went out. From the Grand Central Station he telephoned, letting Alice know that he had secured accommodations on the Cleveland Limited and that he would call at six to drive her to the train.

Then, anticipating her, he added, "I'll come before six if I can, but there's no telling about that until I get to the office."

There! That much was done.

But, oh, this case of Rita! Why couldn't he see through it? Generally, he felt, he understood women and their ways. Certainly his friends, troubled by affairs of the heart, had come to him often enough with their problems; and always he had been able to interpret and advise. Everit, for instance, when he was in love with that married woman in Pawtucket; and Sage, when he was having difficulties with his wife; and poor old Goodman, who only needed to be nerved up to propose to a girl who had waited more than a year for him to do so. All he required now was help of the kind he had so often given. He must eliminate his feelings. He must force himself into a state of frigid practicality. He must audit his affair with Rita as impartially as an accountant would audit his own books. A man of his experience ought to be able to do that.

Riding downtown in the Subway, he attempted it. He had a choice of two courses: Either he must ignore Rita until she should communicate with him or else he must spare no effort to get in touch with her at once. The arguments in favor of the first course were simple. She had broken her promise to call him up. She had ignored his messages. She had not acknowledged his flowers. He would like to punish her for all that.

But there were arguments in favor of the other course. Suppose he remained silent—what then? Rita was proud. She might answer silence with silence. A deadlock. Everything ended. Moreover, a card in a box of flowers was easily lost. And there was absolutely no way of being sure that his message, left with Pierre, had ever reached her.

To discover a plausible excuse for her failure to telephone according to her pledge did not at first look easy, but before he reached his office he had hit upon an explanation which seemed to him a masterpiece of feminine psychologizing. Her promise, given freely as they parted, had assumed an aspect altogether different when the time came for its fulfillment. Twelve hours of daylight had changed the look of things. She had felt self-conscious Diffidence! That was it! He had a vision of her thinking of him, wishing to telephone to him, yet not wishing to; going hesitantly toward the instrument, then faltering and giving up. A charming vision.

He understood her feeling. He would put away false pride and keep calling her up until he got her. Once they had talked, her shyness would depart.

At eleven o'clock he left his desk, where an investor was discussing with him the advisability of selling stocks and buying bonds, went to the private telephone booth and called Rita's number. Pierre reported that she was not yet awake. He had expected that. But to-day he meant to be forehanded.

Returning to his desk, he resumed his conversation with the customer, who thought him overpessimistic.

At half past twelve he telephoned again. This time the butler asked him to hold the wire. That was encouraging. But the kindling hope was quickly extinguished. Pierre returned to say that the throat specialist was with mademoiselle. If Mr. Parrish would leave his number mademoiselle would call him in a little while.

The throat specialist! Perhaps she was ill. Perhaps that was why he had not heard from her. That was another contingency he should have taken into his calculations. Opera singers had to be more careful of their health than ordinary mortals. But in response to his quick inquiry Pierre assured him that she was quite well; the doctor's visit was a matter of routine.

"I m glad to hear that," said Parrish.

Yet somehow he was not quite glad to hear it. Of course he did not wish Rita to be ill, but on the other hand had she been ill everything would have been explained. He left his number. Then instead of going out he had lunch sent in to him and ate it at his desk. The market to-day was so irregular the kind of market one did not like to leave.

An hour passed. An hour of suspense, punctuated by frequent excursions to the ticker. The uncertainties of this fluctuating market were trifles by comparison with those of his state of mind. At length he ceased to make excuses for her. Her promises were worth nothing. She had never intended to call him up.

Well, he would give her one more chance. As he went to the booth for the third time he felt that he was facing one of the crises of his life. The whole future hung on what should happen now. Again he heard the voice of Pierre. He asked to speak to Rita.

"Mademoiselle had to go out, sir."

"All right!"

The electric contact, broken as he lowered the receiver on the hook, would never be resumed. It was over; over and done with. He stood for a moment staring dully at the mouthpiece.

"Damn her!" he muttered. "I'm through!"

XV

HE WAS tired—frightfully tired. He needed rest. He needed to relax. But his nerves would not let him relax. The sensible thing for him to do, he knew, was to go home and have a nap before taking Alice to the train, but the thought was distasteful. He was too restless for that.

After the closing of the market he remained for a time in the office, talking gloomily with customers about the economic future of the country, the railroad situation, wages; the excess-profits tax killing initiative. Had not the British tried an excess-profits tax and abandoned it? But the British generally showed some sense in these matters. A direct sales tax was the only thing.

He looked in his desk drawers for a certain pamphlet giving the comparative figures, but could not find it. The drawers were full of old papers and reports, most of them useless. Talk about efficiency! Sixty dollars a week to a secretary who didn't even clear out these desk drawers! He buzzed for the young man, and in the tone of one who has suffered long and patiently spoke to him about the matter. Then he left for the day.

Instead of taking the Subway up to Forty-second Street, according to his usual habit, he walked up crowded Nassau Street to City Hall Park, and striking across the park continued up Broadway.

How the city had changed within his memory! Not only the buildings but the

(Continued on Page 89)

A Diamond for Every Car

There is the right Diamond Tire for you and your car—a Diamond Cord, or a Diamond Fabric. Sum up your needs, and one or the other will meet them.

DIAMOND CORD

The climax of our twenty-nine years of quality tire making. The sum total of our experience, ideals and principles. Diamond *durability* at its *highest*, *plus* a *handsomer* tread, tastefully set off by smart, shapely sidewalls. Diamond *economy* at peak, *plus* a new road-gripping, tractor-like anti-skid, unique in tire history. A tire to add beauty to the luxurious limousine, and elegance to the most modest car. To get a *new thrill* out of your automobile, equip it with new Diamond Cords.

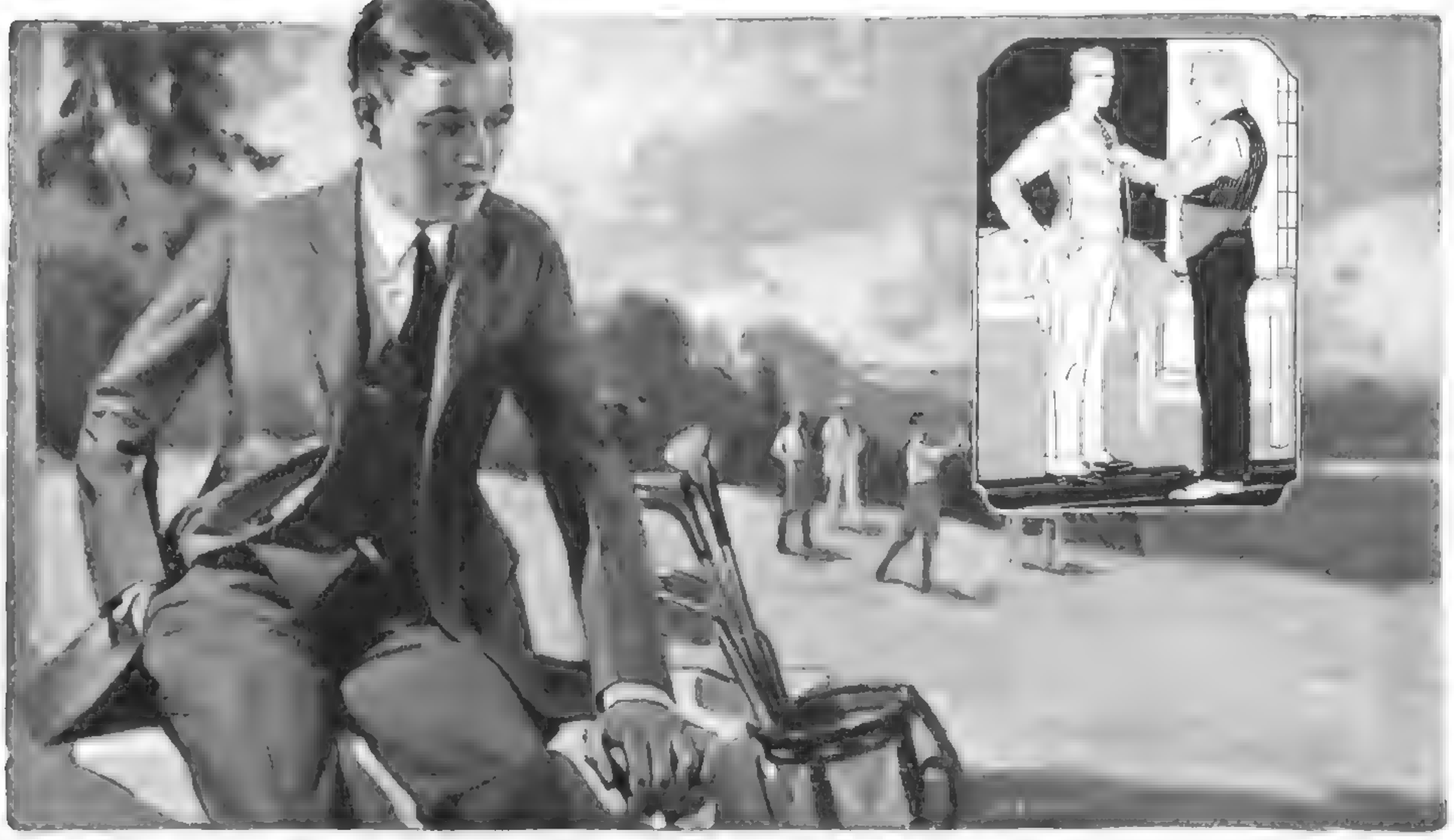
DOUBLE DIAMOND FABRIC

Owners of Fords, of Chevrolets, of Maxwells, and other popular sized cars—The new Double Diamond is your tire; the tire in *perfect balance*. *In balance* with your car, its weight, its needs, its uses. *In balance* with your ideas of a tire; a full measure tire at minimum first cost. Go and see it; observe its novel, road-gripping tread; its trim gracefulness, and fortified sidewalls. Balance your car with Double Diamonds.

SEE THESE MATCHLESS TIRES AT THE NEAREST DIAMOND DISTRIBUTOR'S OR DEALER'S

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, Inc., *Akron, Ohio*

Diamond Tires



The Only Man in the World

YOU are the only man who has to wear your clothes. You are the only man in the world our tailors consider when your Kahn suit is being made. Therefore, your Kahn tailored-to-measure suit is as individual and personal as your own tooth brush.

❖ ❖

Get that one point forever in your mind —it is *very* important. We do not do so-called "type-tailoring." Every Kahn made-to-measure suit is tailored with infinite care and precision to fit just *one man*.

❖ ❖

This individuality, this "mine" feeling in your Kahn Clothes is pure plus—you pay no premium whatever for it. Kahn made-to-measure clothes cost no more than fine ready-to-wear clothes

—because they are tailored in great volume—meaning low production costs and a low price to our dealers

—and because our dealers have no merchandise investment and no losses on old stocks—meaning a low retail price to you.

❖ ❖

Prove—at our risk—that Kahn Clothes offer the most comfort, satisfaction and value for the money.

Go to the nearest Kahn dealer (there are three thousand of them in this country); select the fabric you admire; let him measure you for a spring suit. If it doesn't please you in every respect

—DON'T TAKE IT. Kahn clothes must make good, or we will.

Get a suit, *this time*, that FITS.

Because of its superior fit, workmanship and materials, your hand-tailored Kahn suit will look well and stand pressing and cleaning indefinitely.

Prices on Kahn made-to-measure clothes for Spring are $35 to $70. To pay less is false economy; to pay more is false pride.

KAHN · TAILORING · CO.

OF INDIANAPOLIS

Kahn Made to Measure Clothes Gentlemen's Wear Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 86)

people. You never saw any Americans these days. Half the time you didn't even hear the English language. Swarthy foreigners stopping in the middle of the sidewalks to converse blocked the way like stupid cattle.

Reaching Union Square he swung around its western border. Why was Union Square always torn up? It never ceased to look like a mining camp. There was something sad, too, about Broadway between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets. All the old stores gone—some of them moved uptown, some closed forever. He used to like those stores, even in the days when he hadn't much to spend. And the Fifth Avenue Hotel—one missed it; it had character. The moment anything became a landmark in this town it was time to get rid of it—unless it happened to be something ugly, like the Worth Monument. That of course would always be preserved. It hadn't looked so bad when there were trees around it, but the trees were gone.

The mild weather of the last few days continued. If you wore your overcoat it was too warm, but if you took it off you felt a chill in the air. There was a lot of pneumonia about. This premature spring was enervating. As soon as everyone was accustomed to it there would come a blizzard. That was the New York climate.

Reaching the Waldorf he thought of taking a taxi, but after a moment's hesitation continued up Fifth Avenue afoot. He had not intended to walk so far, but as long as he had done it he might as well complete the job, tired though he was. There was just about time enough to walk home and freshen up before calling for Alice. After she had left he would go home and bathe and rest and have some dinner. Or perhaps he would go out to dinner. He could go to a club. He would run into people there. He didn't feel like dining alone. As a matter of fact he didn't feel like dining at all.

Curious how the looks of the crowds changed from day to day without apparent reason. There ought to be as many pretty, fashionably dressed women out this afternoon as yesterday or the day before, but there were not. To-day half the women looked dowdy and the other half overdressed. How they piled the make-up on! So many of them had taken to dyeing their hair, too, and every now and then one got a whiff of noxious scent that was asphyxiating.

What a town! More and more crowded every year. Business offices piled in layers, higher and higher; homes piled in the same way—so-called homes. Nobody in New York really had a home. It was all impermanence.

His car was waiting at the curb when he reached home, and soon he was on his way across town to Alice's. It would be some time now before he took this drive again. She would be gone ten days or two weeks.

Now that Rita had been definitely and finally ejected from his life there was not, of course, the pressing need that there had been for Alice's departure. Still, it was just as well that she was going. The experience with Rita had shaken him. Such a splendid dream with such a swift and bitter awakening. It would take him a little while to pull himself together and get over it. It was better that Alice should be away while he was fighting the thing out with himself.

He found her putting the last touches to her packing. The wardrobe trunk stood in the corner of the bedroom ready to be closed. He pushed the two sides together and snapped the lock. The porters came to get it.

"Let me ——" she said, fumbling at her purse, but he tipped them, telling them to put the trunk on a taxi and have it wait with his own car.

Her Russia-leather suitcase was lying open on the bed. He saw her go to her dressing table, take the large silver-framed photograph of himself, wrap it in something soft and silken and place it in the bag.

"Surely you aren't going to lug that out there with you?" he asked.

"I most certainly am!"

"You should have put it in the trunk, then."

"Something might happen to it—they slam trunks around so. Anyway, I want it with me."

"But when you get out to your sister's you won't want to put my picture up in your room, will you?"

"I'd like to know why not!"

"They'll be asking about it. They'll want to know if it's your young man."

"Well, it is my young man, isn't it?"

"Not so very young," he said.

She came and put her arms about his neck, looking up into his face

"Yes, young!" said she. "You don't look within five years of your age, dear. And you're handsome—so handsome!"

"God forbid!" he said.

"Yes, handsome—the handsomest man I ever saw, if you want to know! Maybe that's the only reason I take your photograph with me. Did that ever occur to you? Maybe I don't love you at all! Maybe it's just that I'm proud of your looks!"

She seemed very sweet at that moment, in her tender playfulness. Somehow as she stood there close to him he felt happier than he had been in several days. Not really happy, of course, but less unhappy. There was something soothing about Alice. It helped him to relax.

"They won't ask about your picture," she went on. "They may wonder—I suppose they do wonder sometimes, but that's all."

"Wonder?"

"I mean, I suppose they wonder if I'm ever going to—that is, what I'm going to do with my life. But they aren't the prying kind. And even if they were, dear, I just couldn't get along without your picture. I love you too much."

He Had Been Lying With Closed Eyes, the Open Book Propped Against His Knees

"Too much!" he said. "That's just it. You really haven't had out of life anything like what you're entitled to. I haven't done ——"

She placed her hand lightly over his mouth as though to stop the utterance of a sacrilege. They stood thus for a moment, silent.

"It's time to go," he said.

He helped her close the bag and snap the cloth cover over it. Then, when she had put on her hat and coat, he carried the bag to the hall and waited there while she ran to the kitchen to say good-by to Otillia.

"I told her to telephone to you if anything came up while I'm away," she said when she returned. "That's all right, isn't it?"

"Of course. Come along." He held the door open.

In the limousine he felt her hand descend softly over his upon the seat.

"Are you feeling better to-day, dear?"

"Yes, I'm all right."

"Be careful about sudden changes in the weather."

"Certainly."

As they neared the station she said, "I don't know how I'm going to get along without you."

"Oh, it won't be long."

The car had swung into Vanderbilt Avenue and was approaching the carriage entrance of the terminal.

"Do you love me, Dick?"

"You know it."

"Darling!" she said, and pressed his hand gratefully. "And you will try to arrange for us to come back together, won't you?"

"If I can."

Her trunk had followed them down in a taxi. He checked it; then went with her to the train-gate, which was just being opened.

An obliging gateman let him pass through with her.

"Dick," she said in a low tone as they walked down the concrete platform beside the long row of Pullmans, "I can't help it. I feel—apprehensive."

"Why should you?"

"I don't know. I woke up last night—you know how weak you are when you wake up in the night and begin to worry? It was a sort of nightmare. Things haven't seemed just right lately. I felt almost as if—as if we had quarreled. I couldn't get it out of my head that you wanted to get rid of me."

"Silly girl!"

"I suppose I am silly."

"Yes. Why, I had a nightmare myself."

"About me? What did you dream about me?"

"Oh, I don't know. We were on a boat. I can't remember dreams. There was cheese in that salad dressing last night. Cheese never agrees with me."

He boarded the sleeper, saw her to her section and tipped the redcap who had carried her bag.

"Now," he said with the air of one whose duty is done, "you're all fixed. Here are your tickets."

"Thanks, dear, for seeing to everything. Can't you sit down a minute?"

"I have to get home and freshen up before dinner," he answered. "And—I hate to wait around for a train to leave."

"Yes, I remember." She rose. "I'll go to the platform with you."

He followed her down the aisle and into the narrow passage. At the end of the passage she paused, looked out to the platform to see that no one was coming, then turned quickly, and placing her hands upon his shoulders gave him a swift, eager kiss.

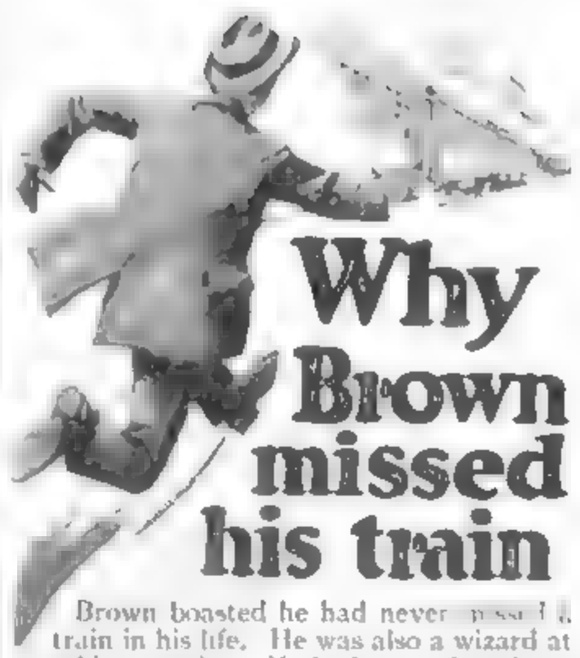
"Not here!" he protested, disengaging himself and glancing apprehensively behind him. She was amused.

"Don't you like me when I'm brazen?"

"Now you go back," he said, smiling uneasily, "and we'll say good-by through the window."

He left her, walked back beside the car, and presently saw her sit down on the green plush seat within. Bending over and looking at her through the two thicknesses of glass, he formed a good-by with his lips.

(Continued on Page 92)



Why Brown missed his train

Brown boasted he had never missed a train in his life. He was also a wizard at working puzzles. He had never found one he couldn't do. But one morning Brown missed his train. His record as a puzzle worker was at stake. He had seen some of the boys at the Club puzzling for days over—

"Puzzle-Peg"

He thought he could solve it in a hurry. So he bought a set and took it home. After dinner he worked on it for hours. Finally he gave up for the night but started in again next morning as soon as breakfast was over. He had it almost solved! The tantalizing pegs were jumping just right—when all of a sudden his train whistled! He started for the station, but too late. Away went his record for making trains as well as for solving puzzles.

Thousands of people of all ages from ten to ninety have puzzled over Puzzle-Peg for days. It is the most baffling and mysterious fun provoking puzzle ever invented. You may work for days to find one solution. You may say it can't be done. But with each game shows already 30 ways of doing it have been found.

If you want the biggest box of fun and entertainment you ever had for 50 cents, get a set of Puzzle-Peg anywhere good games are sold. If you have trouble in getting your set, send 50 cents and we will mail one postpaid together with free booklet of 30 Problems.

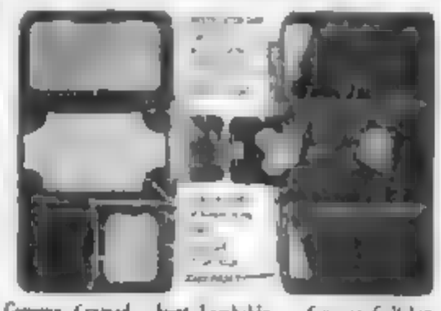
LUBBERS and BELL,
721 Second Ave.,
CLINTON, IOWA

Cook's KCCo
GUARANTEED LEATHER GOODS

The Sign of Satisfaction

For Safety and Service
AMERICAN GENTLEMAN CARRYALL

saves time and insures the safety of contents. It has compartments for paper money, coins, cards, memos, identification, stamps, pencil. A billfold of character, handsome, compact. Designed for long service; made of genuine leather, stitched thruout. Most popular bill fold of its kind. Guarantee Bond in each. Life-size model FREE.



Genuine Grained Black Sheepskin **$1.00** | Imp. Lambskin Black or Tan **$1.50** | Genuine Calfskin Black or Mahogany **$3.50**

"JUNIOR"—meets the demand for a rough-and-[illegible] one black leather. Places for all needfuls. Surprising value **50c**

IF DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU send order and remittance direct with his name and address.

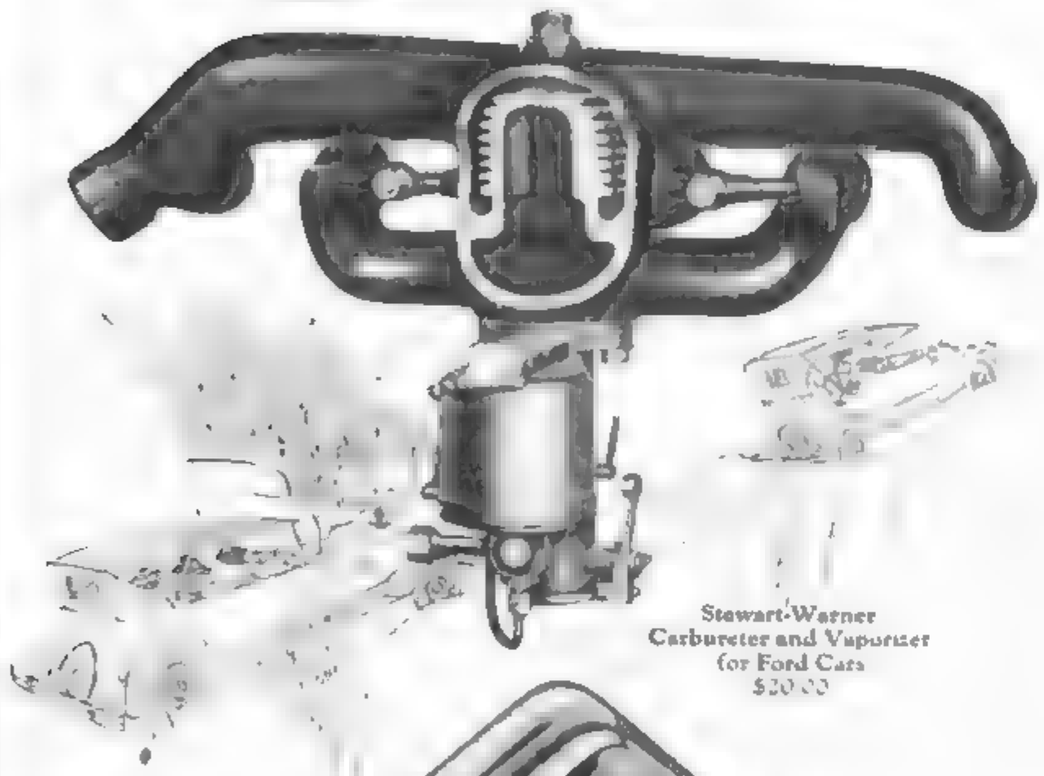
CHAS. E. COOK CO., INC., CAMDEN, N. J.

De Luxe
Stewart Autoguard
Double Bars Insure 100% Protection

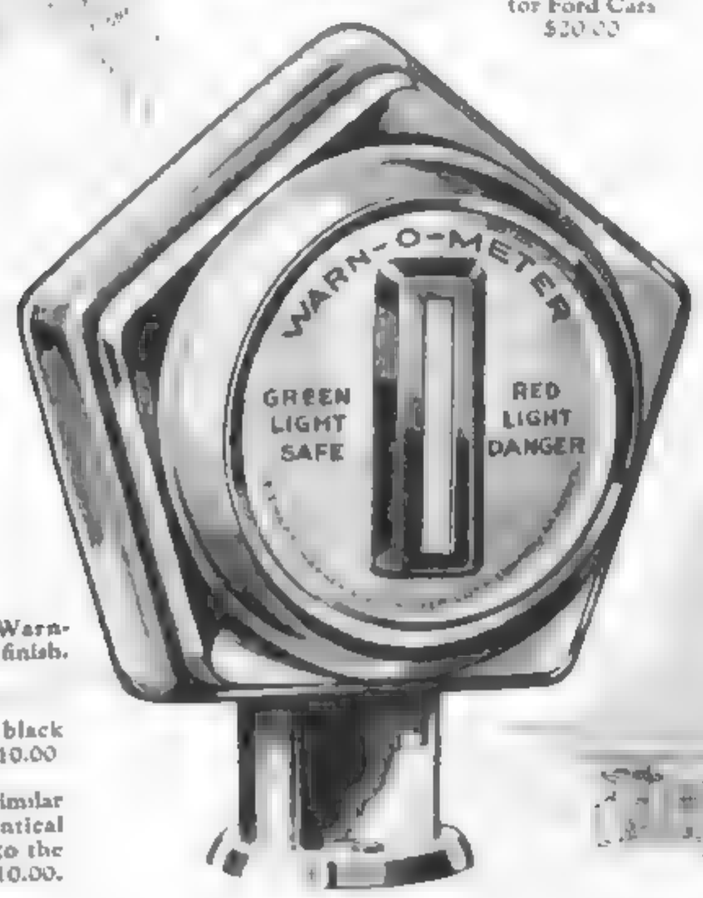
Stewart Double Bar Autoguards
De Luxe Model . . . $[illegible]
Aristocrat Model . . . [illegible]

Single Bar Models range in price from $11.00 to $18.00

Stewart
Stop Signal
$5.00



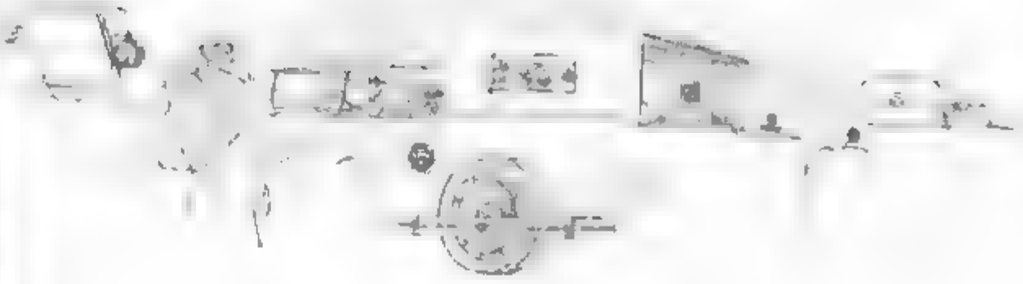
Stewart-Warner
Carbureter and Vaporizer
for Ford Cars
$20.00



Stewart DeLuxe Warn-O-Meter, all nickel finish. $12.50

Standard Model, black and nickel finish, $10.00

Ford Car Model, similar in design and identical in workmanship to the Standard Model, $10.00.



SO BIG—so bright—the driver behind can't fail to see it. *Avoid smash-ups* Through rain or fog STOP flashes out in brilliant red against a black background whenever the foot brake is depressed. Sand-blasted glass to avoid glare

Extreme caution is advised when buying electrical equipment. The name Stewart is on this Stop Signal.

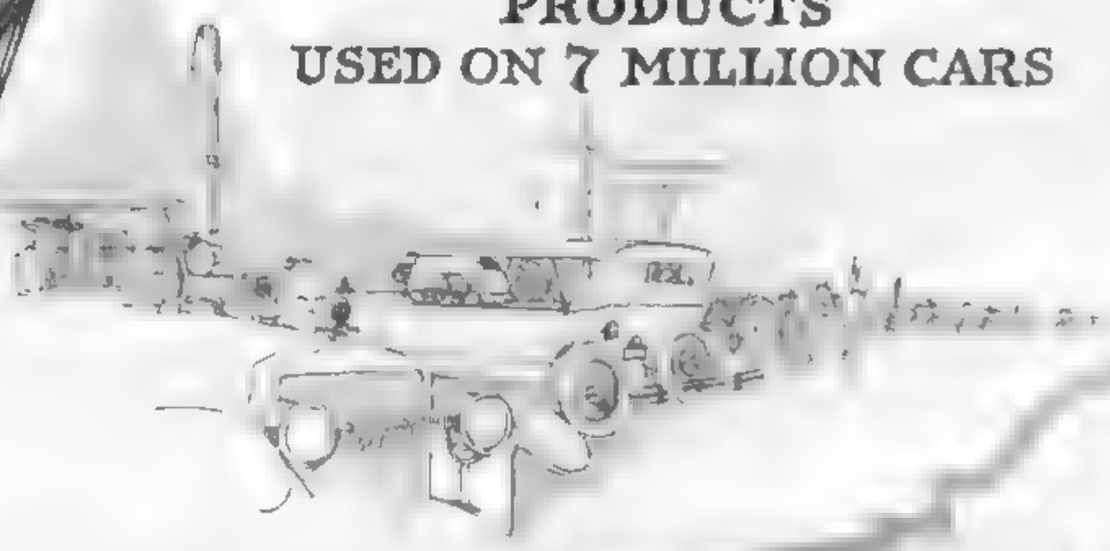
THE pick-up, the power and the gas-mileage obtained after installing this carbureter astonish Ford car owners. These advantages are due to complete vaporization, equal distribution to the cylinders and complete combustion of the fuel. Trouble from fouled plugs and diluted oil is entirely eliminated. Owners report an average increase of 38% in fuel economy. A remarkable thing about the carbureter is that it operates as well—or even better—on low grade as on high grade fuels.

DON'T take the chance of overheating your motor. Keep your car out of the shop. Cut down repair bills. With a Warn-O-Meter mounted on radiator or fender you are constantly informed as to the motor's heat. A green light appears at an efficient motor temperature. Changes gradually to pink and flashes red should the motor begin to overheat. Beautiful in appearance, correct in workmanship.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

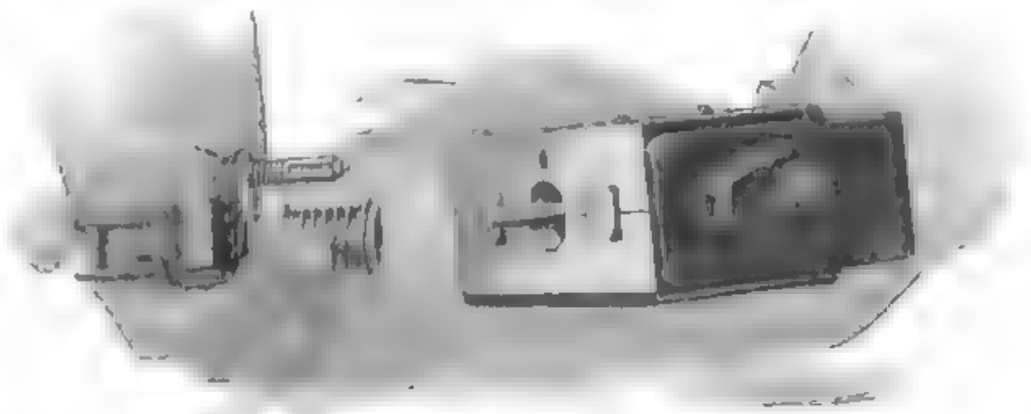
Stewart

PRODUCTS
USED ON 7 MILLION CARS



"You want Wico"

For Single Cylinder Engines



HERE is the perfect high tension magneto with all its moving parts withdrawn, just as you can do for yourself. You take nobody else's word for its unique simplicity and unfailing reliability—they're self evident.

WICO HIGH TENSION MAGNETOS for all one cylinder engines

are guaranteed to give a stronger spark for starting, independent of engine speed, and more hours of perfect service than you imagine possible. You can care for one yourself just as you would any other part of your engine.

Wico is the perfect solution of your ignition problem. Saves you the time and strength you now use up in getting started. Saves you the engine time you lose when your batteries or magneto are drowned out or out of adjustment.

Contractors, farmers, oil men, fishermen, railroad men, motor boat owners—Wico is just what you have wanted for years.

Write your engine builder, see yourdealer. SpecifyWico. Most engine builders now use and recommend Wico Magnetos.

Tear out the coupon below and mail it to us today. We'll help you to get Wico and send you a most interesting booklet

Write now and save time and money

Novo Engine Wico Equipped at the Novo Factory Lansing Mich.

Name

Street

Town State

My engine H P

My dealer

WICO ELECTRIC CO. SPRINGFIELD MASS. U·S·A

(Continued from Page 89)

then paused for an instant, feeling her clinging to him with her eyes.

"Good-by," he said again, and lifted his hat.

This time her lips moved in answer. With a nod and a smile he straightened up and walked away. Coming upon a newsman some distance back along the platform he was reminded that he had failed to supply her with reading matter. He hesitated. He did not wish to go back to her. It would mean saying good-by all over again.

Making a quick selection from the man's supply he penciled Alice's name and her car and section numbers on the cover of one of the periodicals. Then he stopped an empty-handed redcap who was passing and gave them to him for delivery. It would be a little surprise for her. Trifling attentions always pleased her so.

XVI

THE street lamps were lighted on Fifth Avenue as he drove home from the station, and the traffic was much diminished. It was nearly dinner time. How should he pass the evening? The sensible thing to do would be to dine at his apartment, read for a while and go early to bed. But tired as he was, he dreaded the thought of a quiet evening at home. His nerves were all on edge. He craved diversion and companionship—anything to get his mind off Rita.

All day long he had known that the time would come when he would feel as he was feeling now; that he would find himself alone with nothing to do, and that, left thus to himself, he would be miserable; but he had lacked the initiative to plan the evening otherwise. He had thought of various friends and various pastimes, but had rejected them one after another. There was no definite person he really wished to see; there was no definite thing he really wished to do; yet his desire to see someone and to do something was overwhelming. He did not want to plan. He wanted something to happen—something unexpected, extraordinary, stimulating; the kind of thing that never happens when one longs for it.

He wished he were anywhere but where he was. Oh, to be in Paris at this moment, with a seat at a little table on the sidewalk terrace of some boulevard café; or in a speedy motor boat, dashing along the shores of some tropical isle, blue and silver in the moonlight; or in an aëroplane soaring like a swift night bird between the stars and the sleeping world! But he was conscious, in each of his imaginings, of someone at his side, and though he tried to make himself oblivious of the identity of that someone, he could not.

Rita—how she haunted him!

Reaching home he dawdled miserably over his dressing. He was planning to go out only because it struck him as a little less unpleasant to go out than to stay in. It was after eight when he started on foot for the club; and when, a little later, he entered the dining room and looked about he saw after-dinner coffee on many of the tables. Four of his friends, Larry Merrick among them, were at a table where there was no room for an extra place. Two more were talking business and evidently wished to be alone. Clarke was dining by himself, as usual, and for the usual reason: nobody wished to dine with such an ass as Clarke.

Parrish sat down alone and scanned the menu. It did not interest him. The head waiter came and recommended chicken potpie. He hated chicken potpie. His order given at last, he read his second evening paper. How slow the service was here! When he was eating his dessert Larry Merrick came over and joined him.

"A nice party we had the other night," he said.

Parrish assented briefly; then he spoke of a consolidation of steel companies which had been announced that day, asking Merrick what he thought about it.

"It ought to be a good thing," said the other. "Wasn't it nice to hear her sing in those intimate surroundings? It was just right, the way she modulated her voice for that room."

"Yes. It struck me as peculiar that the steels didn't go up on the news though."

"You can't tell in this market. Have you seen her since?"

Why did he keep harping on the subject of Rita when the world was full of things to talk about?

"No, I haven't."

"She seemed quite taken with you."

"Rot!"

"Busini evidently didn't think it was rot," Merrick smiled.

Parrish laid down his fork.

"Waiter," he said, "bring my coffee."

"You think she was simply using you to plague him?"

That possibility had not occurred to Parrish before; he found the thought distasteful.

"How should I know?" he demanded. "All I know is that Busini is a lunatic."

"Yes. What do you suppose she sees in him?"

"The Lord only knows."

"Yet they've been keen about each other for a long time."

"So I've heard," Parrish answered in a tone intended to dismiss the topic.

"I guess it's pretty straight." Merrick paused, then added ruminatively, "Women are certainly queer!"

"I don't agree with that statement," the other returned crisply. "You can't make sweeping generalizations about either sex any more than you can about nations or political parties or the members of this club. Some men are queer, and some women aren't queer at all. Where can you find a greater freak than Busini, for instance?

"On the other hand, take a high type of woman—the fine, straightforward, honest, loyal kind that you can tie to as if she were the Rock of Gibraltar. Certainly you wouldn't call a woman like that queer!"

He was thinking of Alice. Her train must be somewhere near Albany by now. She had eaten her dinner and was back in her section reading one of the magazines that he had sent her; or perhaps she was sitting thinking about him. He wished that she had not gone away; that she was back in her apartment, where he could go to her for solace. She would ask no questions. She would demand nothing.

"I was talking about temperamental women," explained Merrick; "the artistic kind."

"Why didn't you say so then?"

"Weren't we discussing Rita?" Merrick looked surprised.

"We were discussing women. When you get down to artistic people there's no use discussing them at all. Nobody can figure them out. You can't tell what they're going to do any more than you can tell what a bolt of lightning is going to do. And even if you could figure them out—what's the use? It's a waste of time. They're like a lot of animals in a zoo. You may like to go and look at them once in a while, but you wouldn't want to live with them, because that would drive you off your base."

The waiter brought his coffee. Parrish tasted it. It was too hot. From his glass he poured some ice water into the cup, then gulped down its contents and rose from the table.

"Talk about generalizations!" said Merrick as they moved together toward the door. "It seems to me you've dealt with artistic people pretty much *en bloc*. Architects are artistic—aren't they pretty sane?"

"They'll put small windows in a house to make it pretty, whether you get air or not."

"Maybe they will. But there's a big difference between different kinds of artistic people. Of course poets are the worst. I don't like authors either. Half of them seem to be socialists or anarchists. They get too much advertising. It swells them up. And painters—they're a little off too. They think they have to wear beards and soft hats and baggy homespun suits. But music is more universal than the other arts. It reaches everyone and expresses things for them they can't express for themselves, and for that reason it seems to me that musical people are generally more human than artists of other kinds."

They had reached the head of the wide stair leading down from the dining-room floor to the hall below.

"Musical people!" repeated Parrish, stopping in his tracks. "Musical people human? Why, musical people are the worst of the whole outfit!"

As quickly as he could he escaped from Merrick and from the club, and walking aimlessly to Broadway strolled down through the glittering, noisy, crowded district of theaters, restaurants, little shops and movie palaces. There came into his mind a vague thought of seeing a movie, but the signs in electric lights outside the movie houses repelled him: The Penalty of Passion, The Chains of Love, The Golden Sin. No, no! Besides, it was

(Continued on Page 95)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

Lincoln Guarantees This "Cure" For "Bad Power Factor"

"Bad power factor!!"—that fearsome electrical bogey which boosts your power bill and eats up the power company's profits. It is as mysterious as witchcraft and demands the same "cure"—plain, common sense.

"Bad power factor" can only result from putting the *wrong* motor on the machine. Lincoln Engineers are giving "bad power factor" the common sense treatment by putting the *right* motor on the machine. They go direct to the machinery maker—test his different machines—find out the exact type and size of motor needed for each of his models—and give him a chart showing the result.

That sounds like a simple remedy, but it strikes at the very root of the trouble by removing the cause. Every outfit which the machinery maker ships out under this plan has a Lincoln Motor which is *guaranteed* to do the work with the least possible amount of power and hence to give a "good power factor."

If this Lincoln method had been generally used in applying motors to machinery there would be practically no such thing as "bad power factor." Millions of dollars would be saved to power users and power plants as well, where it is now wasted because of motors which are the wrong size, or the wrong type, or both.

You can start today to improve the power factor in your plant by asking that any new machinery you buy be equipped with Lincoln Motors applied and *guaranteed* by Lincoln Engineers

Branch Offices
New York City
Buffalo
Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit

"Link Up With Lincoln"

Branch Offices
Charlotte N C
Minneapolis

The Lincoln Electric Company
General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, Ohio
The Lincoln Electric Co., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

Lincoln Motors are 40 degree motors—the capacity for work is approximately 25% greater than the "50 degree" or "standard rated" motor

ROCKINCHAIR
Golf-Tennis Shirt Suit

Something New!

A Wonderful Combination for Comfort

Here's a brand new idea in a combination of outer shirt and underdrawer, built as a union suit, that provides a COOL COMFORT beyond anything ever before offered!

The Rockinchair Golf-Tennis Shirt Suit consists of a well-made regulation shirt, with soft collar attached, and with elbow or regular cuff sleeve, combined in one piece with an athletic drawer that has all the noted features of a Rockinchair Union Suit.

Shirts Can't Pull Out You put it on as you would a union suit. When your trouser belt is adjusted it holds up not only your trousers but also the drawer portion of the suit. You are *never* annoyed by the shirt pulling out of your trousers because it simply *can't!*

A "Blouse" For Full Bodily Freedom Around the sides and back, above the waistline, the shirt part is made full with a blouse effect. This lets you bend forward and sideways with absolute bodily freedom, without a possible bind or hitch anywhere. The feeling of utter freedom from restraint that this suit provides is simply glorious!

Perfect Fit Positively Assured You can be perfectly fitted, because each garment is made according to *two* sizes: collar size and union suit size. When you buy this suit you mention your underwear size and your collar size: and the sales clerk hands you the exact garment that bears *both* of these measurements.

Then there's the advantage of the sanitary closed seat and crotch (exactly like your trousers) and the side-leg opening, adjusted in a jiffy, the same as offered by the famous Rockinchair Athletic Union Suit.

Wonderful for golf and tennis and any activity where you want to keep cool and enjoy the comfort of unusual bodily freedom.

Try a suit. See or 'phone your dealer and ask for it by name, ROCKINCHAIR. If he hasn't it, write us.

Made by the manufacturers of ROCKINCHAIR Union Suits.

HENDERSON & ERVIN, 331 Fourth Avenue, New York City

CHICAGO: 234 S. Wells Street ATLANTA: 601 Silvey Building BOSTON: 52 Chauncy Street

Duofold for Winterwear—Rockinchair for Summerwear

ROCKINCHAIR TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 92

Saturday night. Every place of amusement would be packed to the doors.

By the time he reached Forty-second Street he felt that he had enough of Broadway jostling. Turning off he cut through to Fifth Avenue and thence made his way homeward.

That night he slept soundly, but he awoke in the morning with a feeling of deep depression.

It was Sunday. He had nothing to do. A long, dismal day confronted him. How long must he go on in this miserable frame of mind, with his heart like a lump of lead inside him?

Drinking his coffee at breakfast, with the Sunday papers spread about him, he told himself that he ought to do something to shake off his despondency. The thing for him to do, whether he felt like it or not, was to pack up and get out of town for a day or two. But where? He knew he would be welcome at the houses of a number of his friends in Westchester County and on Long Island, but he did not want to see people to whom he would have to talk.

He did not even want to go to Roslyn and see the Bements, though Stuart Bement was his partner and his closest friend. In almost any other circumstances the Bements would have been the very people he would have wished to visit; but the thought of their placid, happy, wholesome home was repellent to his present mood. He had the feeling that he wished to see people without associating with them.

Why not Atlantic City? He did not like Atlantic City, but that, in this unnatural bitter humor he was in, seemed almost to recommend the place. If he went anywhere it must be to some place he did not like; not a place he hated exactly, but one of which he was contemptuous.

He directed Ito to pack for him, then called up the garage. His chauffeur had had not yet arrived, but was expected momentarily. He left word for him to ring up as soon as he should come in. Then he wrote a letter to his secretary saying that he would not be at the office until Tuesday or Wednesday, and telling where he could be reached.

He had not yet heard from his chauffeur when his bags were packed and he was ready to leave for the train, and he was about to telephone down to the door man to get him a taxi when the telephone rang. But it was not his chauffeur's voice he heard when he answered. It was a woman's voice asking for him, and at the first sound of it his heart suddenly became a thing nervously alive.

"This is Mr. Parrish," he replied, almost but not quite certain of the voice.

"Where have you been all this time?"

His hands holding the instrument began to tremble.

"Where have I been?" he repeated, stupefied even more by the bland audacity of the question than by the astounding fact that this was actually Rita—Rita, to whom he had never, never expected to speak again.

"Yes, where have you been? Why haven't I heard from you?"

"Oh, then you haven't heard from me?" he said with biting irony.

"No. Have you been ill?"

"I don't think so," he answered slowly, ominously.

"You don't think so? Then what's been the matter?"

His anger, rising suddenly, seemed to choke him.

"You!" he cried "You've been the matter, since you're so kind as to ask!"

"I?" She gave a little laugh. "How could I be the matter? Why, I haven't even talked to you since the night you were here!"

"No," he returned bitterly, "you haven't, although you promised twice to call me up. But I suppose you've forgotten about that. I suppose little things like promises don't matter much with you! I suppose——"

"Don't you think," she broke in, "that you might have waited to hear what I was going to say?"

"I might have," he retorted, "but I happened to have something to say myself. I'm not accustomed to being kept waiting around for hours to hear from people. I suppose you aren't aware that I've called you up half a dozen times. Or perhaps it's your idea that I've telephoned for the pleasure of talking to your butler."

"I called up," she answered stiffly, "to thank you for the flowers you sent and to explain. Evidently, though, you don't care to hear what I have to say."

There was something very final in her voice. Though he did not wish to make things easy for her he did not wish to lose her altogether; and he felt that unless he quickly changed his attitude she would hang up the receiver.

"I'm afraid," he said in a conciliatory tone, "that I spoke hastily. If I did I'm sorry. But—well, just stop and think what you've put me through! I didn't believe I was ever going to hear from you again. I had made up my mind that I——"

"Well, you didn't sound particularly ecstatic when you did hear from me," she interrupted. "You spoke as if you actually hated me."

"Well, I did." He gave a reminiscent little laugh.

"I'm ever so sorry," said she, now speaking gently. "But you wouldn't have felt that way if you'd only understood. You can't imagine what a horrible week I've had! It's been ghastly—simply ghastly. You don't know how much I've thought about you. I've tried several times to get you on the phone too; but your wire would be busy, or there'd be a ring on mine just as I was going to call you, or people would come in and bother me. You can't dream how people bother me! They're at me all the time."

"Of course I know you're busy," he admitted.

"Busy? Oh, my dear! If you hate anybody it ought to be those people down at the opera—for calling extra rehearsals. It's all on account of that frightful woman Rustinn. She's a slow study, poor thing. Yesterday she wasted the whole afternoon for us. She knows the music and the business, but she can't coördinate the two. It's maddening to work with her. And the day before, my chauffeur had to go to court and I was without my car, and——"

"Why didn't you tell me? You could have had mine."

"You're too kind. Well, anyway, you do forgive me, don't you, now that you understand?"

"Of course," he answered in a tone so generous that it took on a note of tenderness. "I'm only ashamed of having jumped to conclusions as I did. You'll forgive me for that—Rita?"

"Naturally."

"Say it then. Say, 'I forgive you, Dick.'"

She repeated the words after him. It was sweet to hear his name upon her lips.

"Angel!"

"What are you doing now?"

"Talking to the loveliest creature in the world!"

"What were you doing before? What are you going to do?"

"If you'd called up ten minutes later," said he, "you wouldn't have found me. I was just going away."

"Where?"

"To Atlantic City. That's what you were driving me to."

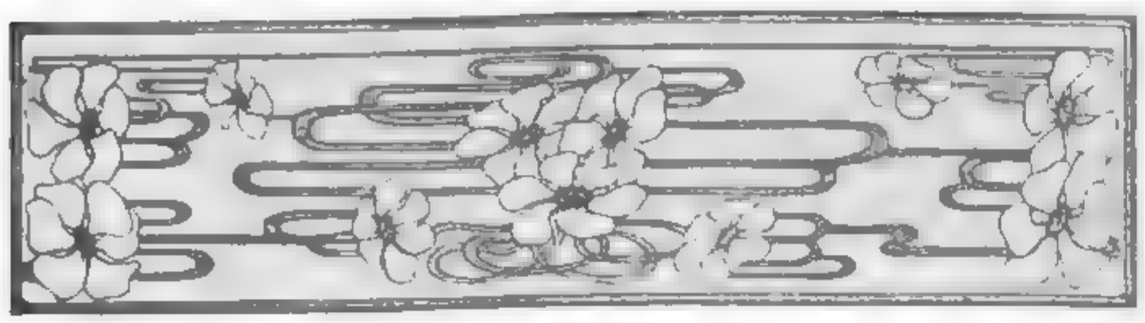
"Oh," she cried, "that's just where I'd like to go! I'm wild to get out of town. I'll go too."

It did not cross his mind that she might be in earnest until she added, "That is, if you want me."

"You mean it?"

"Certainly," said Rita in a matter-of-fact tone. "Let's motor down. I'll be ready in an hour."

TO BE CONTINUED



Old English Wax

"A lot of money? Goodness, no! It cost less than two dollars"

Waxed floors *look* so costly that most people are surprised to find how little they *do* cost.

Old English Wax costs about *one-third* of most other finishes. It contains more hard, high-grade, imported wax. So it goes farther and lasts longer. It's the ideal finish for *any* home, however simple or magnificent.

Old English Wax brings out a lifetime lustre. Simply "touch up" now and then the places most used—that's all. The hard, polished surface will not show heel-marks or scratches.

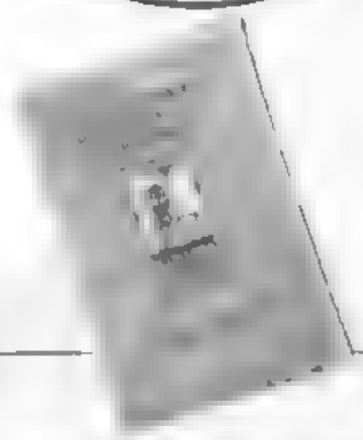
The new, easy way—Anyone who can run a carpet sweeper can both put on wax and polish floors with the Old English Waxer-Polisher. A soft cloth will do, but the Waxer-Polisher is much easier and quicker; it saves wax, too.

For dancing—Sprinkle Old English Powdered Wax lightly over the floor the dancers' feet put on the polish.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY
2002 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian Factory: Toronto

Given Away!

A can of Old English Wax will be given away with every Old English Waxer-Polisher. This new time- and labor-saving device both *applies* the wax and *polishes* the floor. It's a great improvement over any weighted brush, because with it you can *polish* just as well and *wax* the floor besides, as easily as running a carpet-sweeper. It lasts a lifetime. If your dealer can't supply you, take advantage of our short-time offer. Just mail the coupon below.



Mail coupon for FREE book

Into this book we've condensed expert advice based on our experience of more than a quarter of a century to help you in finishing your floor furniture, linoleum, etc.

Wax just one floor. Try it. See for yourself! Get Old English products at your paint, hardware, housefurnishing or department store. Or at least mail the coupon for the

The A. S. Boyle Company,
2002 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork and Furniture—Their Finish and Care."

☐ Send me, all charges paid, an ***Old English Waxer-Polisher***—at the special time-limited price, $3.50 (Denver & West, $4.00), which I enclose.

Name _____

Address _____

"Controlled Heat"

"CONTROLLED-HEAT" means that with a touch of your finger the radiator instantly gives the exact heat you want—no more, no less.

Think of the comfort of being able to regulate the temperature in each room, to suit the occupant or to meet sudden weather changes.

Think of the economy of never wasting heat—never having more than you want.

That's what Hoffman "Controlled-Heat" gives you—Comfort—Economy.

Furthermore, "Controlled-Heat" is radiator-heat—heat *where you want it.*

"Controlled-Heat" is vapor-heat—steam heat operating on low pressure and correspondingly low fuel consumption—*it reduces coal bills.*

"Controlled-Heat" is flexible heat. It instantly responds when radiators are regulated and functions without waste.

"Controlled-Heat" is clean heat—no dust or dirt.

"Controlled-Heat" is silent heat—no thumping, banging pipes, no hissing, leaking steam.

"Controlled-Heat" is almost self-operating. It is so simple that it requires no expert knowledge or special care.

Above all, "Controlled-Heat" is *Safe.* No matter what you do or don't do through carelessness it is impossible to burn out or crack the boiler.

If you want heat that can be regulated; heat that is economical, silent, clean, flexible, efficient, simple to operate and safe, get "Controlled-Heat"—controlled by Hoffman Equipment.

Hoffman Vapor Equipment is made by the makers of the famous No. 1 Hoffman Valve, "Watchman of the Coal Pile," and, like the No. 1 Valve, Hoffman Vapor Equipment is guaranteed in writing for five years of perfect service.

Whether you are planning a skyscraper or a bungalow, investigate the Hoffman way of heating. Send for the interesting illustrated booklet, "Controlled-Heat."

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., Inc.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

HOFFMAN EQUIPMENT

~for Vapor heat control

MEN WHO FAIL

Continued from Page 5)

owner of the largest city department store. The young employe of a large metropolitan bank whose one ambition is to become its foreign-exchange manager or trust officer may be working on a far sounder philosophy than his fellow worker who seeks the arduous, almost back-breaking strain and wider reputation that go with the presidency.

There are unthinking persons who would call the one man a failure and the other a success, although if the question be looked at in what might be called a professional sense, like the ministry or medicine, one man is just as far removed from failure as the other. Andrew Carnegie was fond of telling of "Captain" Jones, who for many years was the competent superintendent of the Carnegie Steel Company, but who consistently refused to become a partner, although he was told it would make him a millionaire without any risk. Who can say that his decision was unwise?

"No," he said, "I don't want to have my thoughts running on business. I have enough trouble looking after these works. Just give me a hell of a salary if you think I'm worth it."

"All right, Captain; the salary of the President of the United States is yours."

"That's the talk," said the little Welshman.

Then, too, there are vast numbers of men who may seem to be failures, but if they are such it is because of circumstances over which they have no control. Napoleon said, "I make circumstances," and great men, geniuses, do overcome what seem to be insuperable obstacles. Those who have marked talents usually find ways of exercising them, but the great masses, and even those of ability far above that of rank-and-file workers, are not the kind to burst the bonds of circumstance. Their abilities need to be called forth and stimulated by circumstance. They need every chance to develop.

A young man in a college class twenty or thirty years ago showed unusual talent for writing. If he could have gone to work on the New York Sun under the tutelage of Boss Clarke he might possibly, or indeed in the opinion of friends, probably, have developed into one of the greatest of living novelists. But with a mother and a sister to support he had to go into a branch of teaching which would give him immediate income.

How many men there are who because of family responsibilities must do the immediate thing at hand instead of following the long path to success and reputation!

Poetic Justice

Vast numbers drift into occupations through the merest chance, or because of trivial superficial circumstances in no way connected with the great primary fact of their natural endowments and aptitudes. The head of any business enterprise will tell of men in his employ possessing good education, health, character, industry and even sound judgment and fine personality who never get beyond a mediocre position because they are not in the right place, but who feel they cannot change on account of accumulated family responsibilities.

There is a certain inborn capacity, a flair, a form of canniness almost, for business, for trading, for buying and selling, which cannot be analyzed and which great numbers of those in business, despite numerous other admirable qualities, most certainly lack. These are the men who should be in literature, art, science, handicrafts and mechanical work of various kinds, and perhaps in cultivating the soil.

Nor are all the misfits in life on the lower rungs of the ladder. Indeed there are men who attain a fair measure of material success who are not even honest, and this means that many young men are held back because they are not given a fair chance. A man may be living a half life through no fault of his own and because his superior lacks fairness or common honesty and decency.

A young man called at an employment agency a few years ago and said that he was keeping books for a certain employer and managing the office as well, for eighteen dollars a week. He had tried many times to get a better position, but was always blocked by his boss, who told other possible employers that he was not quite honest.

"Yet he lets you manage his office, does he?" asked the manager of the agency. "I have a friend, a lawyer, who wants a young man like you. I will have him write to your employer, and I think he can find a place for you."

A few days later the lawyer called at the office where the boy was working and told the employer that he merely wanted to confirm in conversation the letter he had received. The employer, quite unsuspecting, dilated on the importance of his business and the size of his office. He admitted that the boy was practically office manager, but that, as he had written in his letter, he couldn't pay him any more because the youth wasn't quite honest.

"I will have you in jail in a few hours," said the lawyer, "unless you write and sign a letter, as I dictate, to every man to whom you have ever suggested the idea that this boy is dishonest. Of course he must be honest or you wouldn't keep him here running your office."

The letters were written, the young man secured a better position, and is now a partner in an important firm.

But where there is one dishonest employer there are hundreds who keep their subordinates down through selfishness or mere inertia. This is perhaps especially noticeable in the case of big organizations. The great difficulty is that the man immediately ahead will not recommend his assistant for promotion. There are two natural reasons for this attitude. The first is unwillingness to lose a good helper and to have the trouble of breaking in a new one. The other is the fear that if the assistant is promoted he may prove a better man than his superior and in time go ahead of him and perhaps oust him from his place.

Untrained Understudies

"There is a vice president of a certain well-known organization," says one who knows but evidently does not love him, "who gets about twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and owing to his connection with the concern has made many safe investments, but who has long ago stopped being of any use. He is selfish and ingrowing. He is, however, very gracious, even obsequious, to the men above him, and very disagreeable indeed to those below him. His whole attitude to those under him is, 'I've got mine, it's up to you to get yours if you can.'"

A series of newspaper comics known as Bug House Fables pictures in one issue the department head of a business concern going to his employer and saying, "Boss, why don't you give my job to my assistant? He is better than I am." But though such extreme altruism is not of this world, a certain measure of it pays. Many men have failed of promotion because they have developed no assistants to take their own places. A large corporation which does not go outside its own ranks for its general managers recently found itself in need of five such executives without having the proper material ready, because the men higher up had failed to develop those below.

Then there are great numbers of employers who are honest and unselfish enough, as well as successful and farseeing in all other respects, but who have about as much ability as a hen in picking subordinates and balancing their organization. Far too often they choose assistants because the applicants have the same strong qualities as the employers themselves, when obviously the assistants should be selected for supplementary and complementary qualities; perhaps for very different traits rather than for the same.

A close student of human values in business has said that 80 per cent of management troubles are due to the fact that assistants are not picked out to supply qualities which superiors lack, and with a view to preventing the clash of temperaments. The visionary, literary type of business head instead of picking out an assistant who has initiative, who is a driver and a self-starter, selects one of his own type, and then everybody wonders why the assistant is a failure.

"If an executive comes to me and says he wants a treasurer, a bookkeeper, a stenographer or any other assistant, I cannot supply such a worker unless I know all

(Continued on Page 99

Here is a soft, fluffy duster, generous in size, with dust-absorbing strands that reach the tiniest crevices. The long handle gives a hold and makes it easy to get at the under parts of furniture. It may be washed and wrung, dries out like new and retains all its dust-gathering qualities. The Fuller Duster is one of forty-five "Fuller Necessities" for household and personal use. All carry the Fuller Red Tip Tag—your means of identification.

Fuller Brushes are not sold in stores.

They are brought right to the home and demonstrated by courteous representatives who understand modern housekeeping efficiency. These men are a never-ending surprise—their knowledge of the care of the home is so complete—the short-cut methods they suggest are so thorough and time-saving. Identify the Fuller Man by the Fuller Trade-Mark Button he wears. He will never over-urge anyone to buy. He serves by showing how brushes can be used to daily—almost hourly—advantage.

We are the largest buyers of brush material in the world, therefore get better quality at lower prices. So do the users of Fuller Brushes.

May we send a Fuller Man to see you—and also send you a copy of "The Handy Brush Book"? Write us.

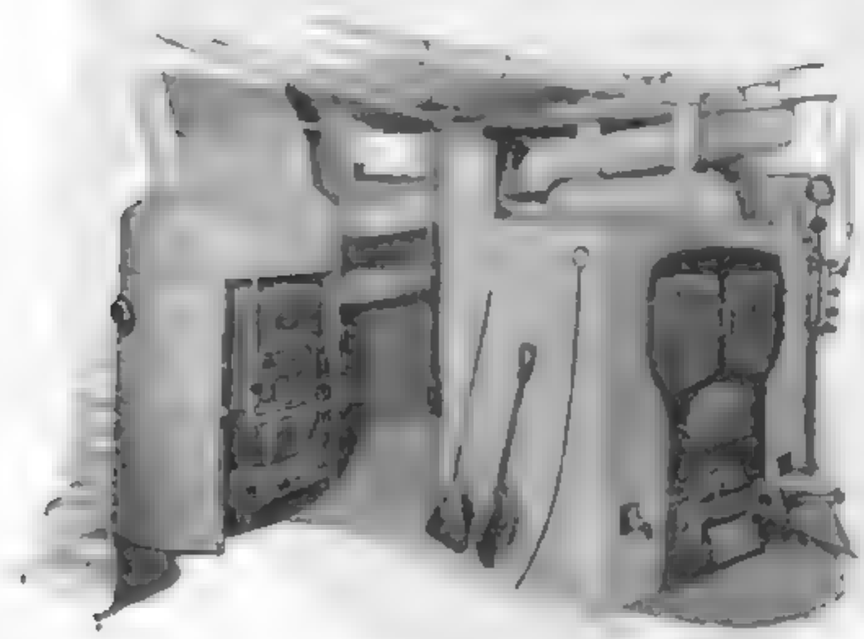
The Fuller Brush Company
Hartford, Connecticut

Fuller Brush Company, Limited
Hamilton, Canada

Branch Offices in over 200 cities—consult telephone directory

FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC



A New Use for the Homer

The Homer Pipeless Furnace has become famed throughout the world for its remarkable heating efficiency, keeping small houses and even good sized homes of from twelve to fifteen rooms warm and comfortable in the severest weather.

Now it has made a new job for itself, and a big one.

In hundreds of homes, institutions, stores, and churches, which are provided with steam or hot-water plants, the Homer is being installed as an auxiliary plant, or a "buddy to the steam plant"—to quote one satisfied user.

The Homer gives you an inexpensive, economically operated, quick-action plant—just what you need for the fall and spring months, and provides extra heating capacity should you require it on the severest days of mid-winter.

Think of the convenience of being able to start a fire on a chilly morning with a little kindling or a couple of shovels of coal and have the house warm and comfortable in a few moments. Compare this convenience with the trouble, waste, and excessive heat involved in starting the big steam plant in mild weather—besides, the saving in fuel consumed will pay for the Homer within a short time.

Remember, when you install a Homer, either as a main plant or a supplementary plant, you are getting the only pipeless furnace having the famous Thermo-Seal Inner Lining, which stops surface radiation and saves fuel—the only pipeless furnace made of Strokel rust-resisting iron castings—the pipeless furnace designed and built by the inventor of the pipeless furnace, Mr. Samuel D. Strong.

Our book, "A History of the Pipeless Furnace," is mighty interesting reading to anyone who has a heating problem to solve. Ask us to send it to you free, together with the name of your nearest Homer dealer.

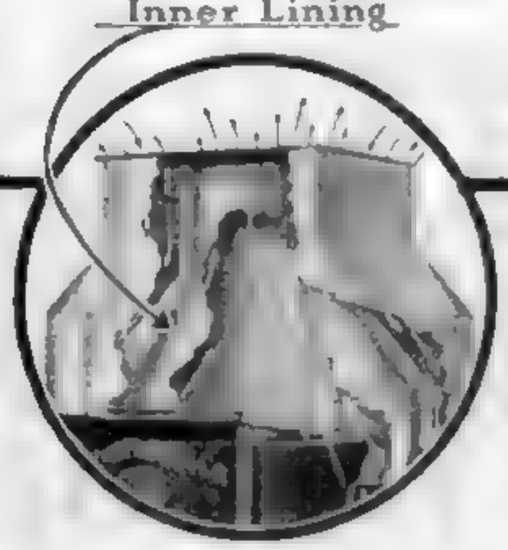
HOMER FURNACE COMPANY, Coldwater, Mich.

BRANCHES:

Homer Furnace Company, 72–74 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga.
Homer Furnace Company, 266 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Homer Furnace Company, 1708 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.
Homer Furnace Company, 1527 Wazee St., Denver, Colo.
Homer Furnace Company, 88 West Park, Portland, Ore.
Edgar B. Wardell, 201 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

Warehouses: *Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Iowa; Elmira, N. Y.; Farmingdale, L. I.; Hannibal, Mo.; Lambertville, N. J.; Madison, Wis.; Manchester, N. H.; Millville, N. J.; Nashville, Tenn.; Ogden, Utah; Oklahoma City, Okla., St. Paul, Minn.; Sioux Falls, S. D.; Taunton, Mass.*

Thermo-Seal
Inner Lining



HOMER
Original Patented
PIPELESS FURNACE

(Continued from Page 96)

about the executive himself," says an employment expert. "It is just as difficult for many employers to choose assistants as it is for a physician to treat his own family."

Circumstance and chance of many kinds set bounds that cannot be passed. This is a fundamental fact of science and everyday life that is at once silly and harmful to gloss over. But equally important facts of science and everyday life are that nearly all of us have reservoirs of power that we rarely tap, great energies upon which we seldom draw, and that we habitually live upon a level that is far below what we might occupy. Even those scientists whose whole lives have been devoted to the study of heredity, and who naturally appreciate to the full the limitations that it imposes, say that what we habitually do is far less than what we could do.

At the end of his life Charles Darwin declared that men differed less in capacity than in zeal and determination to use the powers they have. A noted living biologist, Edwin G. Conklin, speaks frequently in his lectures and books on scientific subjects of the "hidden mental and moral powers" of individuals, of "capacities very much greater than the demands upon them," and of the latent talents of men.

Indeed, though circumstance and chance undoubtedly play their part, there is usually reason to be suspicious of persons who push forward pull, luck and favoritism to explain the success of others and who declare the lack of them to be the explanation of their own failure. Few are those who will frankly admit inferiority, and circumstances are often invoked as a defense when the facts do not justify it. Thus to an extent that is great enough at least to include a whole world of free will, freedom, possibility, opportunity and responsibility, most men are masters of their own fate.

Given a reasonably normal degree of moral, mental and physical health, it is well to have faith in the power of the human will to conquer success. But obviously when the reasons for failure are sought out the physically defective must first be eliminated.

There are a few exceptions, but generally speaking any unusual measure of business success requires sound health.

Lack of Personality

"I had the 'flu' a few days ago," said the president of one of the largest banking institutions in the country. "I usually recover from any illness quickly, but that disease seems to be no respecter of person or physique. I came back to work in a few days and realized that I was only 95 per cent well. I learned that I could not continue for more than a few days or a few weeks at most to fill this position in that condition. My health has to be 105 per cent to put the smoke on the ball and give it the right wallop."

It is often said that men fail because they lack personality. But this statement, though true in a sense, begs the whole question. Personality means the collective attributes and qualities of a person, the combination or composite of them, and of course it is this composite which chiefly spells success or failure.

But what of it? A man's personality is the man himself, it is his whole human nature. To say that he fails for lack of personality is like saying that he is the sort of man who fails. It is merely a repetition of the bald statement that he is a failure.

What most people really mean, however, when they say that a lack of personality spells failure is that the failure has not a pleasing and agreeable appearance and manner, that he does not attract other people and draw them to him, and that he lacks presence. But though the gift for friendliness, the ability to make other people feel happy, and what is commonly called an attractive personality, do aid materially in the struggle for success and handicap those who lack them, it is positively tragic to note the way business organizations confuse this quality with the real underlying flair for success and with the attributes that make it up.

Nothing is more common than for a man of pleasing personality, the sort that is known in common parlance as a nice fellow, to stay in an organization too late and too long. Such a man, of course, accumulates many friends, everyone is sorry for him and hates to see him go. Very often he builds around himself the semblance of a job. But in reality he is a second-rate business man; and some little runt, lacking in the same pleasing gifts, goes far ahead of him eventually. Time and again an individual with an attractive personality induces his friends and acquaintances to intrust him with the care of their money or their undertakings, only to make a failure in the end.

To condemn to failure those who lack what is commonly known as personality is to place a premium on the mere possession of numerous gifts, although nothing is more common in a business organization than for employes who appear to be handicapped to come out on top. Nearly two thousand years ago the truth that it is not so much the number of talents that one has as the way in which they are employed was told in a parable that is immortal.

And again, the explanation of failure is sought in a single word by saying that one must have judgment, just the right balance between courage and caution. In a way this statement is true, but once more the question is begged and the complete circle traveled to no avail. It does little good to tell a person that he must have judgment and balance in general. It is like saying that one must be a good business man in order to succeed in business. It is a generalization back of which we must still continue to delve.

Cases of Arrested Development

But if we dig into the operation of great business organizations it at once appears that many employes fail to attain the highest measure of possible success because of a stoppage in the growth of their mentality and character. Just exactly why this is so no one can say, and to explain its manifold forms would take a dozen articles like this. But the fact itself is not only fundamental; it has the utmost practical bearing and value.

A man of thirty-five who had been with an important business institution for fifteen years and was the head of a minor department at five thousand dollars a year was recently reported on unfavorably by a superior. He was called to the office of the personnel director and asked to explain the criticism. He complained that the superior who had made the report disliked him, had learned all he knew of the business from him, and in addition had a pull. The personnel director then drew out a similar report on the superior officer from those who in turn were his superiors, and read both reports in full.

"Can you stretch your imagination far enough," asked the personnel man, "to pass judgment on these two reports with complete impartiality, in spite of your envy and hatred of your superior?"

Finally, after half an hour's grueling interview, the department head admitted that no one considered him valuable but himself, and that the favorable and unfavorable reports on his superior and himself respectively were alike fair and just.

"What have you done to widen yourself in all these years?" he was asked, and the only thing he could think of was a correspondence course on the work of his department.

"That's all right as far as it goes," said the personnel director, "but I don't see where it widens you. You have kept in your own little sphere. You have drawn a circle about yourself. You agree that you have made no other effort to improve upon an unfinished grammar-school education, that your speech is uncouth and your whole appearance unnecessarily shabby. No one has planned to fire you, but natural laws have worked like gravity to bring it about."

In another case unfavorable reports were being received from a man of about the same age, but in a somewhat less responsible position. His work had deteriorated in the last year and he had grown indifferent, gloomy and morose. On several occasions he had been absent on account of illness. When questioned by the personnel director he expressed fear that in the retrenchment process he might lose his job. He could not sleep for worry of it. He said he had executive ability enough to hold a more important position and needed a larger salary to support his family, but, although he had been with the concern ten years, he had gotten nowhere because he had no pull.

"We can't pay you any more," replied the personnel officer, "because you are not

(Continued on Page 101)

FOWNES

Varied, original—and often beautiful are sleeves nowadays!

The finishing touch is the glove—and this may present a problem to those not familiar with the wide choice in Fownes styles. But there is a Fownes for every sleeve,—whatever its shape, color or texture.

The world-wide acceptance of sports wear intensifies the demand for FOWNES FILOSETTE—the ideal fabric glove with the unmistakable Fownes texture.

Strap-wrist Filosettes for the long sleeve, sports coat, or sweater. Mousquetaires of twelve or sixteen button length for floppy short sleeves or long draped ones.

Or SILKS of every length, in springtime shades corresponding to the foulards, print silks, or oriental effects of the season.

Seek harmony and smartness in Fownes and secure good wear and good value at the same time.

If you have any difficulty in securing Fownes send us size and style desired with the name of your dealer.

It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove.

FOWNES BROTHERS & CO. INC., 119 WEST 40TH ST., NEW YORK

Rogers Peet Company's new store, located in the Herald Building, Herald Square, New York City, was planned throughout by the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service. It is furnished completely with Welch-Wilmarth "Method in Merchandising" Store Equipment of standard type. The men's clothing department and the haberdashery department, sections of which are illustrated, are typical examples of the application of "Method in Merchandising" principles to the planning and equipping of retail stores.

The design of your store— does it help to create business?

—does the beauty of your store attract trade?
—does the arrangement induce purchases?
—does the equipment accelerate sales?

IN the many sided retail business of today, no one merchant—no one designer—can know all there is to know about store planning. The merchant who would have his store designed along the broadest lines of efficiency, beauty and economy must turn—not to a single man, experienced as he may be in store planning—but to an organization.

The Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service is such an organization. It is greater than any one man. It includes a group of licensed building architects, store architects and merchandising experts—men who are familiar with America's most successful stores, large and small—men who have gained in years of planning retail establishments a rich, practical knowledge of modern merchandising principles.

If you are dissatisfied with the progress of your business—if you wonder whether or not it would pay you to modernize your store, or a department of your store—ask the advice of the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service. Whether your business is a small one or a large one, the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service offers co-operation. Laying your problem before the Welch-Wilmarth designers will obligate you in no way—but it will give you a new insight into modern merchandising efficiency.

TO the design of your store—the type of your fixtures and the arrangement of departments—can be traced much of the success or lack of progress of your business.

If you would achieve for your store a beauty that creates new prestige—if you would attain a merchandising efficiency that develops increased sales without a corresponding increase in overhead expense—lay out your store according to a Welch-Wilmarth Store Plan and furnish it with Welch-Wilmarth "Method in Merchandising" Store Equipment.

Store planning, as practiced by the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service, embodies a scientific layout of the store from the standpoint of sales potentialities. Every department is correctly located in relation to other departments, to store traffic and to windows and skylights. Every department is allotted space according to proven rules of merchandising—so that each will carry its own share of the overhead and show a clean profit.

Welch-Wilmarth "Method in Merchandising" Store Equipment—which includes patented, interchangeable sectional units, standardized display cases and revolving clothing wardrobes of advanced type—combines beauty of design and finish with the highest development of modern merchandising efficiency. It permits more goods to be carried in the same space. It makes possible more sales by fewer clerks. It eliminates "mark-downs" of shop worn items. It gives the merchandise manager a constant check on stock. Above all, "Method in Merchandising" Equipment insures the utmost in merchandise display value per square foot of fixtures.

Invite the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service to prepare a modernized plan for your store. Select "Method in Merchandising" Equipment of the standard type or in one of the Period Styles, and you can be sure that your store design will be a real factor in building business.

Write—on your business letter-head, please—for a copy of our new forty-eight page bound book, "Method in Merchandising." It illustrates and discusses authoritatively many of the modern tendencies in retail store designing.

"Method in Merchandising" Store Equipment

Originated and Built by

THE WELCH-WILMARTH COMPANIES, ASSOCIATED

Pioneer Store Equipment Builders of Grand Rapids

Offices in principal cities—Representatives everywhere

(Continued from Page 99)

worth it. I find you haven't done any reading in ten years. You reached the peak of your usefulness five years ago, and we have been paying you ever since for work you have not done. You say you need more money because of your family. In other words, you want more on the basis of your need instead of your work. I have ten different reports on you written by six different superiors, and, although there is no collaboration, the gist of them all is the same. I will accept your resignation now."

The employe begged for another chance, and earnestly promised to do better work. He was thereupon told he could have a month's vacation with pay to get over his physical disabilities, and upon his return would be given a clean slate. His work has improved ever since.

A man who had inherited a good business, but through indifference, love of comfort and extravagance had wantonly and wastefully let it slip away from him, recently called on an employment expert from whom he received little comfort. "I don't know what the end will be," said the applicant in discouragement.

"No," was the reply, "and nobody else knows or cares either. The trouble with you is that you have never fed your mind. You don't know it, but others do. There is nobody home. Your mind is a bungalow, with no top story. Do you ever read the biographies of great men, or works on culture, logic, psychology, ethics, justice and truth?"

"No," was the somewhat startled reply, "I've never been interested in those subjects."

"Well, you will never hold a good position until you do become interested in them."

When Indifference is Fatal

No sensible person who reads the recital of these actual cases will infer that mere book reading or study is the secret of and the royal road to success, or that in the first case mentioned shabbiness was in itself a major defect. But the two employment and personnel experts who have been quoted drove with unerring instinct straight at one symptom of the appalling, the fatal indifference or stoppage of growth, which in the opinion of numerous authorities accounts for the failure of at least half and perhaps two-thirds of all those employed in the offices of large business concerns. It is a lack of broad horizons, a slowing and narrowing down to the day-by-day stint, as years go by. If men have not gotten into the habit of reading and study, or other methods of mental improvement, by the time they are thirty-five it is of course very difficult to get them to begin.

"Men come here every day," said one of the authorities just quoted, "and tell me they want better positions with more money. But I discover almost at once that they can't expect to get anything better with their present equipment."

The same idea has been expressed many times by saying that men get into a rut, that they rust or that their mental growth stops with their physical growth. As the individual becomes familiar with the details of his job he lets up in effort, develops a routine and standardized way of doing the work, and actually rots on the job. Of course this is especially true in highly organized and departmentalized institutions.

It is not altogether the fault of the workers; they are invited almost to easy jobs in which the easy thing to do is to rust out. Thus nothing is more common in a large institution than for a department head to report as follows concerning members of his staff: "He is not growing and developing. He is standing still or actually going back. Unless he goes ahead I can soon get along without him."

"It is quite generally overlooked," says an employment expert, "that thousands of people who work for large concerns receive in their salary envelopes more than their market value. The mere success of the organization itself adds something to their pay. When they leave, the world shears off everything but the market value. They have nothing to sell except their technic, what they can produce in the market, not what the other fellow has given them because he liked them or because he had known them a long time or could afford to pay it.

"Why is it the East Side of New York City is slowly creeping up into the big business positions? One answer is that twenty or thirty thousand of these East Siders go to night school at the local universities. Americans talk a lot about success, but have become lazy and indifferent to its necessary conditions."

"What I am preaching to our four thousand employes all the time," said the vice president of a chain-store organization, "is to increase their mentality by study and otherwise, in order to keep abreast of the new problems and changes which come up. I put it up strong that unless enough of them look to the future to learn to operate on new plans as new conditions arise, not only they but the business itself will fail.

"The pity is that so few go on; most men stop when they have learned to do a single thing. In one city recently we were able to pick only six men as a result of two hundred interviews, for while we can get all the salesmen and clerks we want, what we are looking for are men who will become highly trained associates. There are hundreds of new stores to be opened, provided only the young men we take on prove competent to handle them.

"For there is just as definite a curriculum of activity from stock room to partnership in our business as in any university. The man who only knows part of our problems is handicapped on his way upward. Men run after a fairly good job the way they do a street car. When they have caught it they stop. They don't run any more, and their life becomes to all intents and purposes one of indulgence and holiday.

"They have been keen in the first few years, have watched every chance for service, spurred on by small salaries and a desire to live better. But when they get up to a moderate salary imagination dies, and, although they won't admit it to anyone, their development has stopped and they are now prisoners within their own limitations."

An official of one of the great public-service corporations said he thought the reason so many people fail is because they are egotistical, puffed up with a very little success, and predisposed to think they know it all from the start. Although at first glance this is an apparently different line of thought, I am convinced that the idea as thus expressed is fundamentally the same as that running through this article—namely, the vital importance of continued mental growth.

"But aren't you and I middle-aged crabs, when we say things like that?" I asked.

Men Who Never Stop Growing

"My answer," he said, "is that many of the ablest men have never stopped growing, no matter what their age. The most outstanding characteristic of the late Theodore N. Vail was his open mind to the other fellow's suggestion, even when he was well past seventy. The reason people slip is because they discard the very means by which they have gotten ahead, the bridge by which they have crossed."

"But is it not natural," I asked, "for people to change mentally as well as physically as they grow older?"

"Suppose a man gets ahead by being genial," was the reply. "Why should he stop just because he has reached years and position? I caught myself being brusque yesterday just because of my position. Constant vigilance is the price of success for young and old alike. We are all in danger of slipping back every minute, no matter what our age or position. The essence of the matter is that every man must watch his step all the time.

"I am fifty-nine years old and I could become a distinct failure in three months if I let myself slip. I can't see that vigilance in this matter hurts me any. I had a partner once who thought the world was his oyster when he was thirty. But now no one wants him around."

One of the most remarkable cases of failure that has come to the writer's attention is that of a young man who had such a distinguished war record that, without any previous business experience whatever, he was able to take his pick of positions when he returned from France. This he could not have done even with the war record except for a most attractive personality. The story must be shorn of all the picturesque detail and interesting human touches for fear that the person concerned might be recognized. At any rate, the young man obtained a position in what, for sake of illustration, we will call an insurance company. Here he was at once

Is Dan Stillson's own mark on your wrench?

The most famous tool in the world was invented by Dan Stillson in the Walworth plant 53 years ago. It has been imitated many times. It has never been improved upon by anybody, not even by ourselves, and it has never been displaced in the confidence and affections of mechanics everywhere.

We are today supplying new parts for Walworth Stillson Wrenches made 40 years ago. And these parts will, in all probability, fit the Walworth Stillson Wrenches we make 40 years hence.

The genuine Walworth Stillson Wrench is the master mechanic's pal. It holds first place in his affections because it meets every test and rises to the most critical emergency. There isn't a job of pipe fitting or nut turning too tough for a Stillson, and in a hundred and one other breaks and "fixes" it's the tool for the emergency.

A Walworth Stillson is as finely manufactured as any tool in the world. All working parts are made of the best tool steel. The jaw and bar are drop-forged and skilfully heat-treated to give strength and toughness, and hardness without brittleness.

And if any further guarantee of quality be asked, we can point to over 50 years of service behind the genuine Walworth Stillson Wrench.

Be sure that the wrench you buy has the diamond on it.

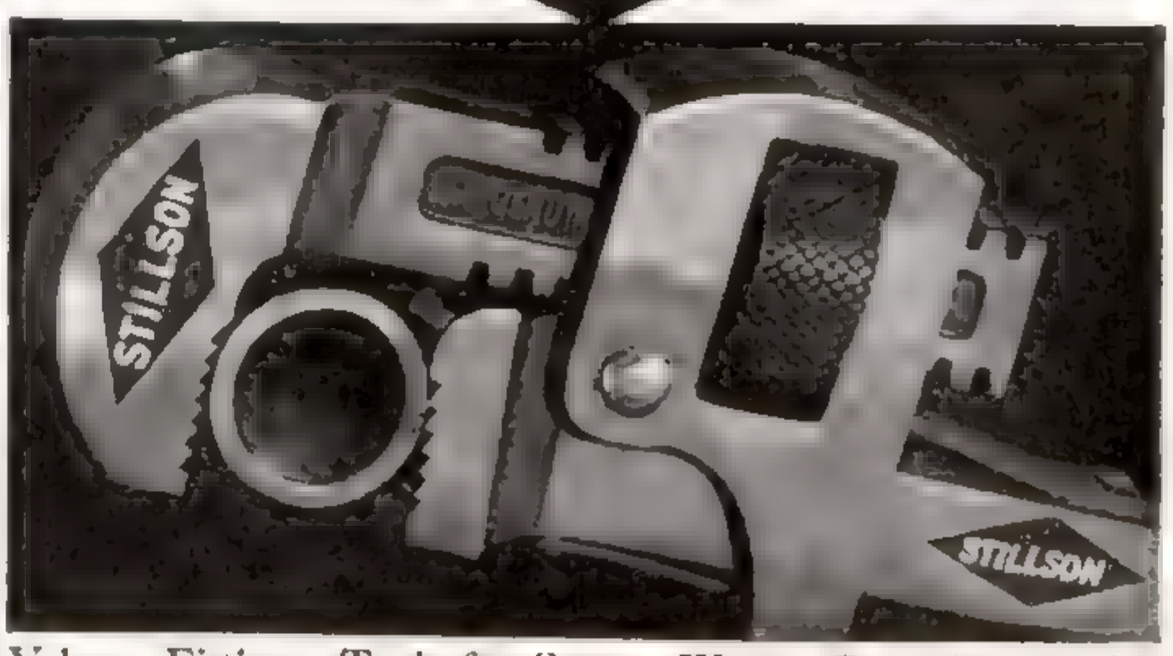
Ask your hardware dealer for a genuine WALWORTH Stillson Wrench (look for the trade-mark). Also write our Boston office for descriptive leaflet.

Walworth Mfg. Co.
New York - Boston - Chicago
Philadelphia - Seattle - Portland

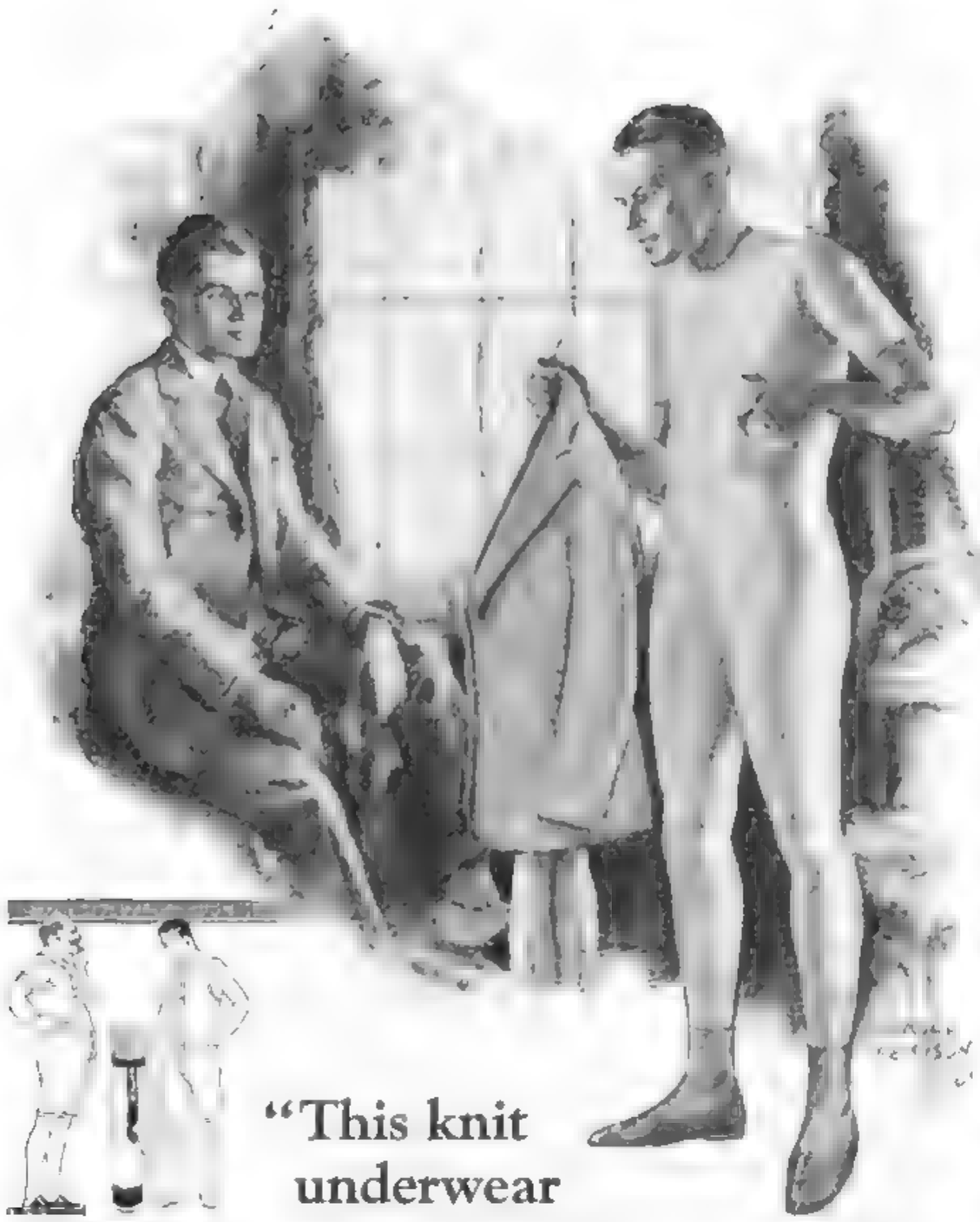
Boston—Kewanee, Ill.
WALWORTH INTERNATIONAL CO
NEW YORK
FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE

WALWORTH

STILLSON



Valves, Fittings, Tools for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air



LAWRENCE KNIT TAILORED TO FIT Shorts and Shirts in Union and Two-Piece Suits.

"This knit underwear saves my summer suits"

"BEFORE I got wise to the fact that *absorbent* underwear was the only satisfactory kind, I spoiled more than one light suit. And my shirts often hung on me like wet rags on hot days.

"I don't have any trouble with this Lawrence Underwear. It takes up perspiration like a sponge and my outer garments are never stained — they look better and wear longer. It's the finest thing to wear with Palm Beach or other tropical suits.

"Cool? Why shouldn't it be? Just as light and thin as any other underwear and never sticky. More comfortable, too, because it's so porous and elastic, and it wears to beat the band.

"The Lawrence tailor-cut feature is a knock-out. Every garment I get is so perfect in fit — cut separately to pattern by hand and made *full size*.

"I like this sock-length union suit because it protects the knees of my trousers, but you can get Lawrence underwear in loose-fitting athletic union suits or separate garments, if you prefer."

Lawrence Celebrated Union Suits, Undervests and Bloomers for women — perfect in fit, dainty in tailoring and finish

If you cannot find the Lawrence style you want at your dealer's, write to us and mention his name.

LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
Established 1831 Lowell, Mass.

America's Largest Manufacturers of Men's and Women's Light and Medium Weight Knit Underwear, from the raw cotton to the finished garment

E. M. Townsend & Co., *Selling Agents*, New York City

LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

picked for a future officer and given to understand as much. The company even went so far as to get up a training class especially for him. To quote the language of one of the officers he was "put into executive action as quickly as possible."

But he never went beyond the first job. He thought he was so much better than others that he made no friends. On several occasions he refused to work after five o'clock. Finally the department head remarked, "I guess he is going to be a flivver after all." Soon he was given very little work to do. Then for a couple of weeks he was given no work, finally he was called to the office of the employment manager to be told that he had made a mistake in going into the insurance business; and that was the end.

A few months later, instead of being on the threshold of an executive position in one of the greatest insurance corporations, he held a manual and menial position, where he will probably always remain.

Or consider the grandson of a wealthy manufacturer who had always lived on an ample income until he was about thirty, when he inherited a principal of five million dollars. He formed a brokerage-and-promotion firm, and within three or four years was completely cleaned out. This man did not lack ability or energy, but he had not gone through the mental processes of learning and growing. He had been spoiled in one way, just as the returned soldier had been spoiled in another.

An entirely different group of cases, which at first glance may seem to have little relation to the subject in hand, should be referred to. The most striking example that has come to the writer's attention recently was that of a middle-aged employe of the faithful and reasonably hard-working sort, fairly well up in one of the departments of an exceedingly prosperous financial institution. Owing to an unexpected number of deaths and other changes he was suddenly promoted in a short period of time until he became assistant treasurer. In this position he handled large trust funds and was in a position to familiarize himself with inside financial operations of the first magnitude. He was told, however, that one condition of this new office must be the eschewal of all speculation in stocks.

The Story of Three Brothers

Despite this warning he began immediately to play the market, and when the fact was discovered he was summarily fired, thereby losing a more than generous salary and the prospect of retiring within a few years on a good-sized pension for the rest of his life. Only a psychologist could hope to discover why this highly and fortunately placed individual should throw away his inheritance, as it were, for a mess of pottage. But in the character of many of the business men who speculate there is the weakness of self-indulgence and laziness, the false idea that success can be achieved by a short cut that avoids work. Whatever may be the economic benefits or evils of speculation, it is far too often an indulgence whose only effect upon the individual is to weaken the fibers of both mental and moral strength and growth.

There is a vital defect in many men, rich or poor, young or old, that is not defined by any one word or phrase, such as laziness, indifference, self-indulgence, or being stuck on oneself, although these all suggest the essential idea. It can best be envisaged by contrasting such cases as those related here with that of a man like Mr. Vail, who kept on learning and in other ways paying the price of success up to the very end of a long life.

This defect of easy, indifferent slipping from day to day, of not taking the trouble to grow mentally, is perhaps only another way of saying that people are unwilling to pay the price of success. A distinguished writer on political and historical subjects planned to sail to Europe on March first of this year. He was able to get the passage he wanted on that date, and in addition would have reached Europe in time to attend the wedding of the King of Serbia, to which he had been invited.

"Every reason of self-indulgence invited me to go at that time," he said; "but I have a new book coming out, and to see that it gets started right meant that I had to stay here a few weeks longer. The trouble with most authors is that they do not really finish the job. They work hard up to a certain point, then lose interest and stop."

The story is told of three brothers who worked for a New York export house, Tom, Jim and Bill. Tom received ten thousand dollars; Jim, the oldest, three thousand dollars; and Bill, twenty-one hundred dollars. Bill, being the youngest, naturally was his mother's idol, and continually complained that the other brothers, especially Tom, received more than he did. Finally the father complained to the employer, who by way of reply asked the father to spend the next day in an adjoining office, where he could hear what went on in the employer's room, without being seen.

The following day, at intervals of a few hours, each of the brothers was sent out in turn to investigate a shipload of goods that had just arrived, with orders to report on their nature and value. Bill came back shortly and said a man on the dock told him so-and-so about the goods. Jim took a little longer and quoted the captain as describing the goods in a certain way. Tom did not return until the following day, when he reported that he had taken an option on a portion of the cargo, after having examined it all personally, and had sold it over the phone at a considerable profit. After hearing this report from Tom the employer called in the father from the adjoining room, and said, "You see now why I pay Tom so much more than the others. I am going to take him into partnership."

I cannot vouch for the literal accuracy of a tale so reminiscent of the Rollo books, but it might as well be true, and it was told to the writer by a responsible business man as being such. Certainly it is a literal fact that relatively few men have complete loyalty to the end they are trying to achieve. It is so much easier to take one's eye off the ball.

Too Quick on the Trigger

"Too many men are satisfied with merely holding a job," said the vice president of a corporation which employs all sorts and descriptions of men and women. "They hope to be carried on by the momentum of circumstance, by the lapse and procession of time, instead of by their own steam. They are the five-o'clock quitters. What astounds me is the unwillingness of the average young man to do his job just a little bit better. There is only a very small difference, only a little extra margin between the good man and the very good man. Most men stop just a little too soon. They do the perfectly logical thing, the correct mediocre thing, but not the little bit more which makes it excellent.

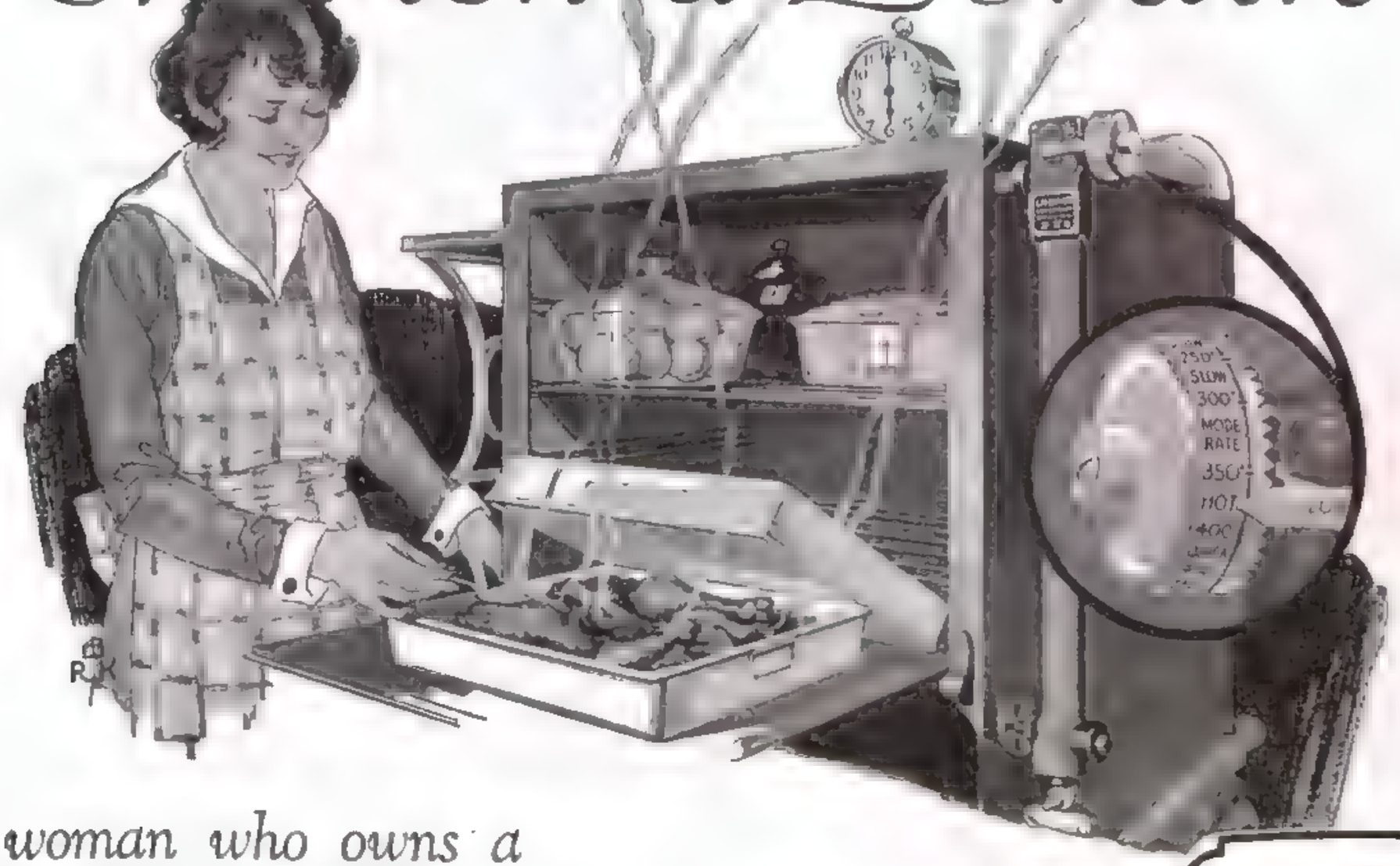
"A young lawyer was told by his employer to find all the witnesses in a suit and have them in court at a certain hour. 'How shall I find them?' asked the young man helplessly. 'I'll be hanged if I know or care,' was the irritated reply. The young lawyer's question was nothing but a form of laziness, of an unwillingness to pay the price of the mental exertion required for doing the job."

Now it is true that numerous men, although probably a far smaller group than the ones we have been considering, fail because of impatience. Instead of being indifferent they are too quick on the trigger, too bright, fresh and smart. The young lawyer wants to get into the firm so soon that his superiors lose confidence in his bustling, officious eagerness. Often, too, because of no fault of their own, young men are pushed ahead beyond their ability, and find themselves in such rough water that they cannot swim at all. The heart is taken out of them and they are branded as failures when they really deserve a better fate.

A young man with a fair education drifted into a line of work where he showed great ability in handling men. He was made a foreman of a large gang of day laborers and did exceedingly well. But the boy became engaged to the daughter of a very wealthy man, and the young lady's family thought it undignified for their future son-in-law to be bossing a gang of hunkies. So they set him up in business for himself and he promptly lost a small fortune. This happened several times, to the increasing disgust of the father-in-law, who thought the boy was no good. But finally, of his own accord, the young man obtained a minor position in a concern where an older friend was an executive, and there, after some years in a subordinate capacity, he has made good, being at the present time one of the chief executives himself. What

(Continued on Page 105)

Chicken à Lorain



Any woman who owns a Lorain-equipped Gas Range can easily prepare this favorite delicacy

COOKERY, until a few years ago, was an inaccurate art. Today it is an exact science because the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator gave housewives an easy way to measure and control heat. No longer need you wonder why the appetizing recipes you try sometimes fail to meet your expectations.

"Time and Temperature" now a part of the recipe

Two new elements, you'll notice, are now being included in the best recipes—"Time and Temperature." Formerly, recipes gave exact quantities of ingredients only. The exact temperature and length of time for cooking were left for the reader to guess.

Lorain—The Missing Link

Then came the invention of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. It's a simple, accurate, automatic device attached only to certain makes of Gas Ranges. With Lorain you tell the oven just what heat you want. Automatically that heat will be maintained for any length of time.

A Twist of the Wrist Brings Cooking Success

Now, when you read a modern recipe, such as that given on this page, you can exactly duplicate the success of the originator, if you own a Lorain-equipped Gas Range. Just prepare the ingredients as explained. Set Lorain at the temperature required. Then go where you will, and do what you please until cooking time is up. Everything in the oven will be deliciously ready to serve when you return.

Lorain Dealers Invite You

Our dealers are always glad to explain the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. Many of them give public demonstrations frequently. That's where you can see for yourself how this magic oven will cook, bake, roast, boil and stew—all at one time—without any attention. If you'll mail us the coupon we'll send you the name of the nearest Lorain Dealer and a copy of an interesting booklet—

"An Easier Day's Work".

Recipe
Chicken à Lorain

Dress, clean and cut up fowl. Dip pieces in flour—patting the flour into every part of surface and then shaking off surplus. Place in roaster and pour melted butter over them. Set uncovered in oven, turn "LORAIN" to 450 degrees, leave at this temperature until the skin is seared a delightful brown. Put cover on roaster. Turn "LORAIN" to 275 degrees for a three hour meal or 250 degrees for a four or five hour meal. No further attention is required until dinner is ready, when you will remove from your oven the most delicious chicken you ever ate—even if it happened the fowl were not young. Soup, sweet potatoes, squash and a barley spice cake may also be placed in the oven after the searing temperature has been reduced and will be found perfectly done at dinner time.

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

One easy turn of the Lorain red wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 14 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest makers of gas ranges in the world

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available but the "Lorain" cannot be used on these

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
14 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free booklet, *"An Easier Day's Work"*.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

1922

See how the beveled edge gives more ironing surface, and how it permits an unobstructed view of the work. Look for this feature when you buy your next iron.

See How Big Your Iron Should Be

It may interest you to compare the size of your iron with that of the Westinghouse M-Iron, as shown at the left. Place your iron on the outline and see if it fully covers the area shown. If it does, you may be sure that your iron is of the proper size to work with the greatest speed and the least expenditure of energy.

This takes for granted, of course, that you have found the ironing surface to be properly heated, as it is in the Westinghouse M-Iron.

Look, then, and see if the base of your iron is beveled along the working edge. This is a feature that is extremely desirable. It enables you to do finer work on fussy pieces than is otherwise possible with a standard-weight iron, and also, as thousands of women have found to their great delight, it gives you an unobstructed view of the work, without bending over.

Ask your electrical dealer for the Westinghouse M-Iron, which embodies all the ironing advantages mentioned above, as well as other new and practical features.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Offices in all Principal Cities • *Representatives Everywhere*

More Convenience Outlets Make More Convenient Homes

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

(Continued from Page 102)

he needed, of course, in the earlier part of his career was an older head over him.

But cases of this nature, though interesting, are much less frequent and significant than those of another sort, a recital of which leads us straight on to the second of the two great fundamental reasons for failure.

Upon being asked his views concerning this subject of personal, individual failure, an experienced manager of industrial plants answered as follows: "When I was manager of the Blank Motor Company I realized that we needed a lot of new blood. We needed new foremen and superintendents, so I took on a dozen or more young college men. I remember two of them vividly. The first one came from a great university and had a good record. I put him at work in the machine shop, and in two or three weeks he came back and said he was pocketed. I hadn't forgotten him, although he thought I had. But that man was always chafing, he was always dissatisfied and wanted more money. I couldn't say to him, 'In five years you will be making five thousand dollars.' I had dozens of other young fellows like him, and I couldn't lay out a time-table for each one.

"Another young college man came on at the same time. Superficially he was more handicapped, because he was married and his parents were much poorer. But he never peeped. Not a word came from him. But I had my eye on both these men all the time. I don't know what has become of the first man, but the second one is now head of a department and is just as sure to succeed as the other is to fail. The trouble is that young men will not do the daily humble chore.

"So many of them are afraid the things they have to do aren't dignified enough. If they are educated men, if they start with certain mental and social advantages, they are so afraid of losing caste. When I go around speaking to groups of our salesmen I always tell them I am perfectly willing to carry the other fellow's bag if it's part of my work, and especially if the other man is older than I."

A young college graduate who had entered a financial institution went to the personnel officer after a year's time and asked how long it would be before he became an officer.

The Wrong Slant

"In about fifty years, the way you are going now," was the answer. "You think I am fooling, but your record is unsatisfactory because of your unrest. You were a good scholar in college and were highly recommended by the faculty. You and the others in your class came in here with what might be called a head start; you were supposed to be capable of serious application and your abilities were organized by years of study. You all looked alike at the start, we might as well have picked you out blindfold. But now, after a year, you are on different levels, you are operating on your natural tools.

"You don't seem to realize that good men go wherever they are sent, and do whatever they are given to do to the best of their ability without regard to what job lies immediately ahead. This job which you have been holding is not so very important in itself, but you have had just as good an opportunity here as anywhere else to show what your attitude is toward work. This job is just as important as any other in this institution in respect to the attitude which is shown, and that is the important thing."

What I mean by the second great fundamental cause of failure is the wrong attitude, the wrong slant taken by so many workers, high and low. For so often this attitude is the very essence and alchemy of the man. Failure with them starts in the heart, and the results are just as thoroughly unsatisfactory as where the cause lies in the stoppage of mental growth. This is not preaching and moralizing, even though the Old Testament does tell how the prophet Samuel in searching among the sons of Jesse for a king to rule over Israel looked them over one after another and finally took David.

"But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

There is no more firmly established fact in business experience than that the wrong attitude, which produces failure on the part of so many workers of high as well as low degree, is to a considerable extent caused by the death of spiritual or at least of ethical forces.

A man over fifty, well endowed physically and mentally, but with that indefinable air of being too smart and just a little crooked, called upon a placement-and-vocational expert one day. "I don't want to touch you," said the latter with a wry face. "I know something is wrong with you, and I can't help you—that is, unless you will build up your spiritual forces from the beginning. Will you meet me at church next Sunday?" The man was game, with the result that he now has a four-thousand-dollar position, and his two sons have thanked the placement expert many times.

Moral Factors

A professional man with excellent ability but a dangerous propensity for overdressing, leaving unpaid bills behind him, and getting into trouble with women, was kicked out of an eight-thousand-dollar position and obliged to take one for four thousand. Fortunately, at the start of his new work he took a long railroad trip with his employer, who, knowing his weaknesses, read him the riot act during the trip, and explained in frank language how a continuance of such behavior would soon mean the workhouse. The lecture seemed to strike home, and its recipient has been moving up in the professional scale ever since.

But I am not talking primarily about the moral derelicts, the down-and-outs, or those whose only escape from actual degradation lies in the shock of religious revival. The placement-and-vocational counselor previously quoted always seeks to draw out the moral philosophy of applicants, even those of fine, manly appearance, and he is in touch with something like six hundred a week. The existence of a moral philosophy is just as important to the growth of ultrarespectable holders of good positions as to those who are patently on the toboggan. In this connection the following statement was made by an officer in charge of personnel of a corporation of the first rank:

"I have considered your question carefully and talked it over with several of my associates. We all agree that with men who have initial ability and steam of their own the greatest obstacle to success is that they think only in terms of themselves. They think of each situation only as to how it reacts upon them. They have no ambition for the organization whose growth in the long run means their growth."

The vocational counselor already quoted says that the hardest part of his work is straightening out the mental and moral kinks of the people who come to him. "Hundreds of men start out with everything in their favor for a successful career, but some twist or turn in their make-up develops a personality or an attitude which overshadows their ability. Then no one wants them. These are the kind of men who are always saying of their employers 'He won't give me a chance.' What I try to do is to take that stuff, that grouch, out of them. But there are many cases where I can't do it.

"People make most of these troubles for themselves in the beginning, but they become very real after a while. There was a man in here to-day with not very much ability, but he has other good points which would make him of some value in a big organization. He must make a connection very soon, however, for I see signs of his becoming sour, and once that occurs he is done for.

"Men are too close to get a correct view of themselves. Most of my work is straightening out these kinks, checking way back into the lives of middle-aged men to find if they can see and hear correctly. They have to be helped as much as if they were children."

The personnel director of a financial institution who personally or through his assistants sees something like fifteen thousand men and women in a year, either those who hold positions in the institution or are applying for the same, says that what he has to fight the hardest is the individual who thinks only of what the concern can do for him and not of what he can do for it. The typical failure, in the opinion of this experienced authority, is the fellow who

A BETTER IRON

TONCAN

For Beauty that Lives

Beauty is fleeting, when but surface deep. Then follows regret. Only beauty that lives is a joy forever. Such beauty must have foundation.

From the attractive surface of enameled equipment that brightens a kitchen, to the boiler tubes of a locomotive, Toncan is the foundation of service.

Inquiry is invited concerning this better iron.

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION
CANTON, OHIO

Open Hearth and Electric Furnace U-loy Steels
for Railroads, Automobiles, Edged Tools, Agricultural Implements

Anti-Corrosive
Costs less per year of service
Roofing
Culverts
Spouting
Metal Lath
Tanks
Car Covering
Washing Machines
Anchor Rods
Plates

Welds Excellently
A flux in itself
Welding Rods
Knife Backs
Anvil Bases

Tough, Ductile
Cuts labor costs
Window Frames
Skylights
Cornice
Horse-shoe Nails

Resists Shock
Engine Stay Bolts
Dredge Chains
Sucker Rods

Enamels Better
Enamel (also zinc) adheres more smoothly and tightly to Toncan, in
Stoves
Ranges
Table-tops
Refrigerators
Signs

High Electrical Conductivity
Electrical Wire and Rods
Magnetic Iron Sections
Rails

Widely Stocked
In black, blue annealed and galvanized sheets
Toncan is also obtainable in
Plates and Rods
Bars and Billets

Enameled surfaces of enduring beauty

—lustrous, smooth, and easily cleaned, are provided wherever Toncan is used. As a precaution, ask if this better iron is under the enamel. Pictured above is the

Gibson One-Piece All-Porcelain Refrigerator

made by the Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Mich.—one of many firms that safeguard your satisfaction by enameling on Toncan

IN CANADA: Toncan is Galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. *Fabricated by* The Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.

The Builders

During a century of amazing achievement, there has grown up in this country a nation of homes, served as no people ever before was served, by railroads, public utilities and every phase of industry and commerce which could increase the comfort and happiness of living.

This tremendous progress is attributable to the courage, vision and constructive genius characteristic of the American people—a race of builders.

It is inevitable that during the next half century the world will need to draw heavily on American resourcefulness to aid its material progress.

Difficult problems are involved in the extension of this usefulness to other countries, but the National Bank of Commerce in New York believes that every forward-looking business man should study and understand America's future relation to world markets.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital and Surplus Fifty Million Dollars

grumbles about everything but himself and is constantly saying "I am not paid for doing that," who always blames everyone and everything but himself.

"My job is to save men from themselves. I am trying to run a human-salvage department. We released a man to-day who said as he left that he didn't intend to worry, because someone would give him a living, and the world owed him one anyway. I replied, 'You owe the world a life of service.' Men need medical and hospital treatment for their attitude toward work as much as they do for their bodies.

"Men invite failure, and the pity so often is that they do not know it. The head of the department says, 'Sorry, but we've got to work to-night.' Instead of replying 'I'm with you, Bill,' they say, 'Do I get supper money? What do you think I am, anyway, a centipede? I'm not paid for that. That's Fred's job.' They don't say 'Sure; all right! I'm glad to do it.' They resent being asked to work.

"The trouble with so many is that they have a score of reservations. 'How long before I get a real nice job? Do I get off at one o'clock Saturday? Do I ever have to work after five o'clock?' They want better jobs, but in hundreds of cases they fail when they get them. They go down of their own dead weight. They want to be front horses without doing any pulling. We had a vacancy in a certain line recently and a man from another institution came in to look it over. I asked him what was the matter with the job he was holding, and he replied that he had been there nine years without getting ahead. He couldn't get along, he said, with the man over him, because this fellow was a hard driver.

"'I don't think you have the right slant,' was my reply. 'You have never worked very hard over there. You are not changing your work or improving your position by coming here. It is exactly the same kind of work here. I'm going to send you back and keep tabs on you. I want you to come and see me in about a year and tell me how you have gotten on. But you must make a right-about-face in attitude.'"

A Useful Prescription

"He came back in a year and said he had made more progress than in the preceding four years. The most curious part, he said, was that his superior had changed his attitude too.

"Men come to me and say, 'I want to get along; I want that job up there.' 'Are you big enough for it?' I ask them. 'Before you answer let me write out on a piece of paper for you what Robert Burns said:

'Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!'

"They come into my office and say that they can't get ahead, that there is no opportunity for them. 'What do you really think of yourself?' is the reply I often make. 'Here's what I think of you. Tell me where I'm wrong. Have you ever stopped to think of the opinion which your superiors have of you? I know you have complaints to make of them, but are you big enough to reverse the situation and put yourself in their place?'

"I often say to young fellows, 'Here's a little plan I want to set out for you, and see just what happens.' Then I write out a prescription on a slip of paper for a complete change in attitude, urging them to do whatever is given them to do to the very best of their ability. In about three months the head of the department comes to me and says in a tone of surprise, 'Why, this fellow is a crackajack, after all! What has happened to him anyway? He's a different man from what he used to be. His attitude has changed. Formerly he was all grumble and resentment. Now he's all service. You can cancel that release. I'll keep this fellow, after all.'"

"But," I queried, "when you tell these young men to get the right slant don't they sometimes come back at you by saying that hard work doesn't get a man anywhere?"

"Of course they do, but I ask them what else they have to give except that. I say to them, 'You haven't got anywhere the other way, now why not try the method I suggest?'"

"But," I persisted, "don't young men who are dissatisfied or who need advice ever come to you without your losing respect for them?"

"Certainly. I have the highest regard for the young man who says 'I'm not complaining, but I want some advice.'"

Why There are Favorites

"'I have been here eighteen months and my ideas about this business have changed radically in that time,' said one young fellow.

"'The man just ahead of me has been here five years and he is a mighty capable chap. I am firmly convinced that I have a longer way to go than I first suspected, and I want your advice about going into some other business.'

"I was able at once to get this man a job selling musical records, and that proved the right occupation for him. Now he has a store of his own, and is doing very well. A man who is in the wrong place may be benefited from being kicked overboard, but that is a very different thing from having the wrong attitude toward one's work.

"No, the trouble with most of them is that they want something for nothing. Their characters have to be trained to give them the right viewpoint. The attitude of willingness to serve attracts attention. Of course there are always scores of young fellows here who are working for all they are worth, and they stand out above the rest in a short time. A man may be pocketed for a while in a big organization and his superior may take the credit for his good work, but sooner or later it inevitably turns up in the figures. Sooner or later the officers are looking around for someone to promote.

"There are always a bunch of young men here that every department head wants, the fellows who don't think of hours. You can't keep them in a rut. Soon they find themselves treated better than the others. They get more consideration from their superiors, and the other crowd are constantly having it rubbed into them by department heads. Strangely enough they never seem to know why. They complain that favorites are being played, and of course they are, the favorites being those who serve the organization best."

Horticultural Hall, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

A d j u s t a b l e

Timken adjustability is based upon the sound engineering principle that wherever there is motion there is wear

The mechanical device—the automotive vehicle—which provides most completely for compensation for unavoidable wear is the more nearly perfect, the more refined

No matter what type or form of physical characteristics exists, if one part moves upon another part wear must follow

The great difference between the Timken type of anti-friction bearing and other types—which wear as soon or sooner than Timken Tapered Roller Bearings—is

That when that wear which *must* follow motion does occur (—after many thousands of miles—) Timken Tapered Roller Bearings may easily and quickly be adjusted to compensate for that wear and made to function as when new

Thus are shafts held in absolute alignment—gears kept in perfect mesh—and quietness made permanent

More than 68,000,000 Timken Tapered Roller Bearings installed by more than 424 American and European manufacturers bear silent witness to the practicability and soundness of this inherent Timken characteristic

The Timken Roller Bearing Co, CANTON, O

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in Motor Cars, Trucks, Tractors, Trailers, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

Hotel La Salle

CHICAGO'S FINEST HOTEL

Occupies the City's Central Location—

At Hotel La Salle the guest enjoys the advantage of easy access to all the City's interests.

The leading shops, theatres, wholesale and retail houses, banks, political, artistic and musical centers are clustered about Hotel La Salle.

Surface cars and elevated transportation are close at hand, and five great railroad terminals are within a few short blocks.

Rates for Rooms

Number of Rooms	Price, per day 1 Person	2 Persons
84	$2.00	$3.50
194	2.50	4.00
48	3.50	5.00
288	4.00	6.00
213	5.00	7.00
181	6.00	8.00
18	7.00	9.00

There are 1026 Rooms at HOTEL LA SALLE

Fixed-Price Meals

Breakfast
at 50c and 70c—in the Cafe and Louis XVI Room.

Luncheon
at 85c—in the Dutch Room, Rookwood Room and Louis XVI Room.

Dinner
at $1.25—in the Dutch Room, Rookwood Room and Louis XVI Room.

A la Carte Service at Sensible Prices

La Salle at Madison Street

ERNEST J. STEVENS
Vice President and Manager

OUR OFFICIAL FAMILY

(Continued from Page 9)

marriage the father said, "Well, I want to know if you intend to marry in or out."

Mr. Daniels has always said he married in, my mother having been a widow and we having spent all our married life with her. With my scant knowledge of how to proceed I thought that all I had to do was to tell a real-estate agent what I wanted, he would take me to see the house, and I would move right in.

With this born-on-Sunday-married-on-Monday idea of the old rime, I left Raleigh on Sunday night, with my house in charge of servants who had been with me for years, and the rooms filled with guests. I urged the guests not to hurry away, for I said my program would be to spend Monday with my mother and sisters, who had taken an apartment in Washington; Tuesday was the inauguration; Wednesday Mr. Daniels would be sworn in; Thursday I would find my house; and Friday I would return home. With the greatest confidence I even ordered the packers to come on Friday.

One day to find a house according to my program, and actually it took me three weeks!

To suit our large old-timey furniture we wanted a large old-timey house. I stated this to the real-estate agent of my choice, and I looked at every house he could suggest. Then I summoned every other real-estate agent I could find and I looked at every house each had to offer.

During the eight years I lived in Washington, when I would drive through different streets I would say, "Oh, there's the house with only one bathroom and that on the third floor rear." Or, "There's the house with the kitchen in the basement and only one window and that on an areaway."

I looked at houses where people were then living and houses which had the dust and mold of empty years on their hangings and curtains. I looked at houses with furniture and without furniture. I looked at large houses and medium-sized houses, and houses in the country and houses in town.

All this while the season was in full swing. And I had to go to receptions and luncheons; and at night, weary with my search, I had to dress and go forth to smile at dinners. It taught me why men of great ability but moderate means feel that they must decline Federal appointments. I knew that other countries provided homes for their ambassadors and homes for their cabinet members and even homes for their chiefs of staff, and for the sake of every American man named to public office—and his wife—I wished that our country were in this list.

Finally we discovered a house that was not for rent, but for sale. I decided that the house would do, but my boys said, "Why, mother, it hasn't a hardwood floor"; and my husband said, "I think the only reason you are willing to take it is because it has a plot of grass on either side."

The Shackles of Precedent

So the house was given up and shortly afterward we found Single Oak, and its ten acres, which was our home during the first of our Washington stay. Single Oak is in a tract of one hundred woodsy acres, next door to Senator Newlands' house, which President Cleveland made his summer home while he was at the White House. It suited our needs exactly, and our gratitude for it was greatly increased by a sense of thankfulness that we had not obligated ourselves to buy a house when one month later our newspaper, the Raleigh News and Observer, burned.

The news came to Mr. Daniels in New York, where he had gone to make a speech before the Associated Press convention. It meant more than a financial loss, because to us our newspaper is not a piece of property, but an institution. Mr. Daniels had to make his speech that night with an aching heart.

The oldest boy at home at Single Oak said, "I shall pack up to go back to Raleigh with father. Plenty of boys fourteen years old have to earn their living, and I can help down there."

"I am going too. I can go around selling magazines and newspapers," said the eleven-year-old.

The smallest boy, then nine years old, had sometimes been allowed to earn extra money by stamping circulars in the office, and he said, "I can help. I can lick stamps."

There is no loss too great to be borne when one has a small boy who is willing to lick stamps.

Using the word "manners," which my sons' colored mammy constantly held before them, I verily believe precedent is death to manners. Never so long as I was in Washington did I become reconciled to those hard-and-fast rules which require an older woman, whose husband had served faithfully and well in a position of highest rank in the Navy, to stand aside for me, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy. Nor could I feel that it was right for me, because I was the wife of a secretary, to enter a room ahead of the daughters of the President of the United States.

Two instances very shortly after I arrived in Washington brought forcibly to my attention the rigid rules of social observance in official circles. At one of my first dinners I stood in the women's reception room talking with Miss Margaret Wilson. I was not then conscious of my duty as the ranking woman present. Perhaps I was even waiting for Miss Wilson to indicate her readiness to proceed to the drawing-room, when Mrs. Wilson's secretary stepped up to me and asked, "Mrs. Daniels, will you go forward?"

A few days later I went upon a warship for the first time with my husband. As had been my habit all my life I stepped ahead of him, and not until I heard the salute and saw the flag fluttering above my head did I realize that I was receiving the honors intended for the Secretary of the Navy.

Never again could I be unmindful of those rules of precedence by which Washington lives. In seating guests at dinner, in placing a receiving line, even in the simple matter of making an introduction, one must always take thought as to which of two men or two women has higher rank.

Sticklers for Form

The President, Vice President, Speaker, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, members of the cabinet, justices of the Supreme Court, senators and members of the House of Representatives—each has his individual rank, and woe betide the hostess who places one of lesser rank above one of higher rank or, in the case of members of Congress, one who has served a lesser number of years above one who has served a greater number of years. Indeed it is even told of the wife of a senator who stood in line at a social club in Washington waiting to wash her hands, that because the woman ahead of her in line, whose husband happened to be of lesser rank, did not stand back and give her her place, the wife of the senator would never again enter the doors of that particular club.

It is not women alone who are thus bound by precedent. It is told of a man high in official life in Washington that one night he looked at a dinner diagram and said to his wife, "My dear, we are not properly seated. We will leave as soon as dinner is over." This they did, rising directly from the table, and as they said good night to their hostess the gentleman remarked, "I hope that the next time we dine with you we shall be properly seated"; but the hostess had spirit, and she replied with double meaning, "I assure you, sir, that you will never be embarrassed again in dining with me."

There are conflicts of opinion occasionally about rank, especially between the justices of the Supreme Court and the members of the cabinet. Custom accords to the cabinet members the higher rank, but when any lady belonging to the family of a justice gives a dinner she puts all the justices first and the members of the cabinet second.

Sometimes there are unexpected contretemps due to this question of rank. Once Mr. Daniels and I were giving a dinner to meet a new member of the cabinet and his wife. My husband insisted that since we were in reality all one official family the Vice President of the United States would be glad to come. Although I reminded him that the Vice President should not be invited to meet one of lesser rank he insisted upon the invitation being sent. Regrets came back promptly. A few days later I casually spoke to Mrs. Marshall about the invitation, and she said, "I will tell you

The Insignia of the World's largest maker of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

QUIET
SIWELCLO
Price as shown
$108.35
Or with Mahogany Seat
$99.60
F.O.B. Trenton

TEPECO Water Closets
FOR EVERY PLACE AND PURSE

THE Si-wel-clo closet incorporates all the good mechanical features a water closet should have and *adds* that of extraordinary quiet operation. It suppresses a noise you do not want heard and do not want to hear.

The Quiet Si-wel-clo is the leader of a group of water closets which The Trenton Potteries Company has developed to meet the needs of every building, from the big hotel to the modest bungalow.

We, of course, consider the Quiet Si-wel-clo the most desirable. For those who can not afford it, we make other good closets. Into our "Welling," "Merit" and "Saxon" we have merged as many of the excellencies of the Quiet Closet as possible. Each in its class and at its price is the best the market affords. Each is equipped with a tank of glistening white china, with surface unaffected by stain, acid or soil, and *trouble-proof* working parts.

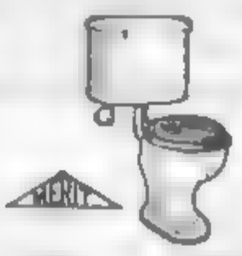
We have priced these four closet outfits fairly, f.o.b. Trenton, and are shipping them completely crated to the plumbing contractor. We *know* it will pay you to insist upon your plumber furnishing them.

Send for our bathroom plan book, "Bathrooms of Character." It will tell you things you should know before building.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

BOSTON

Price . . . $65.65
F.O.B. Trenton

NEW YORK


Price . . . $57.50
F.O.B. Trenton

SAN FRANCISCO

Price . . . $53.15
F.O.B. Trenton

frankly, Mrs. Daniels, we do not accept an invitation to a dinner to meet someone who does not rank us."

Apparently the most plain and simple of Democrats, who cares nothing for rank himself, is subject to this system, for Vice President Marshall, in reality a strong believer in democracy, would have accepted the invitation to have dinner with members of the cabinet, but in deference to his position had to decline that same invitation because it was worded "to meet" one of them, a man of lesser rank.

During his stay in the United States the Prince of Wales several times exhibited the greatest courtesy with regard to this question of rank. On the occasion of the big reception given in his honor at the Congressional Library there were seated at his table for supper Vice President Marshall, Mrs. Lansing, Earl Grey, Madame Riaño, wife of the Spanish Ambassador, and myself. The Prince asked the Vice President, the ranking gentleman present, at what hour he intended to leave, and Mr. Marshall said, "When you leave, Your Highness, I assure you I shall not be half a mile behind you."

A few minutes later the Prince approached Mr. Daniels with the same question and received a similar answer, since this was during a time when there was great pressure of work and most of the officials present were expecting to return to their offices to put in several hours at their desks.

"I shall be leaving early, since I have work to do," said the Prince.

Both Earl Grey and Mr. Daniels smiled, and the Prince asked the reason. The British Ambassador explained that it was because he could not understand why the Prince should work at that hour instead of the next morning. But the young man insisted that work claimed him, and shortly was out of the building, a long line of carriages immediately following with the men who in reality had work to do but who were required by courtesy to await the pleasure of the guest of honor.

Stories are constantly current of those who are unhappy over breaches of precedent, or who themselves offend by trying to occupy positions ahead of those to which custom entitles them. I never had these experiences, because to me this was never a personal matter. As I said to a woman once during commencement week at Annapolis, when she asked me if I were not proud of the honors being paid my husband, "There are no honors being paid to my husband. The gentleman who is being saluted is the Secretary of the Navy."

Overwhelming Social Duties

In thinking of precedent I am glad to recall that the President of the United States never forgot that his wife outranked him by an older law than that of Washington officialdom, and always accorded her the honor of preceding him.

And I must confess that now in private life I see some instances where rules of precedence would bless and not harm, and where unhappiness might be avoided by some of the usages in which Washington delights.

"Mother, doesn't a cabinet lady ever have a day off?" is a question from one of my young sons which is easily understandable after a glance at an average day's program during my life in Washington.

Take, for instance, one Easter Monday when my engagements were so complicated, especially because of my living some distance from town, that I planned a costume like this: In the morning I started from my house in a black taffeta frock with feathered hat, bouquet of white lilacs and white gloves. In this garb I attended a wedding. Back in the carriage, off came the flowers and white gloves, and black gloves were donned for a call of condolence.

The call paid, the white gloves were again substituted for the black, the flowers were hastily pinned on, and my carriage had arrived at a luncheon. After the luncheon I paid forty calls and then hastened home to dress for one of the six dinners to which we had been invited that evening, and for a reception to which we were going on later.

Usually I arose at eight o'clock. After breakfast and telephone calls I discussed the program of the day with the servants. This was no light task, although I did not have the servant problems which beset many Washington hostesses. Once Mrs. Hoke Smith, wife of the former United States senator from Georgia, whose cook longed for Georgia just as Mrs. Smith was having a dinner for some ambassadors and ministers from foreign countries, groaned, "Oh, Margaret, you leaving and the ministers coming!" But Margaret, true to her religious upbringing, said, "Law, no, Mis' Birdie, I yain't gwine to leave you if conference meets yere." My servants were as faithful to me as though conference were meeting every day. After making out the menu I dictated to my secretary and went over the invitations for the day, then to market. There was usually a luncheon, and from three until six o'clock every day but Wednesday, when I received myself, and Sunday, when I made no social engagements, I called.

This matter of calling, one of the most mooted questions of Washington life, was brought up at the first meeting of the women of the cabinet after I went to Washington. I was heartily in favor of upholding the old custom of returning the calls of all those who called on me. I enjoy meeting people and I was sure then of what proved to be true, that I should never make calls myself without meeting some woman who would illumine my whole day.

When in common with the other ladies of the cabinet I began to be at home each Wednesday, receiving from two hundred and fifty to four hundred calls, I began to realize that it is well-nigh impossible for any woman in five afternoons in the week, even though she calls every minute, to return these hundreds of visits. Added to this I myself took pride in never sending in my card, but always asked if the one called on were receiving that afternoon, and if she were I went in and made a real call, such as I would at home in Raleigh, North Carolina.

Page Mr. Daniels!

Out of that experience I came to believe that if the wife of a cabinet member makes callers really feel welcome when they come on her public receiving days, and then, instead of returning visits, occasionally gives a large reception, inviting by card all those who have called, this most controversial question would be solved.

There was scarcely an evening, save Sunday, when we dined at home unless we had guests ourselves. I always called for Mr. Daniels at the department, and as he was rarely ready to leave before 6:30 o'clock it would be seven when we reached home, with barely half an hour to dress before going out for the evening's engagements.

I recall one occasion when Mr. Daniels' appointments for the afternoon made it impossible to get even half an hour at home. He was to finish the afternoon with a private interview at one of the hotels with a gentleman whose presence in Washington it was not wise to have publicly known. Mr. Daniels arranged to change his clothes at the hotel and I was to call for him there and go on to a dinner at the Navy Yard. I went as agreed, and after waiting almost up to the dinner hour I had him paged. There was no response. Then in desperation I asked to have him called in Mr. M——'s room. The clerk said that no Mr. M—— was registered. I insisted that he look on the private register, and he came back to whisper that Miss M—— was registered, and should Mr. Daniels be called in her room?

About this time Mr. Daniels came walking across the street. There had been a misunderstanding as to the hotel at which we were to meet. Of course the dinner hour was long past. In the carriage Mr. Daniels asked if he might kiss me and be forgiven, and I said the only difficulty was that he could not kiss and be so readily forgiven by the wife of the admiral whose dinner he was keeping waiting.

The average day makes no reckoning of the many special calls for entertainment or attendance upon meetings or participation in charitable enterprises. I am a little proud of my record that I never broke an engagement during all my eight years in Washington.

When national conventions, of which there are many in Washington, took place, I usually invited the delegates to meet the North Carolina representatives. We never found our home as large as our hearts, and one occasion when it was taxed greatly was when the Women's Christian Temperance Union met in Washington, and fifteen hundred women came to tea when we had expected about eight hundred. The line reached not only from the house to the sidewalk but clear to the end of the block.

(Continued on Page 113)

Bumps come front and rear

You never can tell what the driver behind you is going to do. In congested traffic you may get a smash in the rear at any time. And that often means another bump in front.

Are you prepared for the other fellow's carelessness? Are you giving your car the collision protection it ought to have?

With Lyon Spring Bumpers on your car—front and rear—you can drive with assurance of safety. Insurance companies recognize this fact and grant reduced collision rates on Lyon-protected cars. These reductions more than pay for a pair of Lyon Spring Bumpers. So it really costs money in more ways than one to drive a car that is not Lyon-equipped.

Why take chances? Each Lyon Bumper is guaranteed to take the full force of a blow at 15 miles an hour without injury to the car or its occupants.

The Lyon-patented, two-piece overlapping front bar and the open "looped ends" yield to the blow like a spring. They absorb the shock and keep it from being passed along to the car.

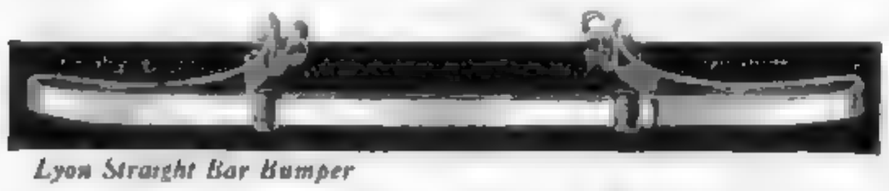
Lyon Spring Bumpers are simple in design, exceedingly strong and perfectly balanced. Easily attached to any car by means of a patented hook bolt, without altering the frame or drilling. No brackets required.

The Lyon trade-mark is on every genuine Lyon Spring Bumper. Accept no substitute.

Over a million in use. $10 to $23.

METAL STAMPING COMPANY, Long Island City, New York

Canadian licensee, B. J. Coghlin Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada



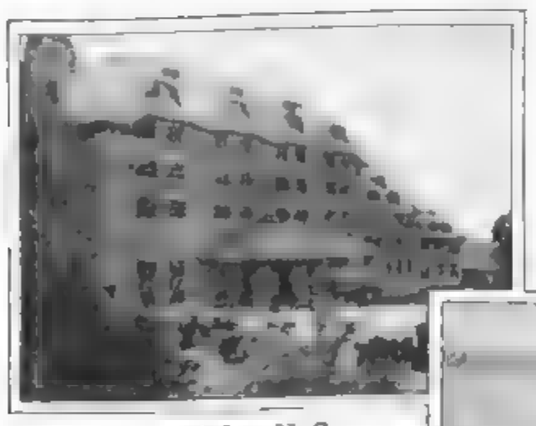
Lyon Straight Bar Bumper

Lyon Convex Bumper

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

Reproduced from actual photographs taken after the two panels had been handled for several days

His friends made this test for him



Grove Park Inn, N C
Barreled Sunlight has replaced enamel in this well-known Southern resort

Interior of the Kellogg Plant
This famous food product plant is painted throughout with Barreled Sunlight

Barreled Sunlight has made walls and woodwork in this bathroom white and washable as tile

Its result is a warning to everyone who buys paint for interior use

HE was about to repaint again. It was a question of dirty, graying walls—or "another coat."

On his desk were two wooden panels—one painted with an ordinary flat-finish white paint, the other with Barreled Sunlight.

Passing friends picked them up and examined them.

At the end of several days they showed a startling difference.

The panel painted with ordinary flat-finish white paint had apparently collected every fingermark—every particle of dust and dirt. The board painted with Barreled Sunlight remained white and clean as when newly painted.

The reason is simple. The surface of ordinary flat-finish white paint is full of countless invisible pores. These microscopic holes catch the dirt and hold it. That is the reason most walls and woodwork need repainting so often.

Barreled Sunlight is a white paint made by the exclusive Rice Process which produces a lustrous surface so smooth that it offers no lodging place for the tiny dust and dirt particles. It can be washed clean like tile—even after years of service.

That is why Barreled Sunlight is being used today in buildings of every description—hotels, apartment houses, office buildings, stores and industrial plants. Ideal also for woodwork throughout the home, for the walls of kitchen, bathroom, laundry, etc.

Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel applied under the same conditions. It is easy to apply. Flows freely and leaves no brush marks. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels. When painting over an unpainted surface use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

If your dealer does not carry Barreled Sunlight have him communicate with us for name of nearest distributor.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Factory and Main Offices
8 DUDLEY ST. PROVIDENCE, R. I.
New York, Grand Central Terminal Bldg
Chicago, 659 Washington Blvd.
San Francisco, 38 O'Farrell St.
And 50 other distributing points in the United States

Barreled Sunlight

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

Here, Madam, Is the Wonderful Vacuette Which Cleans Perfectly Without Electricity

THE drudgery of sweeping banished housework made much easier. That is the good news now for every woman who is weary of old fashioned ways, or expensive and cumbersome devices for cleaning rugs and carpets.

The Vacuette is the long looked for device which is actually revolutionizing housework—saving strength, saving time and costing nothing to operate.

In justice to yourself, Madam, you should know just what the Vacuette is and what it will do. You should not only read what we tell you here—you should ask for the demonstration by which you can make a free test of the Vacuette in your own home. Do not delay—write us at once—we will arrange for free demonstration.

Absolutely Automatic No Electric Current Needed

With the Vacuette you need no electric current because it operates mechanically and automatically. You, therefore, have no electricity to pay for. You do not have to handle plugs, cords, wires or attachments. You simply run the Vacuette across the floor and all the dust, dirt, lint, thread, ashes, grit vanish into the bag.

The Vacuette gives the advantage of **both** a fast revolving, gear driven bristle brush and a powerful air suction. No dust or dirt can escape—it **must** go into the bag. It has the pistol-grip handle which makes it easy to guide and the handle stands upright when not in use.

The body of the Vacuette is made of beautiful cast aluminum. It has "Parkerized" rust proof parts. It runs on noiseless rubber wheels. The mechanism requires practically no oiling. It will last for years. It weighs only 7½ pounds.

Model "C," our new type of Vacuette, presenting these improved features, stands as the "last word" in vacuum sweepers.

With all the advantages which it offers, the Vacuette costs only about half the price you would expect to pay for an efficient vacuum sweeper. And those who wish to buy on easy terms can make a small down-payment and pay the balance a little every month.

Our local representatives are ready now to call and arrange for the free trial which will be a revelation—a positive proof that the Vacuette makes rugs look bright and new, and actually makes play out of work. If there is not a representative in your territory, write direct to us.

Proved in 180,000 Homes Wins on Merit

Already the Vacuette is in daily use in more than 180,000 homes. It is also in constant use in great city office buildings, in hotels, in schools, in hospitals and on steamships and on trains.

No sweeping device ever invented has stood more strenuous tests than the Vacuette. We did not offer it to the public until we knew to a certainty that it would do its work perfectly, that in strength of construction it was unsurpassed and in simplicity of mechanism without a rival.

And then we let thousands of women demonstrate it in their homes at our risk. We told them to use it daily—to use it hard to try to find defects because we were determined to make the Vacuette beyond criticism, and we wanted the user's experience and judgment. The results were as gratifying as we hoped the reports that came in were a tidal wave of enthusiasm—we knew that the Vacuette had scored an epoch-making triumph.

Improved Model "C" Vacuette

And now we are offering this splendid labor-saving device in a nation-wide campaign so that people everywhere in cities, towns, villages and on farms may have it.

Guaranteed by the Makers

Not only do we offer the Vacuette, backed by its remarkable record in use, but we guarantee that in every case it has been thoroughly examined and tested before leaving the factory—that it is in perfect condition and that if any part shows a defect due to fault of material or manufacture, we will replace it free of cost to the user.

The Vacuette will last for years—practically for a lifetime.

Free Demonstration

All you need to do to learn what the Vacuette will accomplish for you is to ask for a free demonstration. Just write to us direct and we will arrange for the demonstration right in your home. We want you to see the wonderful work which the Vacuette does before you make a decision one way or another. See dust and dirt disappear as if by magic—all into the bag—none scattered—none left as with ordinary sweepers or inefficient suction devices. Simply marvelous, you will say, just as 180,000 women have already said.

Local Representatives Wanted—Now

So successful has the Vacuette been wherever introduced that we are planning to cover the entire country through salesmen and saleswomen who will visit homes, make demonstrations and take orders in localities which we are ready to assign now.

We are now ready to make appointments, and to active, ambitious people we offer an opportunity such as we believe has never been equalled in its field.

Experience is not necessary, as we give every representative a thorough special training by sales experts who make every point so clear that any intelligent man or woman can quickly take up the work. Every one who enters the field goes with a preparation which, coupled with enthusiasm and energy, means success from the beginning. Not only are splendid earnings to be made by demonstrating and selling in the home, but salesmen who prove their ability will have the opportunity to take charge of crews and to manage districts.

Our representatives are constantly backed by a consistent campaign of national and local advertising and by active co-operation from the factory.

And our free demonstration offer, reasonable price and easy terms place the Vacuette in the great majority of homes—and once placed it always stays.

Women never go back to the hard way of sweeping when once they see how the Vacuette makes rugs and carpets look like new with really no effort. To show the Vacuette is to sell it.

Those who realize that the Vacuette has a market in practically every home need no argument to convince them that the possibilities are simply tremendous. No active man or woman who is ambitious to make large earnings and to win independence need remain in any small-pay occupation while this proposition is open.

In the cities—where electricity is in general use—the Vacuette is sold the same as in the rural communities where there is no electricity. *Everywhere*—large cities, small towns, on farms—the Vacuette sells itself. To demonstrate is to sell it.

Write—and Get Choice of Territory

If you are ready for an opportunity such as we have described—if you want to enter a pleasant paying business in which you will be associated with active, ambitious people—write and tell us in what part of the country you wish to work and we will give your application careful consideration.

This is a proposition on which you should not delay, for as fast as we find people of the kind we want, we will fill the open territory.

Write today and get complete information about the unusual opportunity.

Vacuette
Non-Electric Suction Sweeper

As Efficient as an Electric—as Easy to Operate as a Carpet Sweeper

★ Endorsed by Good Housekeeping and Modern Priscilla

THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY, Dept. 12, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Manufactured in Canada by VACUETTES, Ltd., 44 York Street, Toronto

(Continued from Page 110)

As was perfectly appropriate, the wives of William J. Bryan and Josephus Daniels received the guests together, and if our heads could have been turned with praise of our husbands they would have been on that day. One woman met Mr. Daniels in the crowd and asked the way to the door. "Which door?" he questioned. "Any door!" she gasped. He conducted her through the back hall to the kitchen and out to the alley, where she joyfully shook herself free from the crowd. I thought the Women's Christian Temperance Union ladies were many on that day, and they have seemed equally numerous when on my trips through the country I have met those whom I entertained and have been entertained by them in return.

I have said that we accepted no Sunday invitations. We had no criticism for those who did do so, but we abided by this rule for ourselves. We were asked once to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, and as I declined I asked my husband if I should give the real reason. He said yes, and therefore I turned to Mrs. Page and said, "We never accept Sunday hospitality; and then, that is the only day we have at home with our boys."

There were tears in Mrs. Page's eyes as she said, "Stay with your boys."

It is an actual fact that women order their chauffeurs to take them to a series of Washington receptions and literally enter a house without realizing whose it is.

The women of the cabinet are at home on Wednesdays, and on that day they have one of the few perquisites of their position, flowers from the White House conservatories always being sent for their tables.

On my first day at home I received nine hundred and sixty-eight callers, and each week from two hundred and fifty to four hundred women came in the long line past me. I had a rare blessing in that when women came thronging so rapidly that I had no chance for a special word with them I could say, "My mother is in the next drawing-room." To be able to send one's friends on with the sense that you are conferring upon them your greatest gift and with the knowledge that they will have a friendly handclasp and just the right word from one's mother is a great thing.

The first day that I received after going to Washington the wife of a former cabinet member asked me how I expected to like official life. I told her that I had always enjoyed people and I looked upon this as a broadening of the social lines in which I had always delighted. Of course, then a vase of flowers had not been tipped over at a very special dinner, nor had a conference at the White House and an executive session of the United States Senate thrown another dinner into chaos—but those are stories to be told later. I learned that a sense of humor is the only saving grace in times like those, as well as during the long hours that one stands in line receiving guests.

Doctor Walker Comes to Tea

On that same first receiving day there came a woman who said that she wanted to make a good impression upon me because her son was a plebe at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. I told her I was interested because I had had two brothers plebes at the Academy, and I had four boys of my own. And then this woman who was so eager to clinch her good impression asked blandly, "Oh, were those your little grandchildren I saw in the garden?" speaking of my two youngest boys.

Another day, when I was receiving, not the public, but only an invited group of guests, I found standing in front of me a woman with a horseshoe of oxeye daisies on her frock and a chaplet of the flowers on her head, who stated that she had decided to come because she knew that if I had understood how much she wanted to be there I would certainly have asked her. She remained all through the affair and had a blissful time.

Once one of my youngest boys came in to say, "Mother, I didn't want to go out in front, but Jordan called me"—Jordan being the footman—"and there's the funniest little old man coming in that's a woman."

Before I saw the little figure in trousers, frock coat, and green-and-red-plaid tie fastened with a diamond breastpin, I knew that it was Dr. Mary Walker, and I sent word ahead to the maids to see that she had special attention in the dining room.

"Mrs. Daniels, I had no idea you were so far from the trolley. I am so glad that I didn't bring my secretary with me. I do not know how she would have gotten here, clothed as she is," said Doctor Walker. But I replied, "Doctor Walker, with the present fashions perhaps we are less impeded with clothes than you are." Out in the dining room Doctor Walker declined tea, but yielded to the urging of one of the maids who offered to make her a cup of cambric tea. On that occasion and at one other reception, when I saw her in full-dress male attire with a corsage bouquet of flowers and palm leaves thrust between her shirt and waistcoat, I saw in the face of the little woman the spirit which had carried her onto war-torn battlefields.

The first formal event for which we issued cards in Washington was a garden party in June, 1913, for Admiral and Mrs. Dewey. The morning dawned clear and radiant, and baskets of flowers and chairs were arranged on the lawn. Almost immediately the sky was overcast and everything was brought into the house. Again the weather cleared and things were returned to the lawn. When the clouds came again we telephoned to the weather bureau to ask if it was going to rain. The reply was that it oughtn't to. And it didn't.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey accepted very few social engagements and this garden party was one of the last occasions on which large numbers of persons had an opportunity to meet the admiral.

A Day With Admiral Dewey

The friendship of the admiral and Mrs. Dewey is one of the rarest gifts which came to us in Washington, and many of my happiest memories are of them and their marvelous kindness to us. On one day I was asked to bring our boys to see the admiral's trophies. We saw his mementos of Manila and many other treasures, priceless because of their connection with events and people. Then we were invited to the dining room, where we found a feast laid out surrounding a great birthday cake. The admiral had chosen to spend his birthday showing his trophies to our boys.

A few months later we gave a big reception to every North Carolinian in Washington, securing from all the government departments lists of the representatives of the state who were at work, and sending each an invitation.

The first of our series of New Year's receptions was in 1914. The President was not giving his usual New Year's reception, because he was not well and was spending the holidays on the Gulf of Mexico. Therefore we had added to the brilliant uniform of our own Army and Navy guests the magnificent gold braid and glittering colors of the diplomatic corps, who might otherwise have been at the White House. The diplomatic corps, I might mention, came to us that year from the celebrated grapejuice breakfast given for them by the then Secretary of State, Mr. William J. Bryan.

There was great excitement among my boys when they found that among the callers were the discoverer of the North Pole, Admiral Peary, and Mrs. Peary.

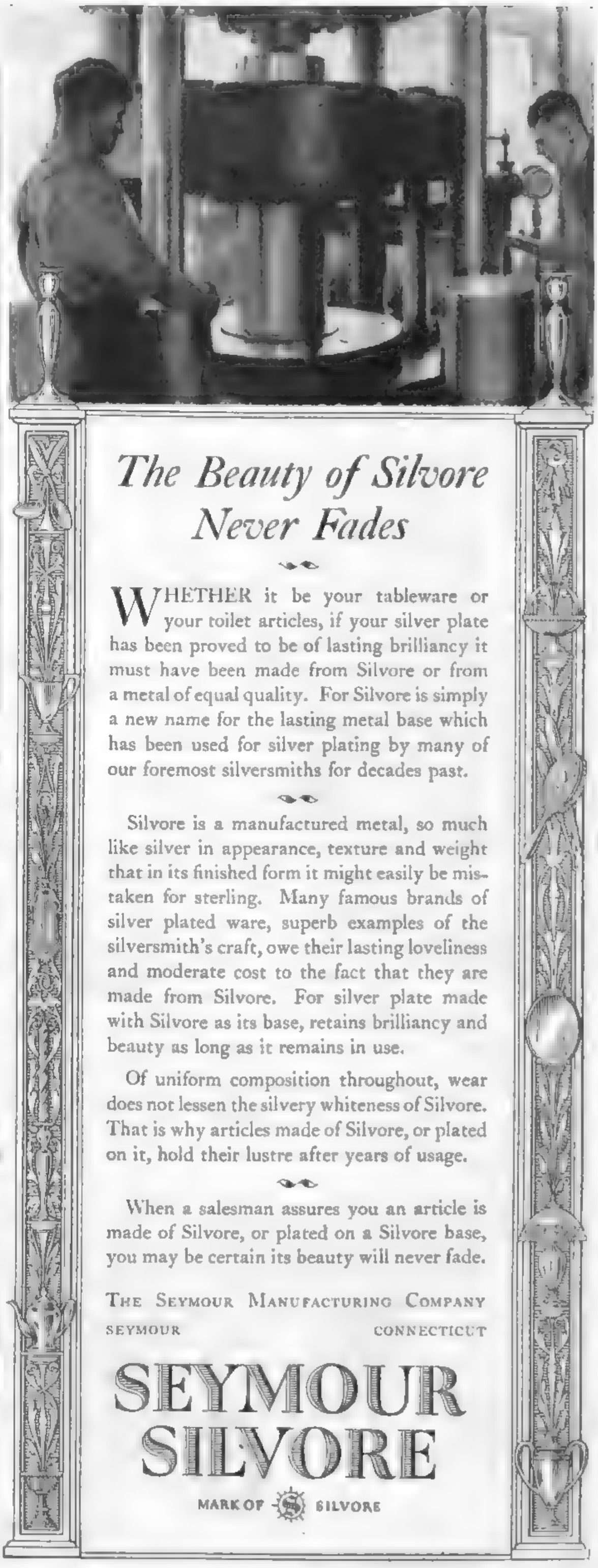
Among the pleasantest receptions were those at which I received officially, the Navy Relief balls for charity, the Army and Navy League club affairs, the events following the Army and Navy games, and the festivities at Annapolis.

When I went to Annapolis for the games I saw in place of the youths out on the field, my brother, Worth Bagley, who was the first American naval officer to give his life in the Cuban War, and of whom it was said twice that he won the game for the Navy. For some time his place kick of fifty-three yards was the longest on record, and he used to tell with great glee of the time when as a midshipman he was familiar with an admiral. The admiral in question slapped him on the back after the Navy had won the game and said, "My boy, you have saved me five hundred dollars."

So it was that in place of these others I saw him on the gridiron, and in the cheers and songs I heard the words, to the tune of Marching Through Georgia, which they used to sing when he played:

There goes Bagley round the end
With Johnson by his side
Fighting like the devil
For a touchdown.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mrs. Daniels. The second will appear in an early issue.



The Beauty of Silvore Never Fades

WHETHER it be your tableware or your toilet articles, if your silver plate has been proved to be of lasting brilliancy it must have been made from Silvore or from a metal of equal quality. For Silvore is simply a new name for the lasting metal base which has been used for silver plating by many of our foremost silversmiths for decades past.

Silvore is a manufactured metal, so much like silver in appearance, texture and weight that in its finished form it might easily be mistaken for sterling. Many famous brands of silver plated ware, superb examples of the silversmith's craft, owe their lasting loveliness and moderate cost to the fact that they are made from Silvore. For silver plate made with Silvore as its base, retains brilliancy and beauty as long as it remains in use.

Of uniform composition throughout, wear does not lessen the silvery whiteness of Silvore. That is why articles made of Silvore, or plated on it, hold their lustre after years of usage.

When a salesman assures you an article is made of Silvore, or plated on a Silvore base, you may be certain its beauty will never fade.

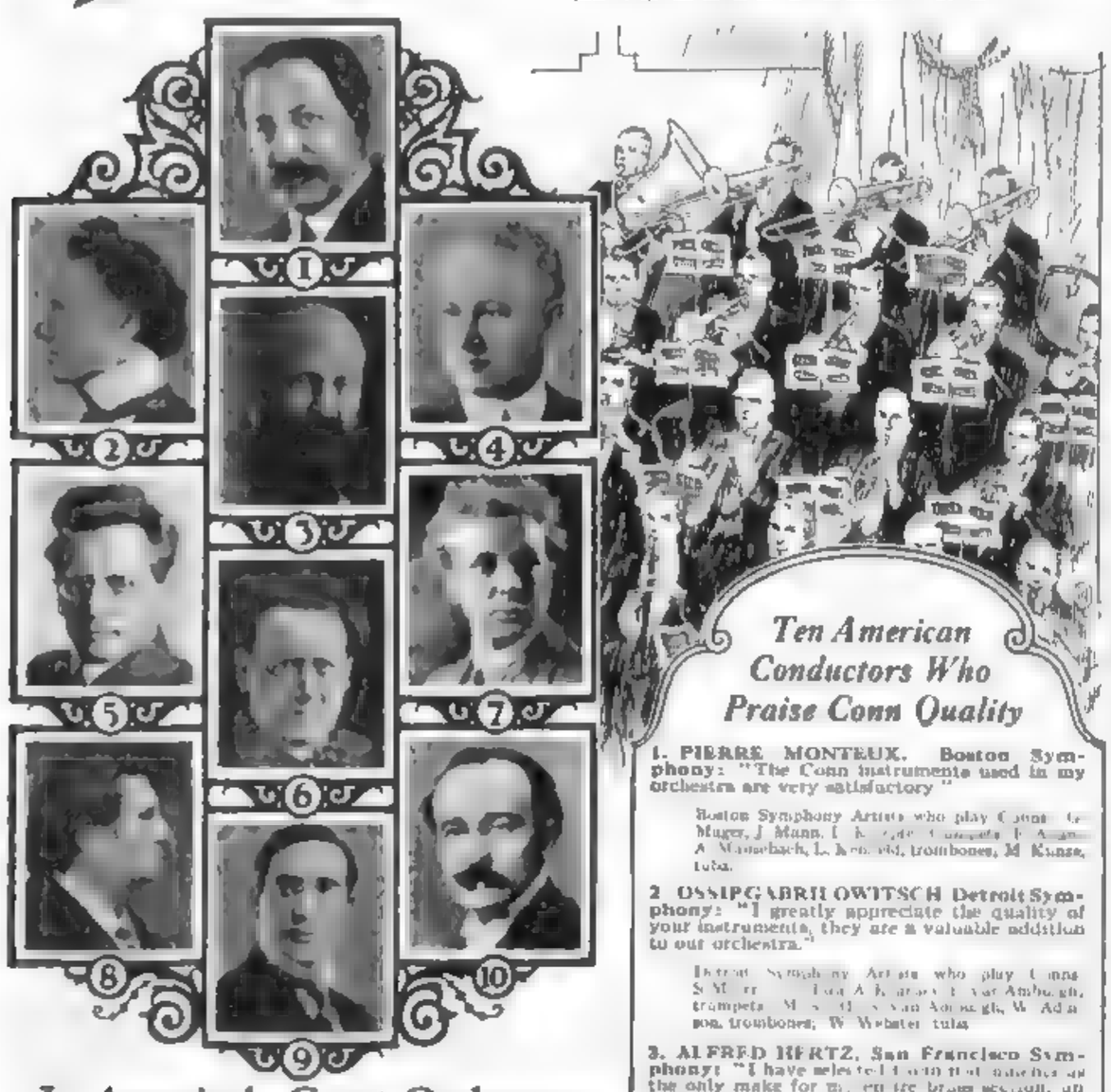
THE SEYMOUR MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SEYMOUR CONNECTICUT

SEYMOUR SILVORE

MARK OF S SILVORE

CONN

WORLD FAMOUS BAND *and* ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

Ten American Conductors Who Praise Conn Quality

1. PIERRE MONTEUX, Boston Symphony: "The Conn instruments used in my orchestra are very satisfactory."

Boston Symphony Artists who play Conns: G. Mager, J. Mann, [illegible] Concerts; P. Angelo, A. Mouradjian, L. Kenneweld, trombones; M. Kunze, tuba.

2. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH, Detroit Symphony: "I greatly appreciate the quality of your instruments, they are a valuable addition to our orchestra."

Detroit Symphony Artists who play Conns: S. Mayer, [illegible] A. Kaplan, L. Van Amburgh, trumpets; M. [illegible] Van Amburgh, W. Adamson, trombones; W. Webster, tuba.

3. ALFRED HERTZ, San Francisco Symphony: "I have selected Conn trombones as the only make for me, my entire brass section, an indication of my regard."

San Francisco Symphony Artists who play Conns: L. Rosenthal, [illegible] Kegel, A. Arriola, A. Stephen, trumpets; L. Tait, [illegible] Clark, F. Bassett, trombones; A. Storch, tuba.

4. JOSEF STRANSKY, New York Philharmonic Orchestra, endorses Conn quality. The following artists playing under Stransky use Conns:

V. Buono, M. Schoenberg, J. Grupp, trumpets; M. Kaufman, L. Jeanne, W. Lafleback, trombones, F. Gerb, tuba.

5. W. H. ROTHWELL, Los Angeles Philharmonic: "Conn instruments used in our orchestra are very satisfactory in tone quality and pitch."

Mr. Rothwell's players who use Conns are: V. Dronsejko, Pacheco, trumpets; H. Bettet, L. Steinberger, J. Wallace, F. Schellhouse, trombones.

6. JOSEF WILLEM MENGELBERG, the famous guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, appreciates the effects obtained by the Conn brass section of his orchestra.

7. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Philadelphia Symphony. Artists under Stokowski, who play Conns:

S. Cohen, trumpet; G. Simons, C. Gerhard, P. Lota, trombones; G. Frey, tuba.

8. EUGENE YSAYE, Cincinnati Symphony. Artists under Ysaye who play Conns are:

F. Wess, W. McGee, W. Kopp, trumpets; J. Huston, tuba.

9. NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF, Cleveland Symphony: "Your instruments in the Cleveland Orchestra are of excellent quality and beautiful tone."

Cleveland Symphony Artists who use Conns: A. Clark, A. Clumet, J. Sirota, trombones.

10. EMIL OBERHOFFER, Minneapolis Symphony. Artists under Oberhoffer who use Conns:

W. Thieck, H. LeBarbier, A. Koehler, H. Bosenroth, M. Rolla, [illegible] Lockeburg, trumpets; R. Lindenhahn, [illegible] M. Sery, V. Gebhardt, F. Wagner, trombones.

Conn Instruments are also used at present by the following New York Symphony Artists: [illegible] trumpets; M. Warken, [illegible] trombones; J. Pfeiffer, [illegible] D. [illegible], tuba; METROPOLITAN OPERA ORCHESTRA, N. Y.: G. Sozio, A. Athanasi, trumpets; S. Mantia, [illegible] Cusumano, B. Wagner, W. Lacroix, trombones.

In America's Great Orchestras

WHAT a significant fact it is, that the artists who interpret the works of the masters, who paint again the great tone-pictures of the symphonies, *use Conn instruments in the expression of their art!*

The standards of these conductors, and of the players with them, are indeed exacting. Conn instruments meet these standards in every detail, giving life and color to the composition with the brilliant beauty of their tone, and responding instantly to the player's control in the most difficult passage.

Exclusive processes of manufacture developed in the great Conn laboratories, the painstaking care of artist-craftsmen, and the skill developed in half a century of instrument building are responsible for this excellence. The name Conn on a band or orchestra instrument means above all: *Highest in Quality.*

FREE

"Success in Music and How to Win It"

A short period of practice with a Conn will prepare you for the pleasure and [illegible] of playing a better class instrument. Tuneful, melodious and easy to play—these are the instruments to be used and enjoyed at once. Send the coupon now for your copy and full details of *Free Trial Easy Payment Plan.* Mention instrument that interests you.

Watch for Announcements of More Conn Radio Concerts

C. G. CONN, LTD.,

436 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Indiana

Chicago Conn Co., 62 E. Van Buren St.
New York Conn Co., 233-5-7 W. 47th St.
Detroit Conn Co., 243 E. Grand River Ave.
Northwest Conn Co., 1609 3rd Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Southern Conn Co., 317 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.
McDougal Conn Co., 129 10th St., Portland, Ore.
Cleveland Conn Co., 1220 Huron Rd.

C. G. CONN, Ltd., 436 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Indiana:

Please send me Free Book, "Success in Music and How to Win It," and details of your free trial, easy-payment plan. (Mention instrument.)

Name _____

Street or Rural Route _____

City, State, County _____

Instrument _____

'TAIN'T RIGHT

(Continued from Page 7)

off all my admirers. It is the truth, Don Francisco. The colonel hardly ever comes here any more unless he first makes sure Servin is nowhere in the neighborhood."

"Surely not, señora. The colonel is a gallant soldier. He has frequently told me how ——"

"He is very handsome; yes."

"What, then, do you propose to do?"

"Just let him go about his business and pay no attention. That is the only way to treat a conceited fellow like Servin. Wow, he is all swelled up like a peacock!"

Well, she continued her promenade among the tables and I watched her. Women are curious creatures, sir. The Señora Tostado was resolved to ignore the rascal, yet no matter where she moved or to what person she spoke, her gaze kept returning always to Benito Servin. By goodness, how she hated that fellow!

I think my suggestion in regard to Zapien must have borne fruit, because not long afterwards he came into the room where I was working on a manifesto and, twirling his mustache, said, "Well, Don Francisco, I give you good day. Congratulate me."

"With all my heart. But what for, my dear colonel?"

"Because I am the accepted suitor of the Señora Adela Tostado. You are surprised; yes? Well, pretty soon I shall be master of Tres Hermanos."

He was very much pleased with himself and smiled at his own image in a mirror. I did not like this Zapien. He was a stiff-neck, sir, and none of us could understand why he enjoyed the general's confidence.

"Fine!" I said. "You are, then, betrothed?"

"Well—well—you see—you are going too fast, Don Francisco. We are not exactly betrothed, but she has given me to understand. You are a man of the world, *amigo*, and you know the numberless ways a woman has of acquainting a lover of her favor."

"Sure. But I also recall, Colonel, instances where I was mistaken in the symptoms."

"Possibly. But when a woman asks you for protection against another man, Don Francisco, what are you justified in thinking? Hey? Have I not told you that I know women? Well, you may consider this affair as good as settled."

"So that is it," I replied indifferent, but I did not feel that way.

Zapien's manner convinced me he was speaking the truth, and I grew very sad, sir, when I thought of that lovely hacienda, Tres Hermanos.

The same night I reported the conversation to Dario Pez. He pricked up his ears, then he became thoughtful. Finally he started rubbing his hands with every appearance of satisfaction.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "This pleases me very much, Don Francisco. It gives me an idea; yes. You do not seem overjoyed, *muchachito?* Me, I am not surprised. Zapien is a fine chunk of a man, and the girls like a pretty fellow, hey?"

"When they are very young and inexperienced, *mi general.* But the Señora Tostado ——"

"Yet it is something to marry a member of the *aristocracia*, Don Francisco. And do not forget that Zapien belonged among them before he joined my flag. The arrangement suits me very well; yes."

His good humor continued to increase.

"Get ready to write a letter," he commanded.

"I am ready."

"It is to General Miguel Fierro."

"The Hangman?"

"The same. Now take what I say, and be sure the spelling is correct and you write it word for word."

By goodness, what he wrote to Fierro made my eyes stick out. Perceiving which, Dario Pez said to me in the purring tone he always used when in his most dangerous mood, "You understand, do you not, Don Francisco, the necessity of absolute silence in this business?"

"Assuredly, Excellency."

"Then order a special courier to get ready, and send Colonel Zapien into my presence."

I ran like an antelope to execute his commands. After all, it was none of my affair and Zapien was certainly not my friend. He came with an elation, sticking out his chest and smoothing his uniform, persuaded that Dario Pez intended to congratulate him; so the general's first words took him by surprise.

"Colonel Zapien," he said, "you will take fifty men and proceed by way of Cañon del Huarache to the town of Baeza. I have information that the garrison there is disaffected and friendly to my cause and will not offer much resistance. Besides, they have only a small force. So I rely on you to capture the place and hold it until further orders."

It was not a job to Zapien's liking, he much preferring to make a big bluff at headquarters and look as wise as an owl when Dario Pez summoned a staff conference; but he had to pretend.

"Consider it done, *mi general.*"

"Good. You will start as soon as your party has saddled. It ought not to take you more than three days to reach Baeza."

Then all at once Zapien grew thoughtful. "But why through Cañon del Huarache, Excellency? There is an easier way."

"Because it is shorter," answered the general sternly. "And you would run into the Red Flaggers on the other road. Carry out my orders. It is your place to obey, not to question."

"Yes, General."

When he had gone to get his command together, and I had dispatched a trusted courier with the letter to Fierro, Dario Pez looked at me with a sly smile and remarked, "He is a smart man, that Zapien—hey, Don Francisco?"

I did not answer, sir. What could I say?

The very next day a thing occurred which promised at one stage to result very disastrous for somebody. This Benito Servin was walking along the street on front of the general's house when suddenly he saw a man rush out of a doorway on the opposite side, his feet moving like the needle in a sewing machine; at the same time a woman, with her hair flying and a shawl streaming behind her, appeared in pursuit, screaming at top of her voice, "Ah, rascal! Wait till I catch you! Come back, you coward!"

Now the man was a perfect giant, sir, and the woman nothing but a thin, wretched slattern; but my, the way he beat it from there! He had a heavy sack slung over his shoulder and it bounced as he ran, and Benito Servin made sure the scoundrel had robbed the poor creature.

So he sprang like a mountain lion, did Benito Servin, to intercept him. Against that prodigious bulk he knew he could do nothing and Benito had no weapon except a knife, but by cunningly thrusting out his foot he tripped the giant and brought him tumbling to the earth.

"Now," he cried, "I've got you! Give up or you are a goner."

The man on the ground lost no time in surrendering, shouting it in a voice like a bull, at the same time begging Benito to be very careful. And then the sentry at the gate of the general's house rushed up with his rifle ready.

"A thief! A thief!" said Benito Servin. "Arrest him."

The sentry, sir, arrested both, and while still undecided whether to shoot them or call somebody in authority, was startled by the appearance of Dario Pez himself at a window of his headquarters. He had been disturbed in his siesta by the awful racket and now wanted to know what all this noise on front of the house meant anyhow. Well, the sentry tried to tell him, and so did Benito Servin, and so did the Goliath he had captured. All three jabbered away at the same time, making more confusion than a cageful of parrots.

"Bring them in," ordered Dario Pez in a rage, and the soldier escorted Benito and the other man through the gate, up the walk, and inside. Goliath held firmly to the sack, and Benito was glad of that, for it heaved in a highly suspicious manner and he was satisfied that therein reposed the evidence. As for the woman, no sooner did she hear the general's wrathful voice than she disappeared most swiftly—beat it without once glancing back.

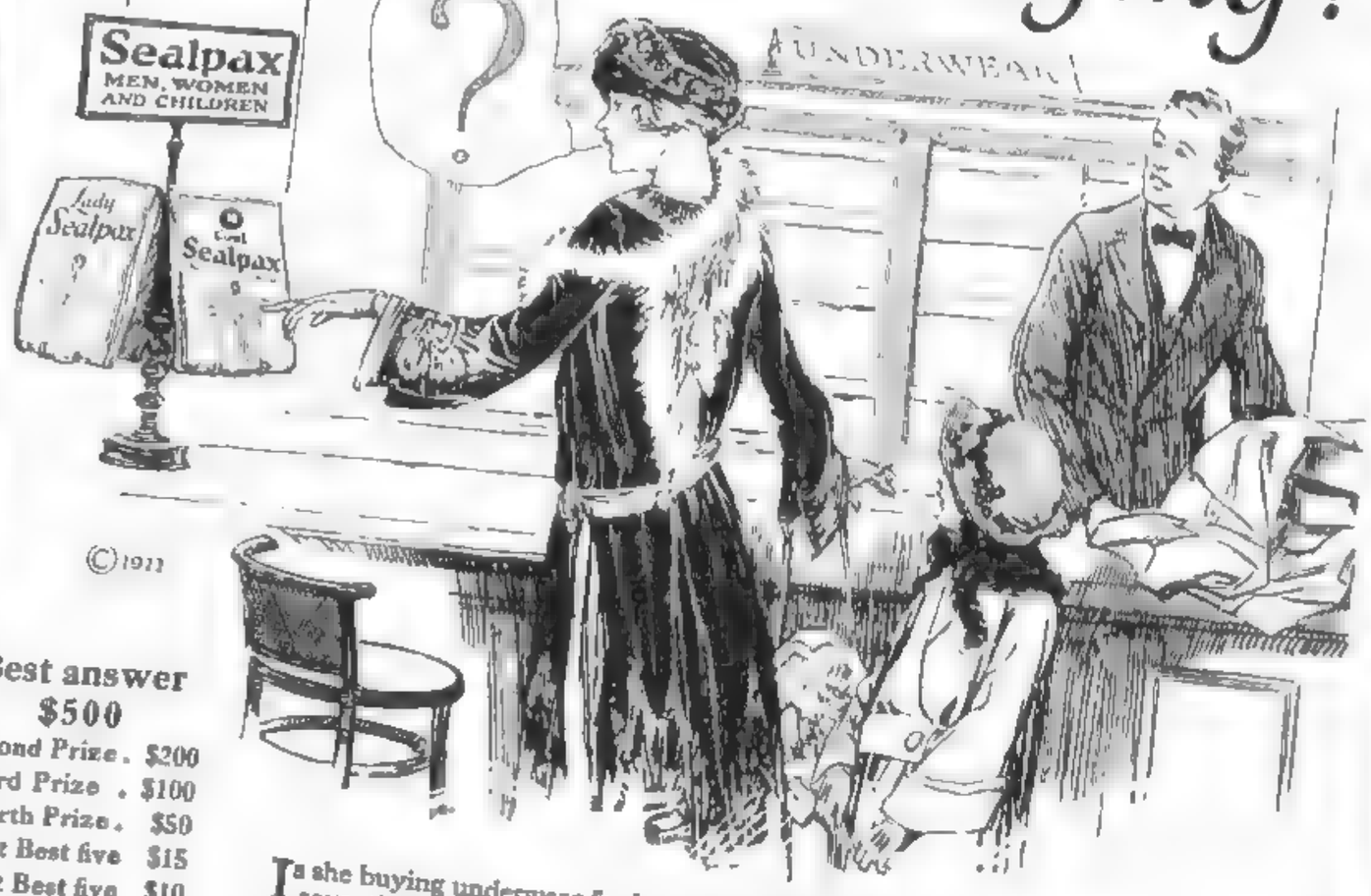
"Well, what now?" demanded Dario Pez, bending his brows. "What was all that row about? Hey, *hombre?*"

"This criminal was robbing a poor woman, Mister General," answered Servin boldly, "and I leaped upon him and captured him."

(Continued on Page 116)

$1000.00 in prizes

What is she saying?



©1922

Best answer $500

Second Prize	$200
Third Prize	$100
Fourth Prize	$50
Next Best five	$15
Next Best five	$10
Next Best five	$5

Next fifty (each)—one suit of Sealpax.

(In event of a tie for any prize offered the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.)

Is she buying underwear for her husband? Is she speaking for her husband as she says that interesting something to the clerk which is making him turn to Sealpax Athletic Underwear? *What is she saying?*

She must be saying something—something *worth* saying—about Sealpax Athletic Underwear. Read the things she *could* say about Sealpax—figure out what she *is* saying—write it down in not more than twenty words—and send your answer to the Prize Department, The Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md. There is no set answer to guess—yours may be the winner. All answers must be received before midnight, July 29th. Competent neutral judges will award prizes and winners will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post, October 28th, 1922. No restrictions—you can win a prize.

Men's Sealpax $1.25
(Union Suit)

Sealpax
Athletic Underwear

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

PUT on Sealpax and cool off for the summer! Put on Sealpax and you will understand why everybody who *knows* Sealpax wants to tell the world about it! Take it from the men who wear Sealpax—there is no underwear that can make a hot day more comfortable—an active day less tiring—than a suit of Sealpax Athletic Underwear. It's built for coolness—planned for comfort—made with a free-and-easy athletic cut, of a light-and-breezy fabric, with elastic webbed shoulders and full roomy armholes.

Sealpax is too good to be sold like an ordinary underwear. You buy it packed in individual sanitary containers—a guarantee that it is as clean and crisp when you buy it as on the day it is made and laundered.

Sealpax is also made for women and children. "Lady Sealpax" offers women all the coolness and comfort of athletic underwear, daintily made in a wide range of fabrics. "Little Brother and Little Sister" Sealpax bring "Dad's Comfort to Dad's Kids"—athletic underwear for children, cool and comfortable and reinforced for hard and long wear.

Children's Sealpax
$1.00

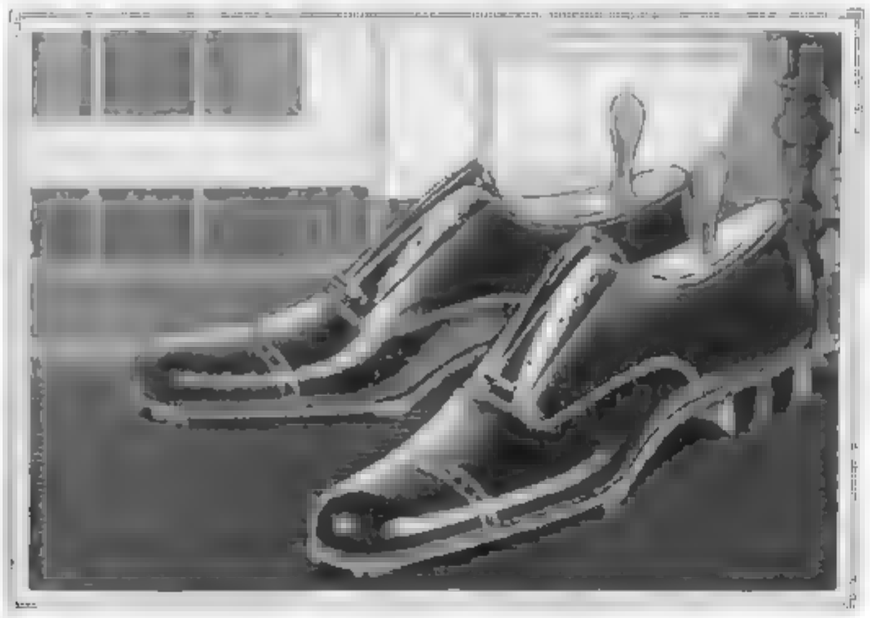
Lady Sealpax
$1.00

For all the family—"Sealpax Athletic Underwear"—Sold Everywhere!

Send your Contest answer to Prize Department

THE SEALPAX COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE



The Chester—Style M-93

COMFORT has its full meaning in The Florsheim Shoe; and personal taste, from the conservative to the extreme, finds no want unsatisfied. Florsheim's many lasts give each man the satisfaction of being fitted correctly.

Florsheim Low Shoes are Skeleton Lined and Non slip — they fit the ankle and hug the heel

The Florsheim Shoe, $10—A few styles, $11 and $12

Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

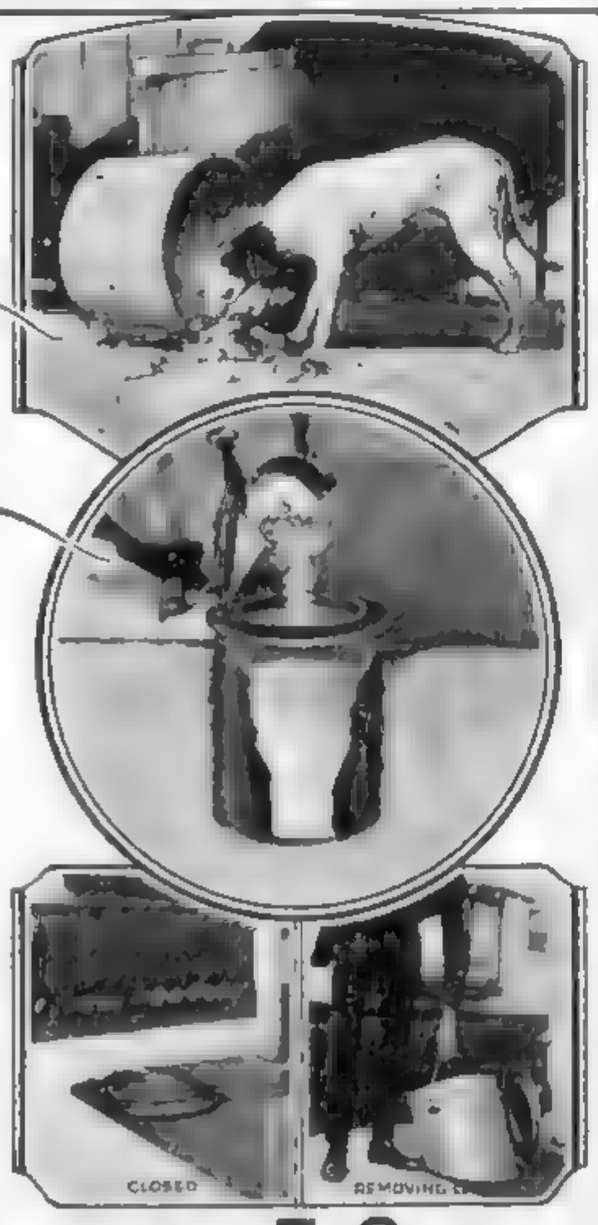
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.

Manufacturers Chicago

for the man who cares

The Florsheim Shoe

Get Rid of This with This



GET rid of your unsightly, unsanitary garbagecan. Putyourgarbage in a Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver—where flies and vermin can't get at it—where dogs can't upset it. Odorless, fly-proof, dog-proof, sanitary. And in addition to all its advantages, the Majestic will save you money. Comes to you complete with can. Made in sizes from 5 to 20 gallons capacity. Write for literature and your dealer's name.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
Huntington Indiana

Majestic

Underground Garbage Receiver

Out of Sight ~ Odorless ~ Fly-Proof ~ Sanitary

(Continued from Page 114)

"It's a lie! Liar! Liar!" bellowed Goliath, shaking his fist at Benito. "Rob a poor woman, indeed! She is my wife, Excellency. She pursued me because of a slight disagreement. I am not a thief, but a respectable, happy married man."

"Silence!" thundered the general above the din. "Where did you get those scratches, fellow?"

"Ah, those are my proofs. They prove what I say, Excellency. See, here are the marks Look for yourself, Mister General. There is where she bit me, and here are the marks of her nails. It is as I said—we disagreed about where I should take my siesta and, seeing no satisfactory solution of the difficulty, I was leaving home when jumped on by this assassin."

Benito Servin, he only smiled a smile of triumph.

"The old crow is lying, sir. I distinctly heard the señora cry 'Ah, rascal! Wait till I catch you.' And since he would not wait I intervened. The loot is there in that bag. See—it moves. He was endeavoring to steal the lady's chickens."

And despite a frantic movement on the part of the prisoner to prevent him, and a warning cry which froze my blood, Benito Servin tore the sack from his grasp and shook the mouth of it open with a violent movement.

And out of the sack, sir, dropped a hideous mottled coil which struck the floor with a soft thud. The coil dissolved, and five thick, wide-headed rattlesnakes went crawling and slithering across the floor, seeking the corners of the room. By goodness, we were scared! Dario Pez's mouth opened and he sat perfectly still as though fascinated. The sentry and Benito, they seemed paralyzed and unable to move hand or foot, as the sinister death warnings vibrated in the air.

"Ha! A trap!" cried Dario Pez at last, jerking his pistol from his coat pocket.

"No, no, Excellency! Don't shoot!" begged Goliath, with such a sincerity that the general paused with the weapon leveled at his heart. "They will not harm you. Do not kill my pets. See—I will show you how they are managed "

And with that, sir, he pulled a long forked stick from his pants, and advancing on a snake, pinned it by the neck to the floor. Then one of his crushing hands grasped the reptile just under the head, and he held it up with triumph, the rattler wriggling and writhing around his arm, its terrible jaws open, showing the bared fangs.

"Look!" shouted the snake man. "See how expert I am." And with an incredibly swift movement he thrust the creature into the bag, where it seemed content to repose.

"But the others, fool!" cried Dario Pez, rising from his chair to stand in it. "The others! Here comes one now. Be quick, or I will show you another way of dealing with them."

Why the general did not kill the fellow on the spot, and his pets, too, I could not understand, sir, for very often he had ordered executions for less. I would willingly have crushed the life out of the loathsome things—by goodness, how I hate snakes!—but from my position in the doorway it was not possible to come at them with safety, and to shoot meant endangering my general.

With a speed I did not think such a giant could achieve, the visitor captured one snake after the other, and presently all were safely tied up in the sack again.

"There. It is done, Excellency. Am I not a great magician?"

"Whew!" Dario Pez wiped the sweat from his forehead. "You will never know, clown, how close your wife has been to becoming a widow. What does this monkey business mean? Answer me without prevarication. No lies, now. What does this mean?"

"Do not kill me, I beg of you!" entreated the poor wretch, pale with fright. "See, they are quite harmless now. They cannot get out. And had it not been for the stupidity of this wolf here, who set upon me in the street, I would be going peaceably about my business at this moment, and you would never have been bothered with my contemptible affairs."

"What is your business, fellow?"

"I am a snake charmer, Mister General."

"Indeed! But how can you make a living at that trade, away out here in the cactus? Be careful now, for I think you are lying to me."

"No, no, Excellency! It is the truth. If you will deign to come with me, or send one of your brave officers, I can show you seven tons of my pets back of my home. It is only across the road "

I tell you we cocked our ears at that.

"What? You have seven tons of these creatures there across the street?"

"Yes, but in pits—in pits. They are quite safe. I go out into the wilderness and catch them. Others I buy."

"But what for?"

"Well, my exhibition is usually much admired, Mister General. I let a few out in the yard, and proceed to catch them again, for the price of a small admission. But I will confess that this performance is not my chief source of income. No. It is from the poison I make my money."

"Aha! Now we are coming to it. You sell that poison, or use it yourself, murderer! Answer me. Is it not so?"

"True, Excellency; but not for the purposes you have in mind. I sell it to an American firm which makes drugs in St. Louis. For what purposes they buy I cannot say, but this much I know—it does not harm us Mexicans."

"St. Louis? St. Louis? You mean El Paso, doubtless?"

"No, Mister General. I mean St. Louis. It is one of the chief cities in the United States."

"And now I know out of your own mouth you are deceiving me, traitor!" cried Dario Pez. "What? Do you think I am a child? You heard the rascal, Don Francisco. As though everybody did not know that New York and El Paso are the chief cities of the United States!"

"But, *mi general*, what he says is true. There exists such a place."

"Indeed? Of course, of course—probably another name for El Paso, hey, Don Francisco? Or a suburb, it may be? No matter."

He frowned again, to cover a confusion he felt over this betrayal of ignorance.

"What is your name, fellow?" he shouted.

"Carlos Pena."

"It ought to be Samson. Wow! What a big chunk of a man, Don Francisco! He should be able to throw a bull by the horns."

"I have done it, Excellency," replied Carlos Pena with his chest out. "See—regard those muscles. Samson, you say? Who is this Samson, Mister General? Show him to me and I will break him in two with these bare hands."

"It would be an interesting contest, but it is unavoidably postponed, *compañero*. Now take your sack and get out of my presence. You have disturbed me enough for one day. And thank your stars, blockhead, that life still animates your body."

Glad to be let off so lightly, the giant gathered up the sack, but paused with it over his shoulder to say, very timid, "Excellency, I would wish to display my gratitude, if it is permitted."

"What now, you son-of-a-gun? More tricks?"

"No, Mister General. But I have in my bosom a small vial, which contains a magic oil. It is yours, Excellency, if you will deign to accept it."

Dario Pez transfixed him with a look of piercingness.

"You are either a great booby or a dangerous schemer," he said. "What do you think, Don Francisco?"

"Perhaps, if the general would hear him out ——"

"All right. Go ahead, *hombre*. What is this magic oil you prize so highly?"

With a grave and reverent air this Carlos Pena produced a small bottle from inside his shirt and held it up to the light.

"In this vial," he announced, "I have a liquid which renders him who rubs it on his body safe from all harm."

"So! You interest me. Tell us some more."

"By its use, Mister General, a man can make his body insensible to bullets or the thrust of steel. His enemies cannot harm him. He will bear a charmed life. He ——"

"Well, well! Do you hear that, Don Francisco? Does it also make one invisible to the naked eye, *amigo?*"

"No, Excellency. I make no such claims for it. But that this oil contains the magic properties I have enumerated is well known."

"How? Well known?"

"It has come down from ancient times, sir. The Aztecs knew it, and their warriors used it."

"And how did you come by this priceless thing, fellow?"

"An old medicine man of an Indian tribe confided the secret to me, Mister General. The oil is extracted from the fat of snakes, under certain conditions of the moon and with proper rites. It is infallible. I would make of it a gift to you. Think what its possession would mean."

"I am thinking. Now, enough of this child's play. Take your pets and your magic oil out of my presence, and be quick about it. I am busy. And as for you"—and here he turned to Benito Servin, who had not once opened his mouth since the snakes made their appearance—"get back to your command. If I hear of you making any more trouble I will order you fifty blows with the flat of a saber."

The strange pair went out, sir, and I followed them, being filled with a curiosity to see those seven tons of rattlesnakes. The same emotion inspired this Benito Servin also, for, though he maintained a respectful distance from the bag, he trailed the giant across the street and into his back yard. All the way they argued over their differences, Benito Servin endeavoring to persuade Carlos Pena that what he had done ought to be regarded in the light of a favor, since it had brought him to the general's notice.

"This magic oil, now?" he said in a coaxing voice. "It is really as you say? You are sincere, Pena?"

"I tell you that he who rubs it on his body will render his enemies powerless to harm him. Now leave me alone and go on about your own business."

"But it is for sale, possibly? A little of it, maybe? I know, of course, that such a precious thing is not for a poor *pelado*—it is for great generals and such—but perhaps a few drops ——"

"How much have you got?"

"Not much. A peso or two."

"Then get out before I lose my temper."

"But be patient, friend. Wait—possibly I could raise a little more, what by borrowing, or selling something of value. Would five pesos gain me a few drops of the oil?"

Well, they argued back and forth this way for all of half an hour, sir, while we stood in front of the pits and watched the horrid masses of rattlesnakes heave and writhe, and listened to the chatter of their tails. For this Carlos Pina had not lied. No; he had seven tons of the reptiles in captivity, and kept them in three large pits, dug well below the level of the ground, soundly boarded, and the tops as tight as a packing case, but punctured for air. The stench was frightful, sir.

"All right," said Goliath at last. "The vial is yours for seventy pesos and the bridle you got off of Juan Ochoa."

Where Benito Servin had contrived to raise such a sum I could not guess, but he produced it and then went off to fetch the bridle.

When he returned Carlos Pena carefully inspected the bit and leather, and finally gave him possession of the oil.

"*Amigo*," he told him, "I congratulate you. Now you will triumph over all your foes. But be sure to follow the directions—it must, by all means, be rubbed on at midnight."

By goodness, what do you know about that! This Servin was filled with an elation.

"I will remember, and observe all the directions," he promised. "Wow! I aim to be a *jefe*, Don Francisco. Yes. People will call me El Capitan Encantado, the same as Pancho Villa. There is no doubt about it. I shall be The Enchanted Captain."

Off he went, and I surmise, sir, that he observed the directions implicit, for next morning I espied Benito walking along the street toward the Señora Tostado's saloon, and just as he got opposite a bunch of horses which were tied to a rail they gave simultaneous snorts, tore free in a mad terror, and dashed wildly across the plain. This Servin, he seemed surprised and puzzled, and paused to gaze after them; then he proceeded toward his destination.

It happened that there was nobody in the place except an officer of our army, and an old woodcutter from the hills who had come to El Sauc to carry back some provisions on his burro, and the Señora Tostado. I met the officer as he came out, sir. He did not heed my salutation, but staring straight ahead of him ran at top speed down the street as though the devil himself were at his heels.

"Aha!" I thought. "Another rival. This Benito treats them rough."

Inside I found Servin seated at a table and the Señora Adela fanning herself with a violence.

"Don Francisco!" she cried. "You have come just in time. Where is it? Come to my rescue and drive it away."

The woodcutter had tilted his nose and was sniffing, sir. He had a pleased expression on his wrinkled, whiskered face.

"I smell perfume," he muttered.

"There is a skunk in the vicinity, Don Francisco!" wailed the señora with an agitation. "What shall I do? What shall I do!"

"Ah, this is homelike now," remarked the woodcutter in the loud whisper the deaf usually employ, sir. "It is very soothing."

By goodness, the minute I set foot inside, an odor rose up somewhere from the floor and hit me on the nose. It was stifling, sir—something horrible! The Señora Adela appeared to be on the verge of fainting and I led her into the small garden at the back. As for Servin and the woodcutter, they seemed not to notice nothing.

Well, I told the lady what I suspected and she went to a window and informed this Benito Servin exactly what she thought of him. My, the names she called the fellow! For a while he refused to pay her any attention, but beat on the table with his fist and cried out for a drink; but despairing finally of ever getting his wants satisfied, he rose and departed. And the Señora Tostado spent the rest of the morning sprinkling perfume about the saloon.

Later I learned that his comrades detected nothing unusual or amiss with Benito Servin, so he was not required to remove the magic oil. But his horse threw him off three times and displayed a noticeable distaste for his company, sir.

One day a courier rode into El Sauc under a flag of truce. He came from General Miguel Fierro, the chief of the Red Flaggers. Dario Pez sent for me.

"A dreadful thing has happened, Don Francisco. The rascally Fierro has captured Colonel Zapien."

"It is very sad."

"It is a terrible blow. Also, he is holding him for ransom, this Hangman. He demands a hundred thousand pesos, or otherwise it will fare badly with our poor Zapien. What shall we do?"

"Were any of the expedition killed, Excellency?"

"No—fortunately. It seems that Fierro ambushed this stupid blockhead and captured the whole band without firing a shot."

"We cannot pay the ransom, General. Where is the money to come from?"

"True. I had thought of that. But possibly Colonel Zapien has friends who would come to his relief to save him from an ignominious extinction? What do you think, Don Francisco?"

"It may be, Excellency. I have heard that the Señora Tostado ——"

"Ah, to be sure! It is a lucky thought, *muchacho*. Surely she would not stand by and see her lover perish for a few paltry pesos. Run and fetch the señora here, Don Francisco."

I did so. She seemed surprised that Dario Pez should wish an interview with her, and also a trifle uneasy. What could the general want? He had a bad name among women, I regret to say, sir, and perhaps the Señora Adela also pondered over her possessions with an anxiety.

"Well? What is that to me?" she demanded, haughty, after Dario Pez had acquainted her with recent occurrences.

"Is he not, then, a friend of yours? Attend to my words, señora. Unless this ransom is raised Fierro will certainly put an end to the gallant colonel. He is not called The Hangman for nothing."

"Then, Excellency, why do you not pay it? He is one of your trusted officers."

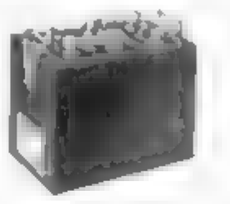
"Alas, that is just the point. We have no money."

"Neither have I. And besides, I would not pay a *centavo* if I did have any. What is Zapien to me? Pst! A mustached woman!" And Señora Tostado snapped her fingers contemptuous.

Well, that ended the business, sir. She left the general's presence and the affair stood just where it did before. Dario Pez appeared to be very disappointed.

"Human nature is so terrible selfish, Don Francisco," he said. "Now what are we going to do? We must get money. My poor boys are growing restless. There has been a mistake in our calculations somewhere. I think we have backed the wrong horse. Prepare to accompany me to the señora's place of business this afternoon."

A Dependable Battery



THE man who buys a Westinghouse Battery gives himself the mental tranquillity that comes from knowing his battery is equal to emergency as well as ordinary demands. His assurance is born of the fact that Westinghouse Batteries are "oversize"—as much as 25 per cent in common sizes; are engineered by widely recognized battery minds, constructed of the finest materials, built under the most advanced manufacturing methods, and—*guaranteed by WESTINGHOUSE*

One quality battery—the best Westinghouse can build!

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., Swissvale, Pa.

WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

Cost Less Than Wood

Think of it—a steel basement window, an indestructible, fire-proof, weather-proof steel window for any type of residence or apartment, that costs you less than wood.

And this lower cost is just one of its extraordinary advantages. For the same sized window openings Truscon Steel Basement Windows give 60 per cent more bright, healthy sunshine than wood sash.

Truscon Steel Basement Windows won't stick, leak or need repairs. They are always easy to open or close. When closed they are automatically locked by a steel spring latch. And there are no chinks to be filled with rags or paper to keep out the wind, rain and snow. Double contact weathering makes them absolutely weather tight.

With all of their advantages Truscon Steel Basement Windows save you money. They are clean-cut, fine appearing windows, just exactly what you need and what you should have. Write today for literature and information.

Dealers Everywhere and Most Wanted

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, Youngstown, Ohio

Warehouses and Sales Offices In Principal Cities

If you are thinking of building, be sure to fill out and send this coupon. It will bring you useful information and save you money.

Truscon Steel Company, Youngstown, O.
Send literature and full information on Truscon Steel Basement Windows to
Name
Address

EACH INGREDIENT
FROM A FAVORED LOCALITY

There is usually one locality that is famous for a certain product.

When that product is needed to make up an Apollo Chocolate piece we go to that locality for it, whatever the distance or whatever the cost.

It is an Apollo principle that each Apollo piece shall comprise the choicest materials the world affords.

There are 38 Apollo assortments made up from 198 different pieces

The Apollo
CHOCOLATES
They're different

F. H. ROBERTS COMPANY, 128 CROSS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Welsbach
GAS MANTLES

through three decades of use, have established a definite standard of mantle value.

Their perfection comes from the care and conscience employed in their manufacture—a perfection which is only possible in mantles made the Welsbach way.

Welsbach Mantles are produced by seventeen complicated, scientific processes, each of which requires the greatest skill and an unfaltering purpose to produce Quality at any cost.

Your surety lies in looking for the Welsbach name and Shield of Quality on every box of gas mantles you buy. They are your guarantee of satisfaction.

At your dealer's, and the Gas Company.

WELSBACH COMPANY, Gloucester, N. J.
Member American Gas Association

Having sent back Fierro's courier with a confidential message the two of us strolled up to the saloon, sir. It was well filled, and, by goodness, the consternation of those *hombres* when they recognized their general! What was Dario Pez doing there? Some of them decided that his visit boded no good and it was assuredly no place for them, and they beat it; but quite a few remained, and these just sat and gaped without paying him any open recognition. Among this daring bunch was Benito Servin, sir. The magic oil had evaporated to some extent, so that he was not now even prominent among his fellows.

"It occurs to me, Don Francisco, that the Señora Adela is none too glad to see us," remarked the general as we took seats. "Her welcome lacks warmth."

Dario Pez was right. The widow did not come near us, signal as was the honor being paid to her poor place, but pretended to notice nothing unusual and walked in and out among her guests at the far side of the room, with a restlessness. Yet her gaze wandered back to the general, time and time again. In fact, she watched him almost as closely as she watched Benito Servin. And Dario Pez, sir, he kept his eyes peeled also.

"Pshaw, you are a great blockhead, Don Francisco!" he exclaimed at last.

"Yes, *mi general*."

"Let us go. I have seen enough." He chuckled as we emerged into the street, and appeared well satisfied with the visit. "Yes, you are a fool! Send for this Servin and bring him into my presence."

I found Benito still in the saloon and escorted him to headquarters.

"Sergeant Servin," began Dario Pez, "I am going to intrust to you a dangerous and delicate mission."

"Fine!" said this Servin. "I'm the guy for the job."

"Captain Banda has recommended you highly. It is a job for an officer, but I have nobody on hand whom I can trust. Are you listening?"

"Sure, Mister General."

"You will take fifty men and proceed by way of Cañon del Huarache to the town of Baeza. I have information that the garrison there is disaffected and friendly to my cause, and will not offer much resistance. Besides, they have only a small force. I rely on you to capture the place and hold it until further orders. Also, you will observe absolute silence until your mission is accomplished. Do you understand?"

Benito Servin, he nodded; that is all he did, sir. I could see from his expression that he was puzzled and was thinking fast. And why should he not be puzzled? Here he was, an obscure sergeant, being selected by Dario Pez to command an expedition which ought to have been given to a colonel, at the very least.

"You will start as soon as your party is ready. It ought not to take you more than three days to reach Baeza, by Cañon del Huarache. Is there anything you wish to ask?"

Servin shot a swift glance at the general, and then replied, "Nothing."

This way of acting did not please Dario Pez at all, sir, but he could not complain of it, and dismissed Benito with a movement of his hand. And by goodness, that roughneck raged around with such a furiosity and tore things up so fast that the force was ready to set out by midnight! The bugles sounded "Saddle boot!" and away they went.

Not long after this event Colonel Zapien reappeared one day on a starved and dusty mule, and was followed, singly and in pairs, by his entire command. He told a stirring tale of their escape from the Red Flaggers, which had been made possible by the intrepidity of Zapien himself in binding all the sentinels as they slept. The colonel and his followers were almost famished; they had endured terrible privations from heat and thirst in the desert, sir.

"But," demanded Dario Pez, unable to conceal his exasperation, "was the food not good where you were, colonel?"

"The food not good? I do not understand, General."

"Never mind. It is nothing. Go and rest up. And you, Don Francisco—see that these poor boys get their bellies filled."

Well, the days went by, and no word of Benito Servin. The general began to grow impatient.

"What? No courier this morning?"

"No, Excellency."

"It is very strange. If Fierro has betrayed me ——" he muttered, gloomy.

We waited another twenty-four hours. Then Dario Pez summoned me into his presence.

"Don Francisco," he said with a brusqueness, "I have received a message from General Fierro that he has captured Sergeant Servin and his force, and is holding them for ransom."

"It is very sad, *mi general*."

"It is a terrible blow. He demands a hundred thousand pesos, this Hangman. What do you know about that!"

"A robbing price for a sergeant, sir."

"Sure. That's what I have been thinking. Where are we to raise the money, Don Francisco? Has this Servin any friends who would be disposed to come to his aid?"

"I have heard that the Señora Adela Tostado ——"

"Go and fetch her. Hustle! Shake your hoofs, Don Francisco—get a move on!"

I did not relish the job, sir, but I hustled and brought the señora to the general's house again.

"Well, here we are once more, Señora Adela. The blessings of God upon you!" said Dario Pez.

"*Gracias, mi general*," answered the Señora Tostado. "Have them yourself."

The general coughed and rubbed his hands, eying her sidewise.

"A dreadful thing has happened, señora."

"If it has to do with Zapien, Excellency ——"

"Not at all. The miserable victim this time is Benito Servin."

I saw the señora stiffen and clutch at her breast, sir, but she made like it was a matter of indifference to her what happened to that son-of-a-gun.

"You may have noticed that he has not been around lately?"

"Whether he is around or not, I should worry," replied the Señora Adela very proud.

"Well, that is as may be. But Servin was sent on a mission, and the blockhead has let himself fall into the villainous Fierro's hands. That man hates me, señora. And he sends word that Servin is to be shot."

The Widow Tostado, she sort of laughed, sir. Then seeing from the general's face that it was a matter which might make her laugh on the other side of her mouth she grew grave and murmured, "Unless?"

"Exactly. You have guessed it, señora. Unless a ransom of a hundred thousand pesos is paid immediately."

"But he may escape, Excellency. Zapien accomplished it, and Zapien cannot be compared ——"

"He will not escape," answered Dario Pez, very slow. "It happened once, but it will not happen again. If this money is not paid by somebody Servin will die."

The general spoke in a soft purring voice, and the two stared steady into each other's eyes. It was perfectly still in the room, so still that I could hear the señora's heart thumping. She looked as though she would have liked to twist her fingers in Dario Pez's hair, sir.

"Well?" murmured the general at last.

"What is this *hombre* to me, General? Besides, I haven't got the money."

"Surely a hundred thousand pesos ——"

"I could not raise a fourth of that sum."

Dario Pez smiled and remarked with a politeness, "But your fine fat cattle, señora. Surely you could sell some of them. And sheep, too."

"Oh, you villain!" she suddenly burst out, and then began to cry. By goodness, it made me feel bad!

"There, there!" said Dario Pez, trying to soothe her. "You are a noble woman, señora. And I respect and admire you exceedingly."

The Widow Tostado made no reply. She kept on sobbing, with her face hidden in her shawl.

"Don Francisco," cried the general to me, "do not stand there like a booby! Make all the necessary arrangements. The señora has searched her heart, and she cannot permit this man to die. Therefore she will dispose of some of her cattle, the money to be used to pay the ransom. See that the business is attended to at once, Don Francisco. That is what you wish, is it not, señora?"

The widow moved her head in consent, and fearing she might change her mind and turn on him Dario Pez signaled that I should escort her out. I did so, sir. The business did not please me, but war is

(Continued on Page 120)

ARCHER
The
ARROW COLLAR

INTRODUCTION FOR SPRING AND SUMMER IS A COLLAR MADE IN A NEW WAY—A LIGHT FLEXIBLE COLLAR THAT IS NEW IN STYLE & VERY COMFORTABLE IN WEAR

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC. *MAKERS*, TROY, N.Y.

FRD

Something good to drink—

ROOT BEER

made from

One 25c package makes 80 glasses

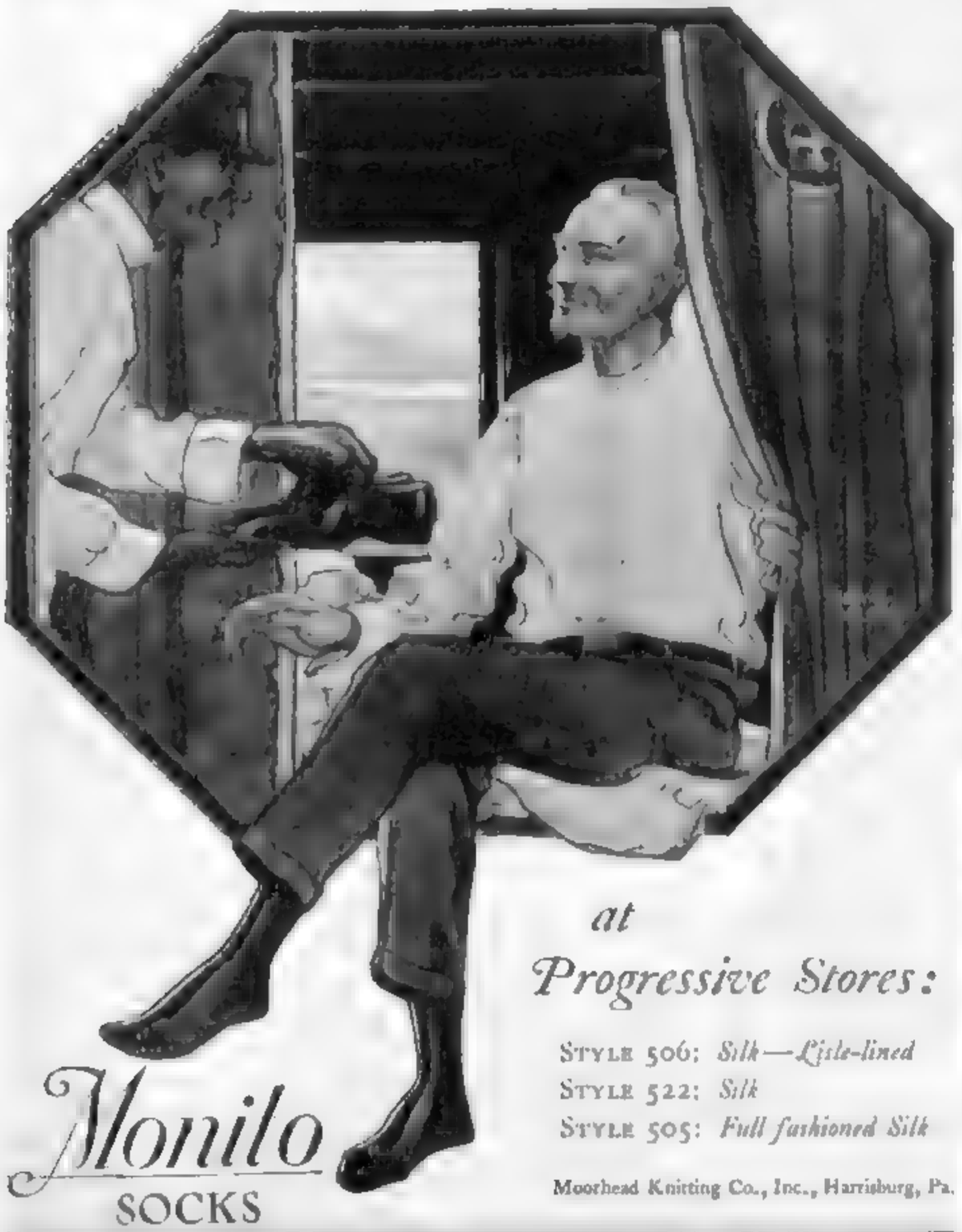
All you need is a package of Hires Household Extract, some sugar, water and yeast. Just follow the simple directions printed on each package. Bottle with tight corks or get Hires Patent Bottle Stoppers from your grocer. In 48 hours you will have the best root beer you ever tasted.

Ask for **HIRES HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT**

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25 cents and we will send, postpaid package direct. Or send $2.80 for carton of one dozen.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
207 S. Twenty-fourth Street PHILADELPHIA

Ask for Hires at the fountain, or carbonated in bottles, or buy it ready to drink from your dealer



at

Progressive Stores:

STYLE 506: *Silk—Lisle-lined*
STYLE 522: *Silk*
STYLE 505: *Full fashioned Silk*

Monilo
SOCKS

Moorhead Knitting Co., Inc., Harrisburg, Pa.

(Continued from Page 118)

full of such stratagems and meannesses. 'Tain't right!

The general was triumphant, for now there would be money to pay the troops a handful on account; but before the project of selling the señora's cattle could be put into effect, here came a courier hell-bent from Benito Servin himself. And by goodness, sir, guess what that guy had done! He had captured Baeza, and sent word he was organizing the place; he had fallen upon Fierro with a surprise assault and made a whirlwind of friends and enemies, and now held The Hangman and his whole band; he had in jail the rich *cientifico*, Don Luis Aviles, whom he had snaked in whilst Don Luis was paying a secret visit to one of his haciendas to gather some treasure.

And what were the orders of Dario Pez?

"Why—why—the fellow is crazy, Don Francisco! He had only fifty men. And I know for a fact that the garrison numbered two hundred and forty, and Fierro had a hundred and ninety seasoned fighters. It is a fake—a trick."

"But, Excellency, the courier swears it is true. He says this Servin works magic. They call him The Enchanted Captain, and ——"

"Enough! If it is true—ah, at last I have a fighter to help me, Don Francisco!" cried Dario Pez, and his eyes blazed like a leopard's, sir.

Well, the general sent a courier on one of his own horses, carrying instructions to Benito Servin, and meanwhile I countermanded the orders for selling the widow's cattle.

"But don't tell her yet that this Servin is unhurt. It may not be a fact, and besides, we can use the cash she has advanced," said Dario Pez.

A week later, sir, Benito Servin himself reported at headquarters, and behind him seven hundred men. I tell you it scared us when scouts brought word of the approach of this army and we saw them winding like a huge serpent across the plain. None of us could believe it was really Servin, except only Dario Pez, and he had received exact information which prepared him for what to expect.

"Well, Colonel?" he cried with a joyousness as Benito strode into the room, and he jumped up to embrace him.

"Colonel?" queried this Servin, raising his eyebrows.

"I should have said 'General,'" replied Dario Pez. "My mistake. I congratulate you."

What do you know about that! From sergeant to general, and I myself only a captain.

"Now," continued Dario Pez, "tell me all about it."

"Well, you ordered me to go and take Baeza, by way of Cañon del Huarache, Mister General. But I reflected that this route might be dangerous."

"Of course. You did well."

"So I made a wide swing and got close to Baeza from the other side. There, at night, I built many fires. All along the line of hills I had fires built."

The general laughed and rubbed his hands, for this was one of his own favorite tricks.

"The rascally Federals perceived those fires. They said, one to the other, 'Aha, the enemy is yonder in force. Maybe we had best beat it.' So when I attacked at dawn of the following day they had no heart for the encounter. Moreover, I had allies."

"What? Allies, you say? You amaze me, Servin."

"Yes. There were woodcutters in those hills, and I made them mount their burros and come with us, raising shouts of 'Viva Pez!'

"The scoundrels had good lungs, Excellency, and we created a fine impression."

"And then what?"

"I learned Fierro had hidden his band in Cañon del Huarache, Mister General, thinking to ambush me as he had ambushed Zapien."

"Well?" said Dario Pez, uncomfortable. He could not help wondering how much Servin knew, sir.

"When the garrison at Baeza surrendered I gave them their choice of death or joining our flag. The cause of liberty appealed to them. I now had nearly three hundred men. And later recruits came in from all the surrounding territory."

"Excellent. Excellent, General. That is my own method. I could not have done better myself."

"So in the blackest of night we fell like a thunderbolt upon The Hangman. He had been led to believe we had gone the other way. Yes. He captured one of my men who carried that information. So when we jumped on them they scattered before us, and I had the victory."

"But Don Luis?"

"Fierro told me of his presence in that country. I led a small band to his plantation, and here he is, Mister General—your prisoner."

Dario Pez walked gravely up to Benito Servin and again embraced him, kissing him on both cheeks.

"*Compañero*," he said, "you are a great man. I am proud to have you in my army. But tell me—it is very strange—how did you happen to think of all this?"

"It was not entirely due to my own efforts, Mister General, as you perhaps have guessed. No. It was the magic oil."

"What? Not that stuff which Carlos Pena ——"

"The same, Excellency. I have used it, and my enemies have been powerless against me. Knowing I could not be hurt, what was there to fear? I also smeared some of my most trusted followers with it. And now the whole world knows me as The Enchanted Captain."

By goodness, can you beat that, sir? It occurred to me that Servin and his followers might have stunk out the garrison of Baeza, but he was now a general and I an obscure captain, so I kept this thought to myself. And just then they led in Gen. Miguel Fierro, the Red Flagger, the terror of all that country, whose name mothers used to frighten naughty children with. The Hangman and Dario Pez had long been deadly enemies, but recently, as you may have surmised, they had come to a sort of secret understanding, so I was curious to see how Fierro would regard this last incident.

For a moment or two Dario Pez did not meet The Hangman's gaze, but fidgeted in his chair. Then at last he glanced up, smiling very sheepish.

"So," he said, "we meet again, General ——"

"Yes, viper, here we are!" retorted Fierro. "Only for your treachery ——"

"Clear the room, Don Francisco!" cried Dario Pez sharply. "General Fierro and I have business to discuss. You may retire now, General Servin. Your promotion will be recorded in orders to-morrow. Embrace me, my brave fellow ——"

Well, when he and Fierro came out a couple of hours later they walked arm in arm and appeared to be on very friendly terms, sir, so the news spread like wildfire that the Red Flag chieftain had joined forces with Dario Pez.

Meanwhile the bells of the town were ringing and all the people crowding to the plaza to hear the great news of Benito Servin's victory. The *cura* of El Sauc told the story from the *kiosco*, and how those people did shout! My, but he became a hero, and the entire population gave themselves over to feasting and celebration.

And Carlos Pena grew second only to Servin in importance, sir. Everybody wanted to buy some of the magic oil. They besieged his house. Not only soldiers but men who had private enemies, or a grudge to work out—all offered any price for the stuff. The demand from married couples was steady and strong also. The people of El Sauc showed a willingness to part with any of their treasured possessions to obtain a few drops of the fluid which would render bullets and steel powerless to hurt them.

Now Pena had very little of the oil in stock, as you may well believe, and he was at his wit's end what to do. On the one hand was a market which would certainly never offer again, and which would assuredly make him rich in a few hours if he could take advantage of it. On the other was the sad fact that he had no more than half a cup of the magic oil left. He put water with this, sir. Yes, he thinned it down a lot. Still the demand persisted.

I cannot say with authority how he met it, but I know that everybody went away satisfied. People learned later that Carlos Pena had purchased ten gallons of oil from a merchant of El Sauc, and since he did not possess an automobile or any machine whatsoever, I consider this circumstance suspicious. What is your opinion, sir?

However, his reputation did not last long. On the second morning, as Benito Servin was making a triumphal progress toward the Señora Tostado's saloon, somebody fired at him from the corner of the

street and Benito dropped like a stricken ox. The man who fired the shot did not run or make any resistance; he just continued to gaze at Benito Servin's body as though he could not believe his eyes.

"Not dead, you say, Don Francisco?" exclaimed Dario Pez. "Good. We can ill afford to lose a man like Servin."

"The bullet penetrated one lung, but the doctor says he will recover."

"And what does Benito say now about the magic oil?"

"Why, he says his watch was wrong and it was not yet midnight when he made the last application. It appears, Excellency, that when the smell goes the charm is lost."

"Have they caught the assassin?"

"He did not try to escape."

"What was at the bottom of the business, Don Francisco?"

"Well, it seems, Excellency, that two poor, ignorant soldiers got into an argument about the magic oil. Neither had succeeded in buying any. One contended it was all a big fake, the other believed in it with a sincerity. While they were disputing, along came Benito Servin. Thereupon one bet the other that the magic oil the famous Servin was covered with would not turn a bullet. The second soldier accepted the bet."

"And believing firmly in the stuff, that one fired the shot. Hey, Don Francisco?"

"You are right, General. But how did you know?"

"Oh, *muchachito*, learn human nature. The other rascal would never have risked it. Does the Señora Tostado know of this yet?"

"She does."

"And how does she take it?"

"I do not know. I was just about to call to offer my sympathy, sir."

Dario Pez regarded me with a sly smile.

"Too late, Don Francisco," he said. "Besides, he will recover. Nevertheless, go to the Señora Tostado's house and convey to her my profound sorrow, and assure her that General Servin will receive every attention."

This last assurance turned out to be unnecessary, sir. For when I met the señora face to face, almost the first words she uttered were, "I am going to have him moved to Tres Hermanos, Don Francisco. Yes. Will you help me? I can give him better care there."

"But, señora, I thought —— You yourself told me ——"

"Told you what?" she snapped.

"Why—well—well, now, you certainly did not express admiration of this Servin, Señora Adela. Ha, ha! Did you now?"

"Men are fools!" returned the señora, very sharp. Then her expression changed, sir. It grew soft. "Why, *muchacho*," she whispered, placing one of her little hands on my sleeve, "I would go to the ends of the world on my hands and knees for that son-of-a-gun. Tell that to your general."

"Yes, señora," I said, my heart heavy.

"And tell him, too," she added, her voice rising, "that this rooster Servin can protect his own roost."

"I will do so, señora."

On my way back to headquarters I heard a din of voices in dispute, and on approaching nearer, discovered that they came from the house across the street, the one occupied by Carlos Pena, the snake man. Now and again his bull-like tones made themselves heard above the racket, but chiefly the noise emanated from the Señora Pena, who was screaming abuse at her husband. Wondering what could be amiss I tiptoed through the passage and into the yard at the back, for it was from there that the sounds came.

"So! You will stay out all night, drinking, and try to sneak in when my back's turned, will you?" shrilled the señora, and then I caught sight of the pair. That little scrawny woman was chasing that giant around and around the yard with a broomstick, sir, and whenever she caught up with him she thumped the unfortunate wretch over the head with a ferocity. Finally he could stand it no longer, but gaining on her by a burst of speed, he sprang into the largest of the snake pits, which was standing open.

And there, in the midst of the crawling, hissing reptiles, which he herded into a corner with his stick, he tried to plead with her.

"Ah!" shrieked the señora. "You think to escape me. But you shall see."

Well, that is all, sir. I contrived to get this Carlos Pena out unharmed, but only after much trouble and by threatening the señora with the wrath of Dario Pez. Benito Servin, he married the Widow Tostado. And, by goodness, that son-of-a-gun spends most of his time at the hacienda of Tres Hermanos, where the perfume of flowers mingles with the soft breezes, and the pretty little girls promenade on front of the house in the cool of the evening. 'Tain't right!

THE GROWERS

DADDY he got him some maple trees
And he planted them in a row,
All up and down and about the house,
In the long time ago.
Daddy he tended them lovingly,
And they grew and they grew and grew.
The years came on and the years went by
And the trees grew into the summer sky,
In the long time ago.

Uncle Hi got him some dollar signs
And he planted them in a row,
Far out and away from the old homestead,
In the long time ago.
Uncle Hi tended them night and day,
And they grew and they grew and grew;
And the years came on and the years went by,
And the dollars heaped into the summer sky,
In the long time ago.

Daddy sat under the maple trees
And dreamed in the summer noon;
The blackbirds followed him down the field,
And the wild bee's cheerful croon.
Daddy came home in the eventide
And sat under the maple trees
Till the sun went down and the night breeze strayed
Through the whispering leaves where the fireflies played
In the sheen of the harvest moon.

Uncle Hi seldom was known to smile;
He battled his whole life through;
The whisper of God in the maple trees
And contentment he never knew;
To the end of his life he was gray and grim
And jealous of all mankind;
His heart was cold and his eye was hard—
For he lost his soul when he set to guard
The field where his dollars grew.

Daddy was not a success, perhaps;
All he did was to make things grow—
Green things he and God tended lovingly,
In the long time ago.
His clothes were worn and his purse was lean,
And he dreamed and he dreamed and dreamed;
Yes, he was a failure, the world would say—
But the neighbors all cried when he went away,
In the long time ago.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

In Nashville, Tenn
The American National Bank are extensive users of our machine bookkeeping and steel filing equipment

AN office that is inaccurate handicaps your business. You can't tell exactly where you stand without accuracy. We can help your office do things accurately

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Service offices in 52 Cities - General offices Benton Harbor, Mich.
In Canada — Copeland Chatterson Ltd., Brampton, Ontario

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment

A better home for less money by the Lewis Method

YOU can buy the materials for your home at wholesale prices and at the same time save many dollars on labor by the Lewis ready cut method

For Lewis Homes we furnish lumber logged in our own forests and cut and finished in our own mills. There is a big economy in labor cost because Lewis Homes are cut ready to put together. Works of [illegible] are eliminated. Yet they are built just as solidly as by old-fashioned methods. They comply with all building laws.

The high grade quality of every bit of material is covered by our binding guarantee of satisfaction. In one shipment you receive all the necessary lumber, shingles, nails, paint, hardware, etc. You need pay no money until you inspect the materials.

You know in advance exactly what your Lewis Home will look like. Instead of a mass of blue prints you see an actual photograph of the finished house. And you save the architect's fee. Lewis plans are based on a study of thousands of the most artistic and livable homes throughout the country.

Our Personal Service Bureau will give you information concerning excavation, foundation costs, plastering—every possible item. There will be no extras coming up at the last minute.

Send for 160 page book
"Lewis Homes of Character"

It contains photographs, floor plans and descriptions of 96 homes—colonial or modified colonial designs, bungalows and semi-bungalows, Swiss chalets, Old English half-timbered designs, two family houses, summer cottages, etc. Answers every point you want to know about the Lewis Method of Home Building. 160 pages, 7½ x 11 inches, fine paper, beautifully bound. Mailed for 25 cents (coin or stamps). Lewis Manufacturing Company, 1350 Michigan Ave., Bay City, Mich.

LEWIS HOMES

Lewis Mfg. Co., 1350 Michigan Avenue, Bay City, Mich.
Enclosed find 25 cents for your book of Lewis Homes

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Write name and address plainly. (Note: If you live anywhere outside of the United States, send $1.50.)

White Trucks

Represent twenty-one years of knowing how

5-ton	$4,500
3½-ton	4,200
2-ton	3,250
¾-ton	2,400

F. O. B. Factory

THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

Never Too Old To Earn

Mr. C. E. Norbeck, of Minnesota, is more than seventy-five years old. Yet in a single month he has earned in his spare time alone

$160.00

acting as representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. A few spare hours, picked up here and there in a busy, energetic life, have enabled him to send in many local subscriptions each year and earn the generous commissions and the liberal bonus that are paid to him for his work.

Nineteen to Ninety

Men of all ages, with or without experience, find in Curtis work the maximum of profit for their time and effort. We need more representation in *your* neighborhood. We pay our representatives up to $100.00 a week to act for us locally.

During the Spring and Summer months thousands of subscriptions for our three publications will be placed. Why not share in the profits? Apply at once, using the coupon below.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 632 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Gentlemen: I should like to know about your spare-time openings. If I like your offer, you can depend upon me to do my best.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

THE UPRISING GENERATION

(Continued from Page 28)

Marilyn changed the subject and, I suppose, forgot it in her light way. But I remembered it a long time, as you shall see. I felt hot and uncomfortable all through the rest of the meal, and afterward refused to join the bunch who were going out on Sylvia's father's yacht for a little cruise.

When they had all left I didn't know quite what to do with myself in that ghastly quiet house, and roamed about aimlessly from room to room, awfully depressed and in the sink generally until in my wanderings I came to the little coat room on the ground floor, looked in, saw that my huge order of fireworks had been stored there, went in to give them the once-over, and then heard voices directly outside the window.

At once I tiptoed over and peeked through a crack in the blind, my heart growing sort of cold, a most upsetting and unpleasant sensation. There on a stone bench, well concealed by shrubs in this secluded corner of the east terrace, sat Ted and the widow. So they had not gone on the yacht after all! The low, deceitful things, sneaking back like that! Marilyn's silly china-blue eyes were turned up to Ted in the most idiotic way, and she was sort of wavering toward him.

"Of course I do get lonely," she was saying. "But what else can I expect—an old woman like me, and a back number, with so many pretty little chickens around?"

"Old! Why, you're lovely! You don't look a day more than twenty—honest!" Ted replied. "And believe me, you've got it all over these kids. Nit-wits, that's what most of them are!"

I drew back from the window, my heart pounding furiously, a sort of red blindness coming over me. I could hardly breathe. Then I controlled myself. So she didn't look over twenty! Ha, if he knew only the half of it! Not that I cared a hoot what Ted Stonewall thought, or whom he sneaked away from the crowd with or anything! For certainly I wouldn't demean myself so far as to care for a man who flirted with other women. Only it did seem a pity that a nice decent chap like Ted should be fooled by an old woman like Marilyn. There are mighty few boys as clean-cut as Ted, and so naturally—well, of course it did make me sick to see him taken in by a middle-aged fake. Not that I cared, you understand. Not a rap—not personally! Yet I couldn't refrain from a bitter, silent laugh at the thought of Marilyn in her nightly make-up. If Ted could only see her like that he'd get an eyeful which would bring him to his senses. If he could just see her with the chin strap and the muscle plasters and the coconut oil and the damp little knob of hair! Why, she even slept in a flannelette nightie! And if Ted once knew it ——

At this point I realized that I was staring at a big box marked Red Fire and that just above it was another packet marked Insect Smudge, Smokes 'Em Out. And as I read the words over and over mechanically a great thought blossomed comfortingly in my mind. Ted should see poor old Marilyn in all her negligée! I could save the dear silly boy from the horrid creature, and I would do it that very night! No sooner thought than floated! Collecting several pots of red fire and the smudge, I stole silently and rapidly to my own room, where I concealed them under the taffeta flounces of my day bed. After which I took a nap, and when I awoke refreshed I did the nastiest thing I could think of: I deliberately put on a black dinner gown. It was a dirty trick to cramp Mrs. M. like that when black was the only thing she could wear, and ordinarily I wouldn't have dreamed of doing a thing of that sort to a girl who was stopping in my own house; but the situation was getting serious, and I had to spike her where I could.

This being Saturday, there was of course a dance at the country club, and after dinner we piled into a couple of cars and beat it on over there. No one who had seen me perched on the running board of Tot's yellow roadster, my bobbed hair and my cloak flying in the wind, my girlish laughter pealing out in harmony with the rest, would have dreamed of the solemn, secret plan which was at that very instant burning in my bosom, or suspected the fact that I was simply wild for the dance to be over so that I might get the crowd back home and put the plot into execution. Oh, I managed to keep up a brisk enough shoulder—at first, anyhow! But as the evening dragged on and on and Ted cut in on me only once I grew irritable and impatient. So much so that when poor Little Arthur cut in on me for the third time in quick succession, and as soon as he had got in step and could take his mind off his feet began his classic about having something he wanted to say to me, I almost pushed his face in, and did actually shove him away the very first time I caught sight of help in the shape of Rotter on the end of the stag line. I felt as if I simply wanted to kill Little Arthur, the nasty, effeminate worm! In fact I would have enjoyed killing almost anybody. I thought it a beastly dull dance.

But not so Marilyn. She toddled like a professional, and was cut in on every few steps, especially by Ted, the poor old fool! Well, I reflected, he would soon see what he should see!

At length, after what seemed a perfectly interminable evening, although it was really an uncommonly early one, for we left the club shortly after two o'clock, we returned to the house; and following the usual gabble downstairs, said good night and scattered off to bed. I entered my room with beating heart. Sending away Celeste, my maid, I at once set about my preparations for the remainder of the night with the calm of one who is committed to a strange and terrible deed.

First I undressed, and then I made a most careful and attractive new toilet, starting with a pale pink satin nightie, over which I put on a boudoir cape of robin's-egg-blue Georgette trimmed with yellow ribbons and violets, and thrust my rosy young bare feet into a pair of lace-trimmed mules to match. Next I tucked my sunny curls, all but one or two which might be considered to have escaped while I slept, into a filmy boudoir cap, sprayed myself with some of mother's eighteen-dollar perfume and sat gazing at myself in the mirror for quite ten minutes, feeling, I must say, a good deal of artistic pleasure in the result I had achieved. Considering I had just been startled from my bed, I was charming—I admit it. I was, in fact, a wonder. I looked at my watch—twenty-five minutes past three. By now Marilyn must be safely asleep, arrayed in her flannelette nightie, chin strap, patches and all, and reeking of cocoa butter! This was my time! I collected my bundle of red-fire pots and my box of insect smudge, added a packet of safety matches, and switching off the light I stole softly out into the corridor.

The house was silent as a grave, and the upper hallway but dimly lit as I flitted along it. At least I started to flit; but soon found that my heelless mules made too much noise, so I was forced to take them off and stuff them into the lace pocket of my Georgette cape. Then I hoofed it à la Duncan. My heart pounded furiously, and I was in deadly fear that someone would hear me and come flocking out; but nobody did, and I reached the little reception room on the ground floor, which was my destination, without trouble. Once there, I turned on a light, shut the door and got busy with my fireworks.

The three red lights I set together in the middle of the floor where they couldn't possibly do any harm. I needed only to ignite their wicks. The smudge gave me more trouble, but I simply had to have it. A red glow wouldn't be good enough. I wanted smoke and a smell to make my party more convincing. And believe me, that smudge was a task! You had to wet it on top and put kindlings underneath, so I took the peacock feathers out of the fireplace and the new magazines from mother's table and some water from a vase of flowers, and the nasty stems spattered me a good bit, but I didn't notice it at the time. And then I mixed up that stuff and sprinkled on the brown powder and it made my nose itch horribly and I had an awful time not to sneeze too loudly. But at last I got the darn thing started, and it sure did smudge beautifully! Then I lit the red lights, switched off the lamp, and as soon as the mess got going strong I beat it upstairs, and when the lower hall began to be smoky I started to yell.

"Oh! Oh!" I screamed. "I smell something! I knew I smelled something! Fire! Oh, fire! Fire!"

(Continued on Page 124)

BOYS!

This Advertisement Is For You!

Here's the gun every BOY wants to buy

It looks like a real automatic revolver
It shoots like a real gun
It FLASHES like a real gun
It is absolutely harmless

HERE is a gun made for boys, and it is a corker. Every time you pull the trigger, a big red flash shoots out. It looks just like the flash when a real revolver is fired—smoke and all.

We can't tell you what makes the flash, for that is the secret. But we can tell you this—the flash is absolutely harmless. You can shoot the Ronson Repeater anywhere—in the house or outdoors. It cannot harm you or anything you shoot it at.

This is a real repeater. You don't have to cock it to shoot it. Just pull the trigger. And you can shoot 5000 flashes before you have to reload the Ronson Repeater.

This dandy gun has a genuine gun-metal finish. It looks and grips like a real automatic revolver. And the Ronson Repeater is strongly made of steel—it will give you long service and lots of fun.

Get a Ronson Repeater right now. If you can't buy one at your dealer's, cut out the coupon below, send it to us with 25c in coin or stamps. (Enclose 10c additional if you live west of Chicago.) We will send you one by return mail, loaded all ready to shoot 5000 times. Tell us your dealer's name on the coupon. Address your envelope to

THE ART METAL WORKS
1 Aronson Square Newark, N. J.
For 35 Years Makers of High Grade Metal Novelties
We cordially invite jobbers and dealers to write us immediately.

THE RONSON REPEATER AND RONSON REDSKIN RELOADS ARE FULLY PROTECTED IN U.S.A. AND ABROAD UNDER LETTERS PATENT ISSUED NOV 27 1906 JULY 23 1918 AUG. 2, 1910 DEC 31, 1918 NOV 8 1921 AND OTHER PATENTS ISSUED AND PENDING

The

RONSON REPEATER

Trade-mark Registered *Patented in U. S. A. and Abroad*

This wonderful gun costs only

25¢

Higher in the West and Canada. Also made in polished nickel plate at 50c. Higher in the West and Canada.

Ronson Redskin Reloads

1000 shots for One Cent

Those mysterious little red reloads that you slip into the Ronson Repeater—every one good for 5000 shots! Buy several extras when you get your Ronson Repeater. You'll want 'em. Price 5c each, higher in the West and Canada.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

THE ART METAL WORKS
1 ARONSON SQUARE
NEWARK, N. J.

Enclosed you will find 25c in coin or stamps, for which you are to send me one genuine steel Ronson Repeater in gun-metal finish, loaded for 5000 flashes. (Enclose 10c extra if you live west of Chicago.)

My name is _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

My dealer's name is _____

Street _____

"I have often made $5.00 between 6 and 8 P. M."

SO writes Frank J. Preston, whose spare time profits as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* have often amounted to more than $75.00 a month.

Mr. Preston Asks Us to Say This to You—

"Frank J. Preston of S——, Connecticut, advises all young men and all men who think they are not old, to spend their spare time selling yearly subscriptions for the Curtis publications. He makes $2.00 an hour in many instances *by just showing his authorized receipt book.*" Those are his exact words.

Even though you have no time to devote to the actual soliciting of subscriptions, you can make money by our plan. Many of your friends and neighbors will be glad to have you save them the trouble of forwarding their orders to us. For doing so we will pay you liberally in cash. Ask about our offer—your inquiry involves no obligation.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
631 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen: I should like to learn more about the work Mr. Preston mentions in the April 22 *Post*. I assume no obligation.

Name _____ Street or R. F. D.

Town _____ State _____

HASTINGS Glass Curtain Lights
NOW ONLY $1.65 Were $2.50
Is your Ford old or new? In either case you can replace the celluloids in a few minutes with Genuine Hastings Stylish Glass Curtain Lights. They wear forever. Ask your dealer.
HASTINGS MFG. CO., Box 16, Hastings, Mich., U. S. A.

BE A FLOOR SURFACING CONTRACTOR
Make $5000 to $15,000 or More Yearly
The American Floor Surfacing Machine Co.
536 So. St. Clair St., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads-Steel Points
Moore Push-less Hangers
To hang up things
Ask your dealer to show them
Sold Everywhere 10¢ per packet
Moore Push Pin Co.
Wayne Junction Philadelphia

$1.50 Curtain Windows for FORDS
SOSS
Set of 3 complete with glass and neat japanned metal frames for only $1.50. Quickly installed by yourself. If not at your Dealer's, will send direct, postpaid; money back if not satisfied.
SOSS MFG. CO., 770 BERGEN ST., BKYN. N.Y.

PLAYS for Amateurs; Monologs, Minstrel Jokes and Sketches; Ideas for all kinds of entertainments. Send for free catalog
DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO., 542 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

RAG JAZZ Piano, Saxophone, or Tenor Banjo in 20 lessons. Christensen Schools in most cities, or learn equal [illegible] money teaching. Write Axel Christensen, 28 E. Jackson, Chicago

BE A BOSS
Build your OWN business, wholesaling Chocolate Bars, Chewing Gums, Candy Mints, etc. Attractive packages. Exclusive proposition.
HELMET PRODUCTS FACTORY, Cincinnati, Ohio

Let "NIAGARA" help in your home
BEAUTIFY your rooms with quality wall papers at prices reduced to less than half
Look for Niagara Wp.Co.U.S.A
on selvage and guarantee
Ask your dealer, or send 2c in stamps and dealer's name for FREE miniature sample book in colors.
Niagara Wall Paper Co.
102 Walnut St. Niagara Falls, N. Y.

PATENTS
C. A. SNOW & CO. Patent Business Exclusively Since 1870
Send model, sketch or photo for free advice as to Patent, etc. Book on Patents, Trade Marks and Copyrights free. Write or come to C. A. SNOW & CO., 7th St. opposite United States Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 122)

That brought 'em out! You should have seen them flock! And even in the excitement of the moment I realized that I was learning a lot about my friends that I had never known before, and if anyone had told me Sylvia wore two false teeth on a plate I simply wouldn't have believed it! Or that Rotter actually was a rotter and a coward, and that Little Arthur would keep his head and have a common blanket bath robe! But all this was true, and more. Gosh, how they rushed out and yelled! That upper corridor went simply mad with excitement. I kept screaming with sheer terror and led the stampede for the lower floor. Once there, however, I turned to watch them coming down the stairs; but the figure I had my eye out for was missing. Marilyn was not there. Could the vain old fool actually have stopped to prink in the face of this hideous danger? I could scarcely believe it, yet what else could be keeping her? The servants were on the scene by now, and Tams, in a red shirt but no undue haste, was very brave about the fire extinguishers, and Celeste, my maid, was wonderfully helpful, because she overturned a huge tubful of flowers and water in the general direction of the fire, and the mess it made helped to disguise the true origin of the blaze. But still no Marilyn appeared. With a dreadful shock I realized that Ted had not shown up either!

This was awful! I assure you I was so unnerved by the realization that I began to feel like screaming in earnest. And then all at once I heard footsteps running along the terrace, and Ted's voice.

"What's wrong?" he shouted, bursting in at the door.

But I could not answer him. I was not only screamless but speechless, for there behind him came the widow, still in her lovely evening gown, her hair immaculate, and she was even powdering her nose as she entered!

"What is it?" Ted asked.

"Where have you been?" I demanded chokingly.

It was not Ted who answered me, however, but the widow. She sailed past him and up to where I stood trembling with indignation.

"We've been walking on the terrace," she said lightly. Then she gave a little scream of laughter. "Oh, Pet, my dear, how funny you look! For heaven's sake what have you been up to?"

Seizing me by the shoulders she whirled me around to face a full-length mirror, and for a moment I stood before it frozen with horror by what I saw. My cap was all askew, and across my nose was a horrid black smudge, while another ran up from one corner of my left eye into my untidy hair. My lovely cape was a wreck and my rosy bare feet showed all too plainly that I had pattered around on the dusty floor—especially the heels, which were simply black! A roar of laughter went up from the crowd, but I didn't join them. With a sob of rage I turned and fled up the stairs and into my room, banging the door behind me.

There I lay awake for simply hours and hours, tossing from side to side and thinking of what Marilyn had said. "Just walking on the terrace!" She and Ted—my Ted! Oh, it was dreadful! And so, there alone in the dark, where I didn't have to pretend or keep up a good front, I simply let my heart go ahead and break. What a vile thing it was to treat love so lightly! How could any decent boy do such a thing? A person ought not to cheapen himself like that, but come fresh and clean to his own real sweetie—the one he is going to marry.

"Oh, Ted, Ted, how could you?" I howled into the smothering depths of my damp pillow. And then a thought came to me which caused me to sit straight up in bed with alarm. Suppose Ted intended marrying the widow! What was there to prevent? Widows had been known to marry again. She was old, but she was free! What should I do? What? I must stop them somehow. I must! But how?

With a groan I turned on my bed-head light and, wondering why death was so unpopular when life was so hard, I got up, secured a little snapshot of Ted—a ridiculous thing snapped in midair when he was on the tennis court—and with this I crept back to bed again, holding it to my broken or almost broken heart and fully intending to spend a miserable, wakeful night. But somehow or other the next thing I knew the sun was pouring into the room through the crack between the rose-taffeta curtains, and Celeste was running the water into my tub. It was a beautiful morning, and it took me quite five minutes to remember that my life was wrecked.

How I lived through that day I scarcely know. When I came downstairs at length it was around noon, and the rest of the bunch was also just beginning to come to life after the hard night, and to struggle out onto the breakfast porch. I say the others, but I must except Ted Stonewall and Mrs. Morelle. They, it seems, had got an early start and gone off for a long walk. Well, of course I liked to hear that just about as well as I would have enjoyed listening to my own death sentence. And it didn't cheer me up greatly to have Little Arthur, who was resplendent in rajah silk, promptly maneuver himself into the seat beside me.

"Look here, Pet!" he said. "Why do you always try to avoid me? I think you are just too mean!"

"Don't weep over it!" I replied tartly. "I'm a busy hostess, that's all. I'm not avoiding you."

"Look here!" he said again, hitching his seat a little closer. "Look here! I know you don't like me—not yet. But I think you are a peach, Pet. I'm—well, now I'm quite crazy about you. Don't be so rough to me!"

"I'm not!" I said.

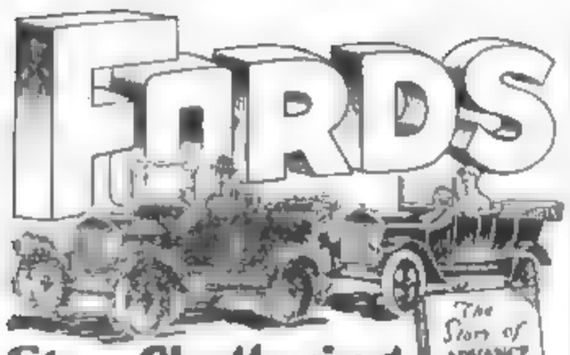
"Now, now!" said Little Arthur, shaking his finger at me. "Yes, you are! You know you are, for you never let me see you alone!" He dropped his voice, and I shuddered at what I knew was coming. "I must see you alone, Pet. I have something I want to say to you."

"No, you haven't!" I snorted, and got to my feet. Little Arthur was almost driving me to drink. This was his sixth effort to propose in less than three days, and it's a funny thing, but if you don't love a person nothing makes you hate them worse than to have them love you—after the first refusal, anyhow. Arthur was a nut to keep it up. The little fish face! If he did have twenty million dollars, he wasn't worth a—a carrot or a beet raised by a real man! But the poor moon calf didn't seem to realize this in the least, and continued simply to haunt me all that hateful day. However, he did not catch me alone, although he did very nearly succeed in doing so just before dinner that night.

I had trusted my diamond wrist watch once too often, and it had betrayed me, so that I came down too early. That is to say, I almost came down. But when I reached the head of the stairs I caught sight of Little Arthur all alone in the prefestive silence of the hall below and drew back out of sight before he spotted me. I felt panicky at his watchfulness, but I was absolutely determined not to run into the trap. For an instant I couldn't think what to do, and then I did. Very quietly I beat a tiptoed retreat along the upper corridor and opened the door to the back stairs and incidentally to fate, although, as the writers say, I was all unconscious of it at the time. Strange what trivial actions precipitate great disasters! For if I had not spotted Little Arthur parked in the front hall, and used those once-in-my-childhood familiar back stairs, I would never have seen that big florist's box lying on the rear pantry shelf, or read the tag upon it. But I did; and what is done, alas! cannot be undone.

It was a long white box with the florist's name in gold upon the lid, and the string and the tag were as yet untouched. Just the sort of box which flowers for the table might come in. The only peculiar thing about its appearance in the rear pantry was the fact that we have huge greenhouses of our own, and practically never buy from florists. However, I did not think of all that at the time. It was some swift uncontrollable instinct which caused me to stop and examine the tag instead of passing on through to the butler's pantry and the dining room. But stop I did, and imagine my feelings when I saw that the box was addressed to Mrs. Marilyn Morelle!

Who had sent flowers to Marilyn? In my heart I already knew the answer, and yet I stood there trembling for a moment, and whispering that I had to know the truth. I had to! I put down my blue ostrich fan and with shaking fingers undid the string and lifted the lid. Under the dewy paper something glowed red. Roses! Red roses! And nestling on top of them was a little envelope. Sick with foreknowledge, I drew the card out. Mr. Theodore Stonewall, of course! But he hadn't written anything on it except to draw a line through



Stop Chattering If Given Chance

-Booklet tells how it's done

The Ford is better made than most cars. Built to run smoothly. It shakes and rattles because of faulty brake lining. Ordinary brake lining gets hard, then slips—grabs and slips every time you press the pedal. That shaking loosens nuts and bolts—makes the whole car rattle.

ADVANCE CORK INSERT BRAKE LINING FOR FORDS

Advance Cork Insert stops the shivering and shaking of Ford cars. Makes brake operation safely, smoothly. No shaking or chattering. Never gets hard and slick.

Why shake your Ford to pieces with hard, slick brake lining? Let Advance Cork Insert stop the rattle. Put it in your brakes with a screwdriver. Saves its cost in gasoline and oil. Saves repair bills.

REMEMBER—Advance Cork Insert will save you relining expense—one set will outlast three sets of ordinary lining.

Be sure you get genuine Advance Cork Insert with the name stamped on the metal.

$2.75 per set

Write for **FREE BOOK**

Tells why Cork Insert will stop the rattle and shake of your Ford. Very interesting.

ADVANCE AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES CORP.
Dept. 203 1721 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Pacific Coast Sales Office 436 Larkin St., San Francisco, Cal.

Corns?

—just say

Blue-jay

to your druggist

Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

Free: Write Bauer & Black, Chicago, Dept. 20, for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet"

Anatomik

A Man's Feet Carry 815 Tons a Day

"Anatomik" shoes support the feet in the right position, enabling one to carry the load with ease, preventing and curing "fallen" arches, and other foot ailments. "Anatomik" shoes have been a revelation to thousands. Arrow shows where the weight falls in the wrong kind of shoe (left) and in "Anatomik" shoe (right). Send for free illustrated booklet and name of nearest agency.

FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MASS.

the engraving and write "Ted" above it. It was the darkest moment of my life.

Then from misery I turned to rage. Roses! Red roses, no less! The old-fashioned sentimental simp! Of course he'd send that sort of garbage! Ha, it was pretty sappy! Well, he wasn't so far gone but that I could still save the poor nit-wit before he went down for the third time—and I would. I'd teach that cat Marilyn Morelle not to come in and steal another woman's man and turn a good young farmer's head! There is one thing no woman in the world can stand, and that is being made to look a fool. Well, I'd make her look one, all righto! I knew how, for nobody is so sensitive to the brutality of crude youth in love affairs as an older, experienced woman. Just let one of the boys get funny over a sentimental situation, and he is queered with her—he's simply out, that's all! I knew this as well as another, and once having made up my mind, I didn't waste any time.

I gathered up those roses one and all, and holding them way off so that they would not contaminate me, I thrust them into the garbage can and put the lid on tight over them. Then I collected several large bunches of new beets from the screen closet and laid them gracefully, leaves and all, upon the bed of asparagus fern in the florist's box, folded the paper over them, placed Ted's card upon that and tied the box up again. Just as I had finished, Tams, the young-old family butler, entered from the pantry. He was not unnaturally startled at seeing me, but got back his poker face almost at once and stood at respectful attention.

"Can I do anything for you, miss?" said he.

"You can!" I replied grimly. "I see there is a box of ros—flowers here for Mrs. Morelle. Please deliver it to her at dinner to-night with the roast."

"Very good, miss," said Tams respectfully, standing aside to let me pass.

"You said a mouthful!" I thought. "Very good is right!"

At dinner that night I fairly bristled with pep, the knowledge of sitting, as it were, upon a bomb intrigued me tremendously, although I had myself perfectly in hand, and never even turned my head at first when Tams brought in the fatal florist box.

I did look, of course, when Marilyn gave a little squeal of delight as the butler presented it to her. So did all the rest of us. Every eye was upon her. My heart thumped with pleasant excitement.

"For me? How wonderful!" she cooed. "Ted, dear old thing, unfasten the string, do!"

Well, Ted, who was sitting beside her, obliged, lifted the lid, and Marilyn picked up the card from the veiling oiled paper.

"Oh, Ted! How darling of you!" she shrieked.

Then she dug into the box and drew out a bunch of beets amidst an instant of horrified silence. The table broke into a roar—hoots, catcalls, a regular tornado of kidding.

They all thought it a peach of a joke. But not so Marilyn. Getting to her feet she flung that bunch of sweet, wholesome, innocent vegetables down hard upon mother's best Italian cut-work cloth, which wasn't at all a sweet womanly thing for Marilyn to do, because beets stain horribly. But anyhow, she flung them down and pushed back her chair.

"Why, Marilyn!" I said. "You simply raved about Ted's beets at luncheon yesterday!"

"And he promised to send you whatever you admired most on the farm!" chimed in Sylvia, proving once and for all what a sterling friend she is to me.

"I have never been so insulted in my life!" gasped the widow. "You young—beast!"

She shot this at Ted and then flung herself out of the room, carrying her napkin pressed to her lips, her face as red as one of the despised vegetables, and leaving Ted staring and frozen with astonishment.

"But—but good heavens! I didn't do this!" he sputtered. "I say, Marilyn—by gosh, this is awful! Wait—let me explain!"

He was on his feet now and beating it out of the door after her. Another shout of laughter from the crowd followed him. Then I got up too. I was simply eaten with curiosity to see what would happen, and also bound to stop any reconciliation between those two.

"Excuse me," I murmured into the din. "I think I really ought to go to poor dear Marilyn," and with that I left the table.

But I need not have worried about a reconciliation, for as I slipped out into the hall and watched, hidden by a curtain, Marilyn turned at the foot of the stairs like a cat at bay and almost scratched Ted's eyes out.

"There is no explanation!" she spat the words at him. "And I will never forgive it! I never saw anything so—so unspeakably young! A schoolboy's trick! I suppose you think I am an old fool, and so you first give me a rush and then show me up! I should have known better than to have anything to do with a chit of a boy!"

"But, Marilyn, I didn't do it!" Ted pleaded. "And I never gave you a rush really. You've known all along I was only trying to punish Pet. And you were so understanding and sympathetic at first! Why don't you believe me now?"

Well, did my heart sing at those lovely, heavenly words? He had been pretending! There was really nothing between them, after all. He was mine, mine, and always had been! I simply swayed with joy. I went delirious with happiness, and did not even hear Marilyn's last spiteful remark as she turned from Ted and dashed up the stairs. Then the dear boy, after staring hopelessly after her, shrugged his shoulders and started back toward the dining room. And as he did so a second interpretation of that speech of his came into my head—"To punish Pet!" So he had an idea that he could punish me, eh? Naturally I decided that if any punishment was to be pulled I was going to be the administratrix of said punishment. At once I conceived the perfect idea. I would let Little Arthur propose that very night, accept him, announce the engagement and then break it off after Ted had suffered a day or two of utter misery.

"Where is poor dear Marilyn? I asked the unsuspecting Mr. Theodore Stonewall as I emerged breathless from between the portières as though I had just left the table.

"She's gone upstairs," said Ted. "Pet, who the devil did that?"

"How should I know?" said I, looking him in the eye in my charmingly frank way. "I'm not concerned with your affairs."

"Here—don't go!" said he. "Wait a minute, dear! I have something I want to say to you."

At these all-too-familiar words I simply saw red.

Snug, but roomy

A SNUG-SEAT soda table is just big enough for two. But there is plenty of room for four customers without the slightest crowding.

A set consisting of table and chairs covers only a 5-foot circle of floor space when occupied by four good-sized people.

You can put at least 50% more tables in your grill—probably more than that. They are so attractive they draw trade—10 years' trial in hundreds of stores proves this. Some report 100% increase.

Black or white Carrara tops, polished wood tops, or plate glass "show case display" tops. Tables and chairs finished in oak, mahogany or special enamel colors.

Moderate in price.

Sold through distributors

CATALOG ON REQUEST

The SNUG-SEAT Co.
of America

735 Herron Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Crescent DISH WASHER

Over **10,000** *users*

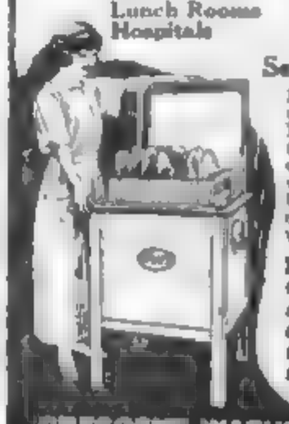
This booklet shows the new small model of the famous Crescent Dish Washer now used and endorsed by 10,000 of the largest hotels, restaurants, hospitals and institutions.

Washes 300 Dishes in 15 Minutes

The Crescent has the famous Revolving Wash that finds dirt and perfectly cleans every dish. You simply put the dishes in the rack. Turn the [illegible] and hot soapy water under pressure by an electric pump cleans and sterilizes all dishes, glasses, silver, etc. Then dry almost instantly. Washes silver and glassware perfectly. **Dishes Cannot be Broken in a Crescent.**

This new small Crescent is for:

Smaller Hotels	Clubs
Restaurants	Boarding Houses
Lunch Rooms	Y. M. C. A.'s
Hospitals	Religious Institutions



Send for Free Booklet

It tells what well known users say of the Crescent. How it pays for itself in the dishes it saves. How one girl and a Crescent will replace three washing by hand. How it sterilizes every dish and dries them without handling.

Dealers — There is a Crescent for every size kitchen. Let us tell you about our attractive terms and interesting proposition

CRESCENT WASHING MACHINE CO.
[illegible] Second Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

30 Days' Free Trial [illegible] 44 Styles and sizes, famous **Ranger** bicycles. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, at Factory Prices.

12 Months to Pay If desired. Parents often advance first deposit. Boys can earn small payments.

Tires [illegible] at one-half regular prices. Send no Money. Write us today for our free catalog and special offer.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. B55 Chicago

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

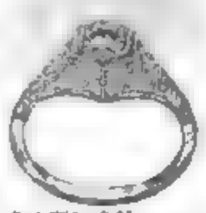
FROM JASON WEILER & SONS

of Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 46 years the house of **Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston,** [illegible] leading diamond importing con[illegible] selling [illegible]. However, a large business is done **direct by mail** with customers at **importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser

1 carat, $145.00

[illegible] Stone set in [illegible] 14K solid gold [illegible] this diamond. [illegible] direct to you **$145.00**



Ladies' White Gold Diamond Ring . . . $75.00

Perfectly cut blue white diamond [illegible] in 14K solid white gold, beautifully pierced and carved

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

¼ carat, $31.00 ½ carat, $73.00 2 carats, $290.00
⅜ carat, 50.00 1½ carats, 217.00 3 carats, 435.00

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston

If desired, rings will be sent to [illegible] bank [illegible] Express Co. [illegible]

[illegible] arrive for full value for all time given with every purchase

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS VALUABLE CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A scene at the Van Wert County (Ohio) Fair, typical of the part the automobile plays in farm life today.

"Farmers Buy 75% of the Goods We Handle"

writes George N. Lockridge, president of the Kansas City Automobile Supply Company, distributors of automotive equipment.

"Dealers in agricultural towns are our chief market. The best sales argument we can make to them is that an article is nationally advertised. This means its quality is established.

"What we need most is advertising to the farmer. Every progressive farmer in our trade territory has an automobile. In fact, sixty-two per cent of Kansas farmers own cars.

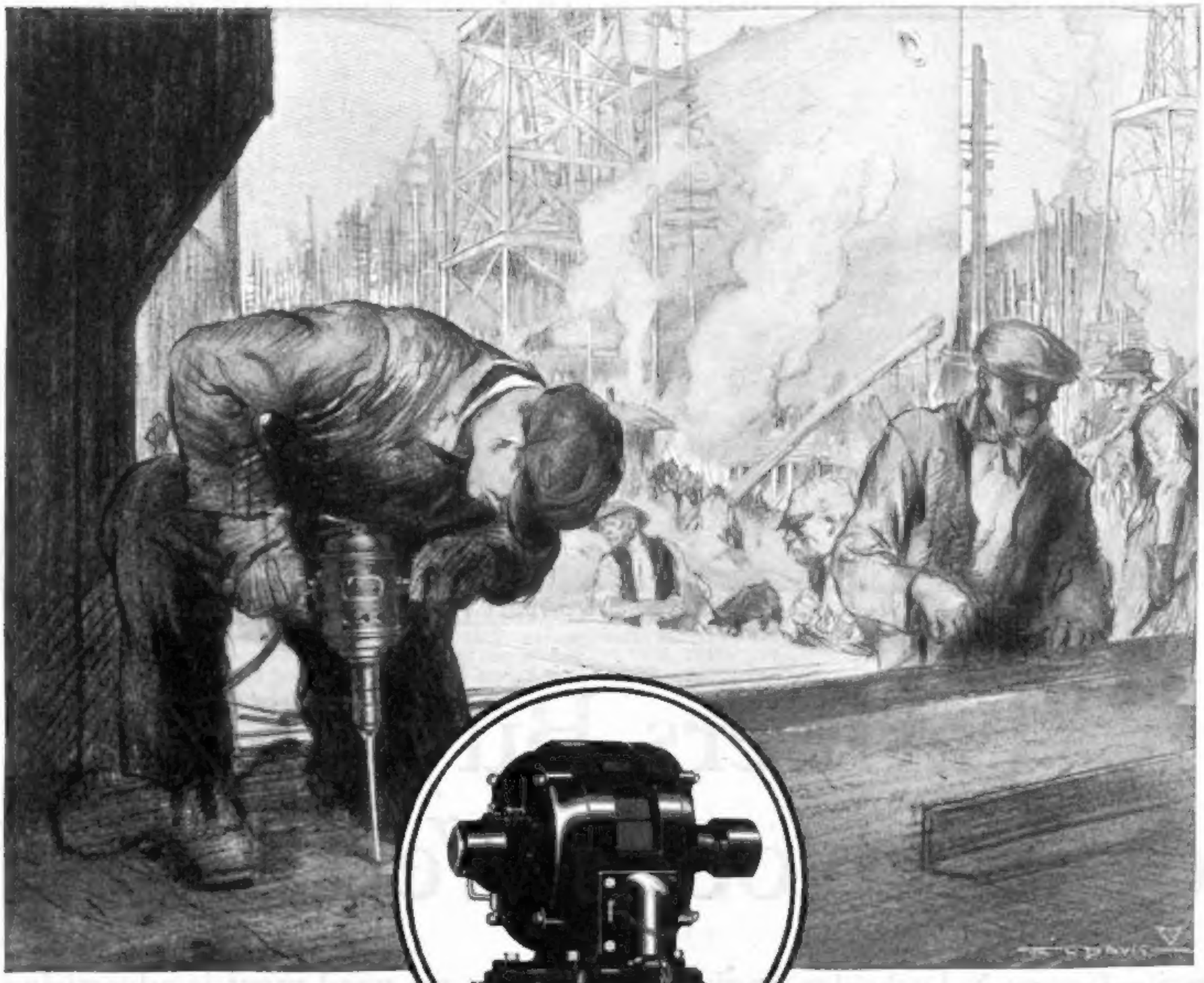
"Replacement parts especially should be strongly advertised right now. A big new business in these lines has opened up to accessory jobbers.

"Manufacturers of our lines can reach the farm trade through THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. *We find that advertising in a Curtis publication is both a certificate of quality and an assurance of demand."*

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*



MAJESTIC ships, towering buildings, great bridges and other structures are reared from ponderous plates and beams of iron and steel today with the aid of electric motors. The bulky weights are handled with ease by the electrically powered cranes and winches. Motor driven tools drill, rivet or bolt the sections securely in place.

In such spectacular work adequate, dependable motor service is essential. And because all Robbins & Myers Motors, large or small, give ample, reliable power, these sturdy power units are employed in every phase of steel construction.

Engineers and workmen know that an R&M Motor, whether it is hoisting great loads or driving a small tool, is absolutely trustworthy. The satisfactory performance of Robbins & Myers Motors is the result of twenty-five years of progressive experience in the making of fine motors.

Whatever your power problems may be, you can profit by a survey of the records established by R&M Motors in manufacturing, construction, or appliance work.

R&M Motors are made for all services; sizes range from 1/40 to 100 horsepower, inclusive

Robbins & Myers

Motors *and Fans*

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · BRANTFORD, ONT.

A few shipbuilders who use R&M Motors

Moore Shipbuilding Co., Oakland, Cal.
Union Construction Co.
Oakland, Cal.
Schaw-Batcher Co.
San Francisco, Cal.

J. H. Maddox, Sausalito, Cal.
Groton Iron Works, Groton, Conn.
Texas Steamship Co., Bath, Me.

Baltimore Dry Dock & Shipbuilding Co., Baltimore, Md.
Globe Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co.
Baltimore, Md.

Bethlehem Shipbuilding Co.
Quincy, Mass., and Bethlehem, Pa.
American International Shipbuilding Corp., Hog Island, Pa.
G. M. Standifer Construction Co.
Vancouver, Wash.

MY, but you *do* shine. You're really as lovely as the day I bought you—just as spotless and scratchless, just as radiantly brilliant.

That's because I've always used Bon Ami to clean you. The soft, scratchless Bon Ami rubs away the grime and dirt, keeps your surface mirror-bright.

No wonder the makers of the leading brands of aluminum advise the use of Bon Ami. They know it cleans and preserves the delicate, polished surfaces of their wares.

Note the many uses of Bon Ami listed at the right.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
White Woodwork	Tiling
Aluminum Ware	White Shoes
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware	The Hands
Glass Baking Dishes	Linoleum and Congoleum

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

See what one lost tooth means!

If you don't want to lose your teeth, start now to take proper care of them.

It is said that 95 out of every 100 persons have "Acid-Mouth"—a condition responsible for early tooth-decay. The chances are this enemy is eating steadily into your teeth. Check it!

Use Pebeco Tooth Paste night and morning. Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth."

Sold by druggists everywhere

How to tell if you have "Acid-Mouth"

First, send for Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco

Then moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, that indicates an acid condition of the mouth. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth."

Fill out the coupon, enclose ten cents and mail to us now. The Litmus Test Papers and big Trial Tube of Pebeco will be mailed you at once.

LEHN & FINK, INC.
635 Greenwich Street, New York

Enclosed find 10 cents, for which please send me your Litmus Test Papers and large trial tube of Pebeco.

Name_____

Street and No._____

City or Town_____

State_____

Lehn & Fink New York Inc.